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SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY.

BY FREDERICK V. FISHER.

My purpose in writing the present paper is to offer some observations on a problem which is becoming more and more the centre and focus of the practical politics of the day—viz., the just limits of collective and individual opinion. In spite of the frequency with which this problem has been discussed, and the lessons men have learned in the rough and tumble of experience, it is a very evident fact that it is little understood even by many of those whose immediate business it is to understand it, and is far more often studied with the colored glasses of partisanship than with a determination to ascertain the principles which alone can guide us to its solution.

On the one hand, with the advent and expansion of democratic government, the ideals of the old-time Man-

chester school have been all but completely obliterated from politics, even in England. Individualism of that type, and *laissez-faire*, considered as practical principles of government, are long since dead and buried. The working man has studied his own condition and has not found that Free Trade and unlimited competition have been the unmixed boons which the enthusiasm of Bright and Cobden at one time persuaded him they would be. On the latter question, at any rate, he holds very decided opinions: he is convinced that unlimited competition, instead of being a blessing in disguise, is a great evil to be checked, and, if possible, to be extinguished. It has resulted, far too frequently, not in the survival of the best, but of the strongest and the most greedy. As Herbert Spencer

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says: "Justice is represented as nothing but an assertion of the claims of the individual to what benefits he can gain in the struggle for existence; whereas it is in far larger measure a specification of the equitable limits of his activities, and of the restraints which must be imposed on him." This conviction, growing in force every day, constantly tends to socialize our institutions, to enlarge the sphere of collective effort as represented in the State and to narrow the limits of individual privilege. Now it is idle to treat this as a mere party cry, or the agitation of ignorant or thriftless men. From the mob orator who entertains his audience with questionable ethics and yet more questionable economics, to the scientific Socialist, each and all in their several ways are but expressing ideas which are becoming common to the countless millions of working men, whether they be the highly organized trades unionists of England or the poorest Austrian or Italian laborers. We have, indeed, an immense problem to solve, and we are offered, in Socialism, an intricate and sweeping remedy; a remedy which seems to many to endanger those principles of individual liberty for which Europe has been the battle-ground during the last three centuries.

In a recent work\* on this subject a very eminent French politician has quoted from Ledru-Rollin the following sentence: "Le Socialisme, c'est l'Etat se substituant à la liberté individuelle et devenant le plus affreux des tyrans." I reproduce the words here, for they seem to me to express with admirable brevity and clearness the chief objections which so many have for socialistic reform. For it cannot be repeated too often at the present time that Socialism is not necessarily liberal because it is democratic, for democratic despotism is just as possible as monarchical or aristocratic despotism, and is, if anything, infinitely more odious. There are limits to the rights of collective opinion as represented by a majority; there is an appeal to a higher tribunal than even the *vox populi*; the mere counting of heads

never did and never will settle any great question; the utmost this process can attain is to ratify what the lofty purpose, the keen intellect, the noble courage of philosophers, statesmen and martyrs have consecrated with their labors and their tears.

I do not mean to infer from these facts that "government of the people, for the people, by the people," is not, on the whole, a necessary and wise arrangement of human affairs, but this is by no means synonymous with the mockery of infallibility assumed by so many of our politicians for popular opinion. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, they tell us, but do they speak with sincerity and truth? Would they not be the better and safer friends of democracy if they showed it as it is, sometimes erring, blundering, choosing bad counsellors, sometimes led by hate, jealousy, or prejudice, almost blindly working out its destiny, learning in the hard school of experience, and paying at times a high price for those rough lessons?

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

And yet since the days of Rousseau, since Robespierre conceived his benevolent notion of coercing and terrorizing his fellow men into a perfectly organized community, these ideas of the infallibility and unlimited powers of the State or collective opinion, have constantly shown signs of their presence in the minds of social reformers of a certain class. It seems so natural to many people to invoke the aid of government, as though it were some supernatural power capable of working miraculous cures to all the ills of society. It is high time to pause and review this growing cry for the nationalization or municipalization of so much that is at present open to private enterprise; this unceasing demand for a greater measure of State aid and for a consequent diminution of individual privileges. We must ask ourselves how far this socialistic tendency is likely to be beneficial, and where the supreme claims of liberty, as the very life-blood of society, must continue to present an insurmountable barrier to all those who

\* *La Tyrannie Socialiste*. Par Yves Guyot.



would seek to destroy it, under the guise of whatsoever plea.

"There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence; and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism."\*

Professor Jevons has given his high authority to what I cannot but regard as a doctrine as dangerous as it is far-reaching, and all the more dangerous, indeed, as at a first glance it seems extremely plausible. "The first step," says the Professor, "must be to rid our minds of the idea that there are any such things in social matters as abstract rights." If we once accept this our path is certainly clear and the way apparently straight; but can we accept it? Would it not appear on reflection that the sign-post on the route of our political exploration is pointing in a wrong direction? May we not already perceive ahead the morass of expediency destitute of principle, and the pitfalls of democratic government shorn of liberty?

It is certainly true that if we substitute *natural* rights for *abstract* rights, and examine such supposed rights in the light of modern science, we shall immediately recognize that in the cosmic process they are, as a matter of fact, non-existent. It may be that all is blind-matter; or it may be that an Infinite Purpose lurks in the mystery of the cosmos:

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed  
Or cast as rubbish on the void  
When God hath made the pile complete.

"That not a worm is cloven in vain,  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire  
Or but subserves another's gain."

We cannot tell; but we do know that in the ceaseless struggle going on in the organic world there are no such things as individual rights; that, on the contrary, life is renewed in death, that the strong devour the weak, that whole species disappear, and that "the survival of the fittest" is the single articulate declaration of Nature to man.

But having recognized this, we also recognize something besides; we perceive that every principle vital to human society, whether we consider it in its humble or in its more civilized aspects, is diametrically opposed to the natural order of organic evolution. "The struggle for existence" in its crudest form ended with the formation of the first community, and the further we advance in knowledge the more evident it becomes that the chief object of every society is the better protection of all its members, either from some exterior force, or of the weaker in the community from the rapacity and greed of the stronger. This is the *raison d'être* of law, with its constant tendency to redress the inequality in nature.

"Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical progress. . . . The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. Its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as of the fitting of as many as possible to survive."\*

Thus modern science has shifted the basis of our inquiries and made the issue comparatively clear. We cannot, it is true, follow Rousseau, nor proclaim with Thomas Paine the rights of man as recognized in Nature; and we can now perceive the flaw in their philosophy which enabled the school of extreme individualists to triumph for a time; but in having ascertained the vital distinction constantly to be kept in mind, between ethics and the cosmic order, it is not too much to say that the scientist has at last solved the problem which has so long eluded the comprehension of the legislator.

Society is composed of so many individual units, each of which is an intelligent organism, perfect in the adaptability of his functions as an individual, and dependent upon society only for those things for which the latter exists. He is independent of it in respect to his intellectual faculties, in the exercise of his organs of speech, etc., as re-

\* J. S. Mill.

\* Huxley, *Evolution and Ethics*.

gards the development of his physical powers ; nor do his passions, appetites, and tastes find their source in any social organization, though they may, indeed, be modified or developed by his environment. On the other hand, he is more or less dependent upon it for protection, not only for life, but for property ; he is largely dependent upon it for food, for everything that tends to comfort and luxury, and for the countless social forces which help to perpetuate from generation to generation the discoveries and inventions of each.

Here then, at once, are the just limits, the *ethical* limits of the abstract rights of the individual. They may be largely extended for reasons of utility or expediency according to the conditions of a society, but those limits must not be transgressed, or, whenever they are transgressed, such action is despotic ; opposed to the most vital principles of human liberty, whether it be done in the name of king, pope, or people. In the words of John Stuart Mill, " Everything which refers exclusively to the individual, his thoughts, his tastes, his pursuits, the right of discussion and combination" (and I may add the complete control of his own body) " form a region with which society cannot justly interfere." These are principles which, however trite and trivial they may appear to some, are not so trite and trivial that they can be justly or safely disregarded either by those who seek their selfish class interests oblivious of the millions constantly exposed to the misery of want, or of those others who, viewing with anger and disgust the association of pauperism and luxury in the composition of civilization, " dream dreams" of a totally different social organization.

Let us now shortly consider how these principles apply to the questions which are agitating the world to-day, and endeavor to understand where the Conservative has become a mere reactionary ; where, on the other hand, the modern democrat is naught but a firebrand or a faddist. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of such an inquiry, however inadequate, for everywhere the electorate is being misled by

glib phrases and catchwords—"The Sacred Rights of Property !" "The Liberty of the Subject !" or "The Right of Combination !" and "Temperance Reform !" These are questions which have agitated more than one generation, yet they still remain unsolved, and for no other reason than that their solution has been attempted without that appeal to principle which our modern politician, Mr. Compromise, genially ignores. Nevertheless, principle can still be respected without our legislators becoming mere *doctrinaires* ; and within the limits assigned by principle there remains a large area wherein the practical man, the man of the world, the "captains of industry," and leaders of labor can find a fitting field for the exercise of their authority and experience ; for it is to be observed that, while a measure may be permissible on principle, it is not necessarily for that reason the wiser course, and thus expediency becomes another, though subservient element, in politics.

Regarding the rights and privileges of property, both are less spoken of to-day than they were fifty years ago, and it is probable that this tendency will grow more evident in the immediate future. As for the purely political privileges which the propertied classes can boast in England, they have been almost reduced to zero ; although those classes still remain all but omnipotent in the economical and powerful for good or evil in the social spheres. But when we are warned that we cannot with impunity trifle with the *rights* of property, let us remember always that any such rights have no sanction either in the divine or natural order of things ; that property is a purely human, social institution ; that it exists for the better ordering of society ; that its intrinsic value to the individual takes its rise solely from the fact of his being a member of a community ; that the interests of property must always be subservient to the general interests of society ; that, briefly, expediency, or, in other words, utility, is the sole sanction for the existence of property. And this, as a principle, has been recognized by Parliament in its various enactments for compulsory purchase. In the vast questions, therefore, which

will have to be decided at no very distant date, such as the nationalization of railways, mines, and even of land, it will be well to see clearly the real issues at stake. As regards the cry that such socialistic suggestions trammel individual liberty, we may safely reply that they do not endanger a single principle vital to liberty, whatever other objections may be made to them. For the rest, what can be shown to be most useful *pro bono publico* will be right.

So also with the ever-present question of the trade-unions, and the tyranny said to be exercised by these labor organizations. Though they undoubtedly tend to limit the sphere of individual activity in certain cases, such limitations cannot be shown to endanger any vital principle of liberty. It does not enter into the plan of this article to discuss the utility of trade unionism, nor, on the other hand, the expediency of repressing its activity; and in any case it should be kept in mind that all such efforts to minimize competition are but phenomena in the transition from one system of economics to another. But whereas the sphere of unionist operations is, from the nature of things, confined to economical problems, it is to be carefully observed that all questions of this character must ever be liable to regulation by the State, and that such regulations are merely a part of those restrictions upon individualism pure and simple incumbent upon every society, in varying degrees, according to circumstances. In short, the compulsory limitation of labor, that is to say, of competition, is entirely a question of expediency, and cannot be objected to upon the plea that any such limitation deals a blow at the liberty of the subject. In the words of Mill: "Whenever . . . there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of *liberty* and placed in that of *law*."

The Drink Question has become another of those vast political problems which agitate men's minds wherever the English language is spoken, and here also a movement has been undertaken without any apparent apprecia-

tion of all that it involves. It is a singular fact that among those very classes in which any socialistic remedy for the economical and other evils which surround us is immediately denounced as interfering with individual liberty, the temperance party has found its most willing recruits, who one and all appear to fail to see that the so-called reform of which they make themselves the untiring apostles, interferes with the just rights of the individual far more widely and far more vitally than all the rest together. I have nothing to do here with any of the side issues of this modern crusade: Local Veto, Prohibition, or Licensing Reform; nor shall I have any reason to enter into a discussion of the great evils which at times arise from the abuse and not the use of alcohol; but it will be clear that if the liberty of the subject has been correctly defined in the foregoing, every proposition of the temperance party, either for partial or total prohibition, is absolutely unjustifiable. *This* is not a mere economical question, *this* is not a matter in which the rights of one interferes with the rights of others; and if there is to be any limit to State-interference with the individual, this is the limit, to transgress which is coercion and tyranny.

In no other problem of practical politics are the issues so clear, or the dangers which beset an error in popular judgment so evident; and yet so great is the weight of privilege and bigotry on the side of these quack remedies that if common sense is to prevail those issues must be presented in a very distinct and unmistakable fashion.

The modern world is more or less governed by the rule of the majority, and where that rule is not direct, where it does not find expression in the suffrage, it still remains a powerful influence in the form of Public Opinion. But when every justifiable concession has been made to this veritable deity of our social order, there still remains an extensive sphere of desires and tastes, wholly and solely individual, upon which *no considerations of expediency* entitles the legislator to trespass. And this is what we mean, and can only mean, when we speak of the "*liberty of the subject*." With the indi-

vidual, society may interfere wherever his conduct directly concerns others ; but, as Mill has expressed it : " In the part which merely concerns himself his independence is *of right* absolute. Over himself, over his own *body* and *mind* the individual is sovereign." Nor is this the language of a mere partisan or doctrinaire, but the just and lucid definition of the conditions necessary to health and progress in a community as dictated by the nature of man.

Let it be admitted, however, for the sake of argument, that a majority, justifying their action by what *they* consider to be beneficial to the community, prohibit the sale and consumption of alcohol, what is this but an admission and a precedent that a majority have a right to compel obedience to anything and everything which they regard as beneficial to the community? And surely upon such grounds, and armed with such principles, it would not be difficult to justify that system of religious persecution which we of the nineteenth century pretend to hold in such abhorrence? If, indeed, a temperance majority deem it their right, by some species of prohibition, to compel their fellow-citizens who dissent from their opinion on this question to nevertheless bow before it, surely the Catholic has an equal right and a greater plea for coercing the heretic to acknowledge the papal supremacy, or the Greek Orthodox to insist upon the Catholic abjuring the errors of Romanism? For what is the excuse in these cases, but that where the individual fails to see what is good for him he must be forcibly led ; though, indeed, the religious bigot may plead that he views with horror the danger of eternal punishment for the wretched heretic, an incentive scarcely equalled by the ardor of members of the United Kingdom Alliance.

Not to confine ourselves, however, to any religious sect, it must be evident that such interference with individual tastes would be ample precedent for further interference equally unjustifiable and equally detestable. The vegetarian, for instance, regards the consumption of meat with the same disgust and the same apprehension as

the abstainer views the commerce in alcohol, and if it is right for the latter to enforce his opinions upon others wherever he can secure a majority, it would be equally justifiable in the case of the vegetarian.

In short, any such a procedure is merely a reaction to the ideas of past generations that the State should not only administer the economy and govern the affairs of society, but should dictate to the individual upon those questions which strictly concern himself. We have learned, in this age of liberalism, to regard such a system as despotic and alien to the permanent interests of mankind, and despotism it will remain though the authority which wields it springs from a privileged order or from universal suffrage.

But, it may be argued, it is impossible to disassociate the conduct of the individual from the interests of others, and if a man is a drunkard, his wife, his children, or some one will suffer for his intemperance in the great majority of cases. His example alone is pernicious, and where he does no direct harm to others the indirect evil of which he is the cause is none the less evident. This is perfectly true, and it is among those complex relations in life in considering which it is necessary to disassociate that of supreme importance from the lesser. That no man can lead an intemperate life without injuring some one besides himself in some way is hardly to be doubted ; but though we may deplore the intemperance and seek to lessen it by exhortation and example, we are compelled to recognize that the lesser rights must in such a case yield to the greater, that of the adult to the control of his own body.

I have merely sought in these few observations to convey in a general form some of the considerations which we may safely trust to guide us amid the storm of modern party-warfare, in which the real aims and objects at issue are too frequently lost sight of. After more or less of a century of contention the old individualistic Liberalism is threatened by a torrent of socialistic and democratic legislation which may indeed sweep away many abuses but which may also bring in its tide a mass of cumbersome and despotic restric-



tions. That this old-time Liberalism was not all sufficient for our political life, that at the same time it impregnated the national mind with many profoundly useful principles may be at once admitted. But the era of its supremacy has passed and a new period has dawned, a period already remarkable for an ever-increasing expansion of State-directed effort. The Socialistic idea, though never, probably, to be realized according to the dream of economic extremists, will bring many benefits in its train because it alone can redress many of the accumulated wrongs of centuries. But it will have its limit, for man will constantly assert his individuality. If, however, in the transition we are to avoid a despotism more potent and more irresistible than that of the Cæsars, and a social system more iniquitous than the *ancien régime*; if we would escape the horrors of revolution and reaction in their

most insidious and dangerous, because always in a democratic form, the freedom of the individual must be jealously guarded and preserved. If other circumstances, the requirements of modern industrial life, demand a modification of the present economic system, such modifications concerning the interests of all may rightly be referred back to the verdict of all; but human individuality, man's liberty of conscience, free speech, freedom of combination, the satisfaction of his desires commensurate with the privileges of others, the assertion of his personality—such rights and such tendencies are inseparable from his nature—must be preserved and enlarged, high above the tide of political strife and far removed from the interference of government, for they are the real source of all that is beneficial to social life, and the only enduring guarantee for the future.—*Westminster Review*.

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#### HISTORY OF ENGLISH POLICY.

BY J. R. SEELEY.

THERE seems occasion to apply a doctrine of relativity to English history. It is well known that a principal cause of error in all departments of study is the tendency to isolate the object of study, to consider it in itself alone, neglecting its relations to other things. In order to avoid this cause of error it has been necessary in most departments formally to preach a doctrine of relativity, and to protest against the unreal abstractions, the imaginary or merely verbal entities which swarm so long as we contemplate things in themselves alone rather than in the complicated relations in which Nature presents them to us. There is a fallacy, which might be called the fallacy of capital letters, and without entering into the natural sciences we may find endless examples of the great practical evils which it has caused. Error of a special kind gathers round those capital letters by which we distinguish abstract names. While we talk with comparative safety of men and women, as soon as we begin to speak of Man

and Woman we expose ourselves to indefinite chances of error. The Man or Woman we have thus created for ourselves turns out again and again to be an unreal thing, a kind of mythical being, to whom in giving it abstraction we have given imaginary qualities and often an imaginary history. Thus, for example, if we analyze the causes of the French Revolution, we find at the bottom of all abuses, political and social, a perverted way of thinking, a philosophy which erred precisely in the way just described. The philosophy of the day had accustomed itself to think far too absolutely about human nature, to speak far too lightly of Man, and to lay down propositions far too sweeping about Man in general. To that generation, says M. Taine, Man appeared to be a very simple puppet, the motions of which were completely understood. The fallacy of capital letters had taken possession of a whole age, and thus a mental oversight became an enormous practical evil, a cause of infinite crimes and revol-

tions, an epidemic disease ravaging the world.

This form of error has now been pretty thoroughly investigated. We have all been warned against the pretentious abstractions which so readily take the place of real things, against the artificial entities which the mind creates by considering things absolutely rather than in their relations. And yet we do not cease to make the mistake. The artificial entities still swarm in all our minds, surrounded with a whole mythology of fantastic beliefs which may at any time translate themselves into practical evils. Let me take an example from one of the greatest departments of knowledge, from history, and especially from English history.

What is the precise subject with which English history deals? What is the thing or object which it contemplates? Few people trouble themselves to ask this question, while the most content themselves with assuming that everything interesting, or amusing, or curious, that ever happened in England must of necessity belong to English history. If we lay it down that the people who live and have lived in England are the subject of English history we propound indeed something tolerably obvious, yet it is already almost more than the average dabbler in English history is accustomed to recognize.

But having once conceived such a thing as the people of England, we have already one of those general names which we may spell with a capital letter, and to which we may attach all the fallacies which gather so readily round capital letters. A host of general propositions swarm at once round the name. The people of England is the English race, and the English race has all the qualities we know so well. It rules the waves; by a natural vocation it is irresistible and ever victorious by sea. It is free; wherever it comes it brings certain institutions which protect it against the tyrannies to which other nations not so blest sooner or later fall a prey. It has a certain natural good sense and practical judgment which have been denied to other races who may possess more refine-

ment. And so on. A whole doctrine has gathered itself round this name, English people—a doctrine which few of us have ever taken the trouble to verify. It is a doctrine which we have acquired by isolating the phenomenon, and considering it in itself alone, just one of those doctrines therefore which we ought to regard with suspicion. It is one of those doctrines which might easily involve us in great calamities. Thus the doctrine, that the English people is always free, might lead us to ruin if we overlooked how easily, after all, the one-man power springs up among us; and the doctrine that Britannia rules the waves might ruin us if it led us to forget that the waves after all are apt to be ruled by the strongest fleet.

What the people of England is, and what are its qualities, we are to discover from its history, not to assume before entering upon the study of its history. Scarcely any error is more gross and yet more ordinary than that which explains historical events by reference to national character, the knowledge of which, being the last result of history, is not to be assumed in the examination of historical problems. But the people of England must be studied, not merely in this inductive way, but also in its relations. The English people, more than most others, are what they are in consequence of their relations to peoples who live outside England. This is one of the consequences of their being an insular people. But in some degree it is true of all great States, that they must not be studied in isolation. In France and Germany, as well as in England, the course of history has been determined in a great degree by causes which lie outside France and Germany. And yet this is a truth difficult to bear in mind, in consequence, not merely of the disposition to which we are all subject, to consider things too much in isolation, too much absolutely and too little relatively, but also in consequence of the practice which prevails of dividing history according to countries. We write histories of France or England, and no other kind of histories, so that we hardly know where to look if we would inform ourselves about the

relations between France and England. International relations are apt to drop out of sight while this system prevails, and a kind of tacit assumption establishes itself, that in each State the causes of the course of its history are always to be sought within the State itself. Thus, when we study the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament we consider the arbitrary disposition of Charles on the one side, and on the other all the causes which roused the spirit of resistance in his people and gave that spirit a centre in the Parliament. But few of us find a place in the picture for Richelieu, or remember that the Thirty Years' War was contemporaneous with the growth of our civil troubles and with our first civil war. Few of us feel it necessary to study these Continental movements as if it were possible that in them might be found, at least in part, the explanation of our insular disturbances. No, we have formed the habit of regarding each State as if it were in a manner watertight. We have been driven to this habit by finding that our books treat States separately and will not therefore help us to understand any interaction that there may be between different States. To be sure there are exceptions. M. Albert Sorel has written a book called "*L'Europe et la Révolution Française*," in which he considers the causes of the French Revolution in all Europe at once. It may be called a study in international history, and it is so profoundly instructive that it may well lead us to consider how rich and fruitful is this subject of the interaction of States which has been so little cultivated.

I arrive at the conclusion that we should recognize such a department of study as international history. To a State like England, international history must needs be exceptionally important, considering that we have always been an island, and in the last two centuries we have become a world-empire. The people of England is not, at least now, equivalent to the people living in England; the activity of English people is by no means limited by our insular frontiers. If, therefore, we would rightly understand English history, we ought not to look

at the English people alone, but at the English people in its relations to surrounding States. Continental States have for a long time exerted influence upon us and received influence from us. These States, then, along with our own, form a whole which ought to be considered together. It is not sufficient to trace the course of internal development in our own country; we should trace at the same time the development of those other States which in various ways, whether by wars or negotiations or by the various instruments of culture, by thought, religion, science or literature, have modified and received modification from our internal development.

And yet it has not been our custom to study English history in this way. We have indeed necessarily brought it into connection with Continental States, so far as we have waged war with them; but we have not held in general that our own State ought not to be regarded as an isolated whole but as part of a system which includes more than one Continental State. We have commonly, indeed, done France the honor of giving her a little attention, but scarcely any other Continental State. The fact that we once took a Dutch Stadtholder for our king, has not led us to feel that we cannot understand our own history without mastering at the same time the history of the Dutch Republic, nor do we feel called upon to master the history of the Spanish monarchy because it once sent an Armada against us, nor because we have, twice since, early in the eighteenth and again early in the nineteenth century, waged war in the Spanish Peninsula. And even in the slight excursions which our historians do make into the history of Continental States, they commonly exhibit little thoroughness or seriousness. John Mitchell Kemble, if I remember right, warned Macaulay of the insufficiency of the knowledge of German affairs which he brought to his narrative of a great European war, and his knowledge of even that part of the reign of Louis XIV., which, as the historian of the war of the League of Augsburg, he was bound to know, is by no means so profound as his knowledge of the in-

sular England of the same time. We need not be ashamed of living in an island. At the same time, if we would write our own history and estimate worthily the part we have played in the general development, we ought not to make ourselves out more insular than we are. We have, in fact, in all periods exerted a powerful influence upon the continent which is so near to us, and also received powerful influences from it. All this interaction deserves to be described as much as the movements which have begun and ended within the island. "Here is an inquiry which hitherto has been much neglected." It is not confined to history. Some student will perhaps soon make a name by treating English literary history as if England were not an island—in other words, by discussing thoroughly the influence which foreign literatures have had on our own and the influence which our literature has had upon foreign literatures. French writers say glibly, "Montaigne and his pupil Shakespeare." Has the final book yet been written on the debt which Shakespeare owed to Montaigne? Or the influence of French writers upon English since the French school of English poetry came to an end? Has that been thoroughly treated? For instance, the influence of Rousseau in England; or later the influence of Balzac upon Thackeray. Again, who has thoroughly treated the curiously powerful influence of English literature in the eighteenth century upon the slowly rising literature of Germany, the influence of Milton, Thomson, and, most curious of all, Young; then that of Goldsmith and Sterne, and more commanding and decisive than any other influence, that of Shakespeare. Not indeed that these subjects have been left untreated. All or almost all have been discussed, but they have not been discussed together or completely—that is, the problem of the relation of English to Continental literature has not been tackled. We possess scarcely any book similar to M. Sayous' "*La Littérature Française à l'étranger*." Thus, in literary history and equally, we may add, in the history of thought and philosophy, it would be possible to ef-

face the insularity which clings to our view of ourselves, and to contemplate England not absolutely, as it is in itself, but relatively in its place in the system of States and nations which makes up Europe.

But it is in history, probably, that this new point of view would produce the greatest change. For in history, perhaps more than in any other subject, we are content to dispense with a point of view altogether. Much as we differ as to whether history should be vivid and dramatic or scientific, we seldom ask ourselves what facts belong to history, and what facts, whether interesting or not, are in their nature not historical. The consequence is that we can scarcely predict what subjects we shall find discussed in any given history. The author seems equally prepared to admit anything which may strike him as interesting. Lord Stanhope introduces quite a long and labored discussion of the unities of the drama, not under the head of Shakespeare, or Otway, or Addison, but in the middle of a history of the eighteenth century, where, if such a subject is historical at all, yet certainly the period offers no justification for dealing with it. And Mr. Lecky devotes a great part of one of his large volumes to an inquiry into the causes of the French Revolution, though the French Revolution certainly does not belong to English history, and his subject professes to be the history of England in the eighteenth century. In this instance it is rather the length and elaboration of the discussion that is open to criticism, since no one would question the immense historical importance of the subject, nor deny that it belongs in a certain sense to the history of every European State alike. A slighter digression into it would have been justifiable on the very principle maintained in this article. But if we suppose that history ought to be subject to a rigorous rule, which should admit some things and exclude others as not belonging, however interesting in themselves, to the subject, let us proceed to consider what change would be produced in the outline of English history if we resolutely rubbed off the



insularity from England and resolved to consider it in its place among the States of Europe.

This would be, reverting to our former phrase, to put by the side of the national history of England its international history. Or it might be otherwise described as carrying a step further a process which was begun long since, the division of English history according to the aspects in which it may be considered. It is indeed a curious proof of helplessness to observe such rigid uniformity, as in general we do, in laying down the outline of history. In general we undertake to treat everything at once—internal affairs, legislation, foreign policy, interesting occurrences of whatever kind, literature and art, manners and customs, in fact, anything that we imagine can in any way be made amusing. Yet, practically, we have been obliged to limit this helpless miscellaneousness. Literary history has set up for itself; so, particularly in England, has constitutional, and so also has economic or industrial history. Ought not policy also to be made independent? Ought we not to have histories in which English foreign relations should be treated by themselves and for their own sake, and not buried in a mass of domestic matter? Partly, no doubt, it is because we have had a constitution that we have so many constitutional historians, and if other nations have treated their foreign relations with so much more thoroughness, if Droysen has written "*Preussische Politik*," and Albert Sorel has done a similar work for the most important period of French foreign relations, while it is difficult to point to any corresponding works in English, this is partly, no doubt, because those Continental States have been so much more military than England. Yet we, too, for good or for evil, have had our great wars, and these wars deserve to be considered, not only from the military point of view, but also in the policy which dictated them. Wellington and Nelson, Rodney, Clive, Wolfe, and Marlborough, ought to live in English minds, not merely in the glory of their victories, but also in the policy of the wars in which they took part, and in the results of those wars

upon English development. And yet it is hard to meet with any Englishman who possesses a well-weighed opinion upon the policy of any of our great wars, or knows whether Wellington or Marlborough did more good or harm on the balance to the people whose armies they commanded. This is so because our policy has never been sufficiently separated from our general history, and our foreign relations, therefore, being lost in the general mass of English history, are not grasped in their continuity by the average Englishman. We ought to have a Stubbs and a Hallam for English foreign policy, who should set the history of English policy by the side of English constitutional history.

If in this way we should resolutely discard our insularity, we should begin to see our country no longer as self-contained and wrapped up in an eternal contemplation of parliamentary affairs, no longer as looking but occasionally across the Channel to bestow a glance upon the affairs of France, but as a member of a system of States of which France is but one, as having, and as having long had, a close interest in the general development of Europe. Hitherto we have felt that at least Napoleon and Louis XIV., at least the ambitious struggles of France for ascendancy, were inseparable from English history, but this view brings into English history also the House of Austria with its long struggle with the House of Bourbon. It will not be merely at rare and short intervals that we shall have to pay attention to Continental affairs; we shall have henceforth to follow their whole course—the Spanish monarchy, not merely at the time of the Armada and the War of the Spanish Succession, but before the Armada, at least as far back as the beginning of the Dutch rebellion and throughout the seventeenth century, and again through the eighteenth century, the age of the *pacte de famille* and and of the European House of Bourbon, until we come to the nineteenth century and its Peninsular War—in short, at every time since the Spanish monarchy emerged from the universal dominion of Charles V. down to the present, we shall consider the Spanish

monarchy and its history to be inseparable from the history of England. Austria, too, will occupy us not merely at rare intervals, as when she fights by our side against the French Revolution, or when Eugene takes the field along with Marlborough. We shall follow her whole development. The Thirty Years' War will seem to us inseparably connected with English history and, as it were, a chapter in our Stuart troubles. Nor will William III. appear the only link between our State and the Dutch Republic. His predecessors in the Stadtholderate, as far back as William the Silent, will appear to us as figures in English history, and we shall recognize the curious parallelism in the development of the two Sea Powers from the time when they stood forth to break the Spanish monopoly of maritime power and colonial possession. And the whole modern period of our history, so closely interwoven at every point with Continental history, will be seen to open with an event which is essentially European and international, the Reformation. This will appear to us no mere theological or ecclesiastical change, but a great moral and political disruption by which England became for the first time in any true sense an island. We shall mark the moment at which England at the same time ceased to have possessions on the Continent and also began to draw toward union with Scotland at the moment of a great transition. Then, that is, under Elizabeth, we began to have a maritime frontier, and at the same time the modern Britain, a physical name, showed itself likely to supersede the ethnological unity called England. But in studying this disruption we shall not consider the Reformation only but also the counter-Reformation. We shall perceive in how great a degree the great religious struggle of the sixteenth century was decided to the advantage of the ancient Church, and we shall not, as so many Englishmen do, cease to take any interest in the religious history of the Continent after the time when the Continent attaches itself mainly to Rome. We shall grasp the full greatness of the movement called the counter-Reformation, and not till we have

done so shall we fully understand how the French Huguenots, after obtaining their Edict of Toleration, could be deprived of it again with the general approbation of the French people after nearly a century, and how Charles II. and James II. could still hope to restore the Roman Church in England after the Reformation had been triumphant here for the best part of a century.

Such a history of British or Britanic policy, the policy of the modern great Power, which, resting on the basis of the three kingdoms, covers the world, will divide itself naturally into periods. If we look back to the beginning of that nineteenth century which for this Power has been on the whole so peaceful, we discern a long period of war covering all the eighteenth century and the first fifteen years of the nineteenth. It is the period of the wars, waged principally with the House of Bourbon, in which the insular State of Europe attached to itself a great trade empire covering the globe. It falls roughly into two parts, of which the first covers the wars in which that empire was founded, and the second those in which it underwent its fiery ordeal, being assailed first by the two Bourbon Houses allied with our insurgent colonists, and then again by the French Revolution and Napoleon. In this period are included most of the great deeds of our army and navy. Marlborough stands near the beginning and Wellington at the close of it. But beyond this period, if we look back to the policy of the seventeenth century, we find ourselves again in a period markedly different. It is the age of the Stuarts; England can scarcely be said as yet to have an empire; even the basis of that empire, the great insular union, has not yet been laid. England and Scotland are as yet united only in the royal house; Ireland has not yet emerged from the primitive phase of wars of religion and legislation founded upon religious discord. It is a period deeply interesting in constitutional history, but in international history or the history of policy, how shall we grasp it or how fix its limits? What position has Stuart England in the system of Europe?

What alliances has it, and what are we to think of those Dutch wars which it occasionally wages, or of its transitory appearance as a military State in the time of the Protector? It is at least a period when the policy of the modern great Power, the world-State founded on the three kingdoms, is but in embryo.

In this embryonic period we may see that three persons stand forth presiding over our policy and linking England to the Continent. These international persons are William III., before him Oliver Cromwell, and before him again Queen Elizabeth. They represent the tentatives through which we gradually arrived at the policy which suited us. Yet they have all alike been less considered in this aspect than in the aspect they wear toward our domestic politics. William attracts us as the author of the Revolution of 1688 much more than as the great master of European politics who gave us once for all the international position we were to hold in the eighteenth century. Oliver, too, attracts us as the Protector, the successful revolutionist, much more than as the great experimentalist in foreign policy who made us a military State and plunged us into war with the Spanish monarchy. Elizabeth, perhaps, strikes us as the founder of Anglicanism and settler of the religious question, or as that and at the same time the successful resister of the Armada, rather than as the founder of our modern naval power and our influence on the ocean and in the New World.

It is impossible to understand these three great persons while we contemplate England alone. In their careers England is closely interwoven with the Continent. Elizabeth must be considered not only in conjunction with Philip II. and the rebels of the Low Countries, but also in conjunction with the religious wars of France, and with that final civil war of France through which the House of Bourbon established its throne. To understand Elizabeth it is necessary also to understand Henry IV. Nor can we form a just conception of our Great Rebellion and of the singular military government which arose out of it unless we study,

in conjunction with it, the transformation of France under Richelieu and Mazarin, which corresponded in time with the transformation of England. Nor, lastly, can we understand the Revolution of 1688 unless we look at it from the point of view of Louis XIV. as well as from that of James II. It is indeed the peculiarity of this particular English revolution that it is, as it were, a revolution in England inside a revolution in Europe; that the same events and the same man who overthrew James II. overthrew also the ascendancy of Louis XIV., and that the European war by which that ascendancy was first shaken was connected in the closest manner with the English Revolution, and was presided over by the English revolutionary king.

Macaulay bestowed much trouble and much appreciation upon William III.; yet so much in his mind does the purely English and the constitutional aspect of William's work preponderate over the European aspect that we look in vain to him for any comprehensive estimate of William's career. He relates how William overthrew James II., and he has described with thoroughness the parliamentary and party conflicts of his reign. But William, more than most other rulers, was an international man. He did not merely overthrow James; he also took the leading share in overthrowing the ascendancy of Louis XIV. He cannot, therefore, be estimated without a full comprehension of that ascendancy—that is, without a comprehensive view of the mutual relations of the principal European States in his time. And such a view would lead the historian away from England, or require him to consider England, not by itself, but in its place in the system of Europe. Macaulay had not formed the habit of regarding our country so. He can indeed describe with spirit William's campaigns in the Low Countries, but he does not justify, as he might do, the admiration he demands for his hero by estimating adequately that part of his work which was done outside England. He gives us no conception of the prodigious extent of his total achievement, nor makes us feel how the same man who laid the foundation of the modern English con-

stitution at the same time dominated the system of Europe much as Richelieu had done, and laid down the outlines of almost all the international history of the eighteenth century.

In like manner Oliver Cromwell has been studied much more thoroughly in his domestic career than in his European policy. His unparalleled rise to supreme power, and the moral questions that strange rise suggests, the question whether his religious professions were sincere, and his intentions in life upright, these we have found interesting, partly because they do not require us to travel beyond our insular frontiers. But we cannot estimate his foreign policy without understanding, besides English affairs, the position and policy of Mazarin, and Carl Gustav of Sweden, and Philip IV. of Spain. To estimate it rightly we must understand the war of France and Spain, which dragged on from the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of the Pyrenees. Now this chapter of Continental history scarcely comes within that part of Continental history which we think it necessary to master. And yet it is just in those years that England was closely linked with the Continent through the strange, adventurous, and original policy of the Lord Protector. It was not for nothing that he made England a military State. He intended the navy and the army, upon which his supreme power rested, to execute far-reaching plans which he had conceived. He had a passionate anti-Spanish feeling, and he had a great Pan-evangelical idea, such as might naturally have grown up in a mind which united so strangely religious exaltation with comprehensive statesmanship. He pushed these schemes far enough to leave an indelible mark on English history; but if, instead of dying at sixty, he had reached the three-score years and ten, still more if he had anticipated the aged Premiers who recently have been seen ruling England at four-score years, we can see how far British policy might have been deflected from the line it has actually pursued. This is to suppose that the military state had struck root and had endured ten or twenty years longer in England than it actually did. In that

time, it is easy to see, the anti-Spanish passion might have carried us far and the Pan-evangelical idea might have borne strange fruit.

If we look back further than Oliver Cromwell, and consider the Great Rebellion itself and all that led to it from the European rather than the merely insular point of view, we shall bring Richelieuism and the Thirty Years' War into connection with our domestic troubles. That is, instead of merely remarking how monarchy for a time was suppressed in England, we shall remark how at the same time the principle of monarchy won one of its greatest victories in France, how a more commanding and imposing form of monarchy than had been seen before grew up by the accession of Louis XIV. following the victory of the system of Richelieu, at the moment when the Stuart monarchy began to fall in England. The House of Austria, too, will be brought into connection with English history, first in its Austrian branch, while we follow the vicissitudes of the Thirty Years' War. Travelling further back still, we come to the great reign in which the foundations of modern England were laid. Under Elizabeth we see not only the religious question and the succession question settled for good, and the way paved to the personal union of England and Scotland, we see also the great struggle between our rising naval power and the other—the Spanish—branch of the House of Austria. Here, too, the domestic aspect has been much more thoroughly studied than the European aspect of our affairs. The transition which Europe was then making under the fresh influence of the counter-Reformation, the settlement for all coming centuries of the questions raised at the Reformation, the establishment of the great House of Bourbon in France during the same years which saw the House of Stuart prepare to take the place of the House of Tudor among ourselves; all these great changes, of which France was the scene, and in which England was so closely concerned, show us that in this reign England stands related not merely to the House of Spain and its rebels in the Low Countries, but also to France, then emerging from its



wars of religion. But if we attempted to go back beyond this reign, we should find ourselves once more in a wholly different age. The policy of the seventeenth century may be considered to belong together with that of Elizabeth. We may distinguish a period of a century and a half between the accession of Elizabeth and the struggle against the ascendancy of Louis XIV., which followed the Revolution of 1688. But beyond Elizabeth, in policy as in domestic affairs, all is different. We find ourselves in another world—a world, indeed, to which all that has been said above is equally applicable, a world in which England may be regarded relatively to the Continental Powers which influence it or may be isolated in an unnatural manner. But there is not room in this article to examine that other, that distant world. For us Elizabeth laid the foundation of that great Power which, upon the basis of three insular kingdoms, which were

gradually united, has since built a trade empire covering the globe.

It is this great composite fabric which those ought to study who study the later centuries of English history. For them the question is how the insular kingdoms were united, and how the trade empire was added to the insular union. It is a question which cannot be handled at all so long as we isolate England and concentrate our thoughts upon Parliament, a question which requires us to consider England first and last relatively to several Continental Powers which have influenced and received influence from England. It is a question of international history, a question wholly separate from that constitutional development, that long struggle for liberty, in which we are always disposed to find all the interest of English history—a question, in short, not of British liberties, but of British policy.—*Contemporary Review*.



#### THE KING, THE POPE, AND CRISPI.

BY REV. H. R. HAWES.

CRISPI still rules. Crispi has escaped the assassin's bullet. Is Crispi Cavour the Second or —? Let us look back.

Cavour, the greatest statesman of modern Italy, died in 1861. He was bled to death. Contemporary rumor, which has not passed into history, accused Napoleon III. of complicity with the lady who at that time was in Cavour's confidence, and the moderate sum of 30,000 francs secret service money was actually named as the price disbursed by the French Government for the medical treatment, which removed from the field of European politics the most embarrassing diplomat that Napoleon had ever encountered. The tale is not quite incredible, as 25,000 francs was certainly offered a few years previously for the destruction of Victor Hugo by the same Imperial assassin.

Under Cavour's skilful management, Italy had become a nation. Never since the transference of the seat of Empire from Rome to Constantinople

(in the 4th century), and the subsequent decline of the Roman Empire, had she been that. Mazzini's complaint, that "Italians had no country," remained true down to 1870, when the defeat of Napoleon at Sedan loosened the last French grip on the Romagna; as Garibaldi's defeat of Francis II. loosened the Bourbon grip on Naples, and the defeat at Sadowa, the Austrian grip on Venetia. Italy at last found herself free from the foreigner from sea to sea.

In twenty years Victor Emmanuel had absorbed dukedoms and principalities and republics (Modena, Parma, Tuscany, Venice) of the north, the Papal territory with Rome in the middle, and Naples and Sicily in the south, thus uniting Italians in one country under one native king.

No one now doubts that Cavour was the indispensable brain of this extraordinary revolution; no one now believes that the patriotism of Mazzini, or the prowess of Garibaldi alone could have

accomplished any such thing; and every one knows that Napoleon, who at first, for his own purposes, helped to free the north, along with the other powers (England alone excepted), was strongly opposed to the conquest of the south, and prevented it as long as ever he could. Indeed, the sudden appearance of a new, and in some respects unique, nation, considerably fluttered the political dovescots of Europe, and "gave them seriously to reflect," as the French say. When Cavour, at the Paris Conference (1854), stepped forward to treat on equal terms with Napoleon III., and put in Italy's claim to fight side by side with France and England in the Crimean war—proclaiming for the first time her value as an ally—he created as much surprise in Paris as did Victor Emmanuel when, in response to the arrogant dictates of Austria, in 1849, he informed the Austrian Minister that his master might do what he chose in Austria, but he meant to be ruler in his own country.

All this seemed wonderful at the time, but it seems not less wonderful now. There is a glamour about the great names of the Italian Revolution. There was a kind of disorderly magic about their exploits that made men stand aside and hold their breath. The effrontery of a Guerilla chief (Garibaldi) and a political pamphleteer (Mazzini) holding Rome against the French army, and actually defeating General Oudinot's troops; the wonder of Garibaldi's campaign against the Austrians in the North and the Neapolitans in the South; the novel sight of a king (Victor Emmanuel) heading a cavalry charge (at Palestro); the phenomenon of town after town in Italy organized by a poor Italian (Mazzini) starving in the Fulham Road; of a country spontaneously rising against foreign oppression, and under its improvised leaders forcing the hands of one European Cabinet after another; the supreme wonder of such heterogeneous elements so cunningly handled and welded together by a master mind as to produce the constitutional result of a kingdom of Italy instead of chaos—all this was enough to excite the imagination of Europe at the time and supply abun-

dant food for realistic romance and all sorts of doubtful history.

The heroic age has passed, the great enthusiasm have cooled. Every one of the mighty and romantic figures of the revolution is in his grave—Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, the king Victor Emmanuel, Pius IX., Napoleon III., are hardly even memories to the rising generation. With the exception of Garibaldi, their portraits have disappeared even from the Italian print shops.

Thirty years have sufficed to wipe out the remembrance of exploits which put all Europe in a blaze, and political combinations which struck with the gravest fears and misgivings half a dozen cabinets.

It is now time to ask what has been really achieved? Has the dream of the great Italian patriots and their *Ré Galantuomo* been realized? Are the Italians free, contented, solvent?

The answer sounds almost like a dirge. The Italians at this moment are coerced, dissatisfied, and bankrupt. The unity of Italy is mechanical, not organic. The peoples of Italy are one in name, but not in habits, tastes, or temperaments. They agree only in two political tenets: 1st, that things are all wrong; 2nd, that the Government is to blame; an explanation which, as Monsieur Renan has remarked, "is always acceptable to the people."

The people are not always wrong; they have in this case discerned a secret. Things are all wrong, because the men who made the revolution left no successors equal to the task of carrying it out. One Cavour created Italian unity from without by removing all foreign lets and hindrances, but it required another Cavour to create Italian unity from within by harmonizing the clamor of interests and softening the clash of northern, midland, and southern temperaments in that most mixed and excitable of all peninsulas. No second Cavour has as yet appeared. The instant he passed away his successor, Rattazzi, made all Italy feel the loss of the master mind by allowing Garibaldi, the darling of the people, to be shot down at Aspromonte. This is

the kind of blunder which Cavour might have fallen into a dozen times, but which he skilfully managed to avoid. With the Marquis d'Azeglio and the Baron Ricasoli went the last men of the second, if not of the first, rank of Italian statesmen. Under Rattazzi and his successor the content, prosperity and prestige of the country slowly but steadily declined, until with the *laissez faire* and opportunist policy too long uninterrupted of Depretis, Italian credit, together with Italian patriotism, seems to have reached its lowest ebb.

Signor Crispi, the Garibaldian, who organized the famous expedition from Genoa, in 1860, which resulted in the conquest of Sicily and Naples, is now once more in power. He has lately emerged into quite European prominence. His recent resignation and re-appointment make it abundantly clear that he is the only possible ruler at the present crisis. But he is on his trial, and so is the King his master—or servant. At this moment there is wheel within wheel. If Signor Crispi succeeds in quieting the country, developing its agriculture and commerce, and saving it from general bankruptcy, he will be hailed in coming years as the saviour—as Cavour and Garibaldi were saluted as the founders—of the monarchy. If he fails Italy may again be broken up into federated republics or principalities, bound to be variously jockeyed as before by foreign cabinets—in which case there is no reason why the Pope should not again come by his own and emerge as a temporal power. We shall then, in one century, have seen the Italian peninsular cast off its princelet puppets under Austria, Romagna and Papal rule, adopt its monarchy, then break up its monarchy, and hand itself over again to a divided allegiance; the work of Cavour will be undone, the vicious circle will be complete, and the last state of Italy will be worse than the first. But enough of prophecy.

In the present article I wish to pose neither as Republican, Monarchist, or Federalist. I am unable, indeed, to conceal my strong predilection for an Italian constitutional monarchy and my conviction that this is the special

form of unity which will enable Italy to hold her own for the present among the nations. Still I deal with the elements of opinion rather than with conclusions. Those elements are mainly derived from the casually expressed thoughts of various people belonging to different political sections of the Italian community. I have been much struck by the flat contradictions, mendacious statements, diverse estimates, and outrageous gossip, now making for one side, now for the other. I have compared what I have heard with what I have seen in passing through Italy during the last few weeks from north to south, and from south to north, and what I have to say may be conveniently summed up in four questions and their answers.

I. *What are the prospects of the King?*

II. *What are the prospects of Crispi?*

III. *What are the prospects of the people?*

IV. *What are the prospects of the Pope?*

I. *The King.*—Some people will tell you the King does nothing. He does not care; he is the puppet of Germany; he is led by Crispi, and Crispi does not really possess the confidence of the country. Others say the King has a reserve of force. He is capable of interposing as his father did at critical moments; he apparently lets things glide, but he is by no means a mere figurehead. Some years ago he was immensely popular by the amount of feeling and courage he showed during the cholera epidemic. It may seem strange to us in England to hear the King spoken of as a distinct power by no means to be confounded with his ministry. In England, for the sovereign, politically speaking, to do nothing, is a virtue, and his minister is expected to resign if the monarch attempts to have a will or judgment of his own. Ever since the obstinacy of George III. lost us the American colony it has been generally held that "the king can do no wrong—because he can do nothing." In England this is a sort of political dogma with all parties. But the Italian kingdom is too young for such a rigid constitution. The King has still a casting vote, and

in any critical situation his power, if not his popularity, depends upon his hitting the popular needs. It is quite possible in Italy for M.P.s not to represent the feeling of their constituencies and still keep their seats, and for ministers to have a majority and be distinctly unpopular. A king, such as Victor Emmanuel was, and King Humbert is expected to be, is still a sort of *deus ex machina*, and his crown itself may depend upon the way in which he acts in some grave crisis.

Had Victor Emmanuel *obeyed* Cavour and declined to cede Savoy and Nice at Villa Franca, it is very possible that France and Austria might have crushed him. Had Victor Emmanuel *disobeyed* his minister and refused to march south in 1860, at a time when the people were clamoring for the dictatorship of Garibaldi in Naples, it is almost certain he would never have been King of Italy at all. Had Victor Emmanuel forced a war with Prussia against the advice of Minghetti, as he forced the cession of Nice against the advice of Cavour, he would have been crippled and bankrupt before ever he came to the national throne.

The crisis in the midst of which King Humbert now finds himself, requires something like the pluck of a Victor Emmanuel and the skill of a Cavour to deal with it. The people are oppressed with taxation. Secret societies riddle Italy through and through. The Maffeiists, Anarchists, Freemason Insurrectionists, are only the Mazzinian Carbonari, and the Italia Giovane faction of Garibaldi in a new dress. All of them are mere protests under different conditions against bad government. The recent Sicilian insurrection was only a symptom of a deep, or, as the Italian newspapers have it, "a chronic malady." The King is unpopular because it is thought that he might resist Signor Crispi's heavy taxation. But he does nothing of the kind. The war material is heavy, expensive, and yet not efficient. The ironclads are not half manned, but the people cannot pay for them even as they are. There is ruinous debt also in the Railway and other departments, and still Crispi asks for more money and more power to get it, and the vote

is forced through in the teeth of growing indignation and anarchy, with a decided but unpopular ministerial majority. The thing lies in a nutshell. The King is unpopular because he supports Crispi; Crispi is unpopular because he taxes the people; Crispi taxes the people mainly to keep up the army; the army is kept up to enable her to maintain the Triple Alliance and prevent her falling a prey to the dictatorship of France, Germany, or Austria, and again being cut up and divided between the great powers. Crispi believes in the Cavour-Garibaldi-Victor Emmanuel programme of *Italy and all Italy under a constitutional King*. It turns out to be an expensive programme. When the people shouted "*viva Garibaldi*" in Naples in 1860 they did not know what they were shouting for. The prospects of King Humbert entirely depend upon whether he can reconcile the people to the support of the army as his father reconciled them to its creation under Cavour. It was by sacrifice that Italy became one, and by sacrifice alone will she remain one and be able to resist the practical disintegration involved in a new federation of States or an illusory republic. At the same time the King's civil list is too heavy, and the corrupt expenditure of the army, especially in the matter of forage supplies, which Signor Crispi would fain deal with, imposes sacrifices on the people which they bitterly and properly resent.

II. *Signor Crispi*.—The prospects of Signor Crispi depend upon whether he can hold out. His policy is definite. His conception of a united Italy under a constitutional king is sound and statesmanlike. His present high-handed dealing with conspirators, and his much criticised call for exceptional powers, are said to be justified by the deplorably flabby condition in which the veteran Depretis left Italy after a long and unscrupulous reign of laxity and opportunism. Of course Crispi relies on the north, which gave to Italy unity and its king, to save that unity and the king—but he has to grapple with the idle and excitable south, the subtle organization of the Vatican, the personality of the Pope, who has nothing to lose and everything to gain in a



scramble, and a venality which preys like a vampire upon the life of Italy and pervades every department of State and commerce, exploiting the debates in the house, wasting time, and blighting the public honor of the country.

Crispi is also at a disadvantage for want of a cry. The people have got Italian Unity and they do not like it. They seem to have exchanged King Log for King Stork and are nearly gobbled up. Thousands bled and were ruined under Garibaldi and Cavour, but they bled for a purpose and they seemed to see the end of the ruin in the salvation of their country. Crispi has failed to excite the enthusiasm which makes sacrifice a passion, or to reveal a purpose and an aim like that held up by Garibaldi, at once intelligible and irresistibly attractive. Crispi's success must depend upon his power to convince Italy that in spite of heavy taxation it will be better for her to remain united under a strong constitutional rule than to listen to the voice of the anarchic charmer, which proposes to put back the clock of time and reduce her to a conglomeration of petty States, or a pseudo-Republic which will inevitably end in the old petty despotisms combined with that foreign interference from which the country has so lately escaped at the cost of so much blood and treasure. Crispi's imprisoning this or that conspirator, or putting down with a high hand a riot here or there, or clapping on additional taxes for a time, are details which if he fails will be regarded by the future historian as blunders, if he succeeds, as master-strokes. Still, the severe sentences passed on eminent men like Felice Giuffrida, the deputy, eighteen years' solitary confinement, and the numerous other ruthless fines and imprisonments, have done Crispi infinite harm, and the late attempt to assassinate him is the result. An old Garibaldian like Crispi, of all men in the world, should deal as tenderly as possible with men writhing under severe fiscal exactions, and honest political discontent, based on real grievances, even when it culminates in a revolt, should be met by something better than spiteful personal retaliation.

III. *The People.*—What are the pros-

pects of the people? That depends in the present case largely upon the people themselves. A people that are not united will never bear taxation patiently because a disunited people cannot be commercially prosperous, and therefore cannot afford to pay the taxes. The differences between north and south Italy, or between Piedmont and Sicily, are not indeed like those between Ireland and England largely religious, but they are certainly racial and the gulf between the easy-going, but passionate, children of the two Sicilies and the hardy mountaineer and stalwart cultivator of the Piedmont plains is almost as wide as the chasm between Teuton and the Celt. Victor Emmanuel's favorite unifier of Italy was the army, but it has turned in the hands of his successor into a disintegrator. It was all very well to move the army up and down Italy when the army was a symbol of a common liberation from which so much was expected; but now the tyrants are gone there is on longer a halo of romance about the army, nothing but army bills. The tyrant now is the tax collector.

Undoubtedly the people have a grievance. The taxes have been not only cruelly, but unjustly exacted. The collector has entered Sicilian cottages backed by the police, and seeing the *pot-au-feu* smoking, argued that those who could afford to eat could afford to pay a "supplement" or excess tax, and if it turned out there was no money, the officers of the law have been known to seize the dinner and throw it out of the window, under the noses of the poor peasant and his hungry family. There was no redress for the subjects of Humbert any more than for those of Bomba, when his police under the brutal Maniscalco at Palermo dragged the wives and daughters of the Palermitans out of bed, stole their jewelry and arrested their husbands and brothers on fictitious charges. People will always rise against misgovernment and oppression, whether the government call itself Republican, Monarchical, or any other.

The Sicilian insurrectionists would say that they are merely fighting against the very abuses of power from which Garibaldi and Cavour proposed to de-

liver them, and that is about their case. It is no answer to say that the Sicilian insurrection was a put-up job entirely organized in the north, where the people are richer and more content. That does not prove that the south had no grievance and was merely worked on by unscrupulous agitators. Throughout the Garibaldian rising the revolution was organized from the north; as far north as England, where Mazzini's letters were opened, and his plans often frustrated by our secret police. Southern disaffection undoubtedly means unjust, as well as excessive, taxation. Nor, again, does it make it any better to say the people have always been so oppressed. No doubt that is why, with the assistance of Garibaldi, they threw off Bomba's yoke, and now fancy they will better themselves by throwing off King Humbert's. Where the insurrectionists of 1894 are wrong is in confounding a crisis involving heavy sacrifices under a constitutional monarchy with the abuses of the petty despotic states of the tyrannous Sicilies of 1860.

Another grievance. In exchanging one rule for another, people look for special benefits. Now, bad as were the Papal, Neapolitan, and ducal governments, there was, while they lasted, a certain regard for local interests and prejudices, which with this new centralization of the government in Rome has ceased to exist. The provinces complain that the laws passed for the good of the whole country (especially as regards taxation) press unequally; that their provincial needs are not understood, nor their local interests respected by deputies and ministers actually less in touch with them than was the Pope with the Romagna, or the Duke with Tuscany, not badly governed at that time. In fact, the more remote provinces of Italy, finding themselves neglected and mulct, are sighing for the fleshpots of Egypt, and calling out for some sort of Home Rule. The King's government has taken all the magic out of the old cry, *Italia Unita*. One Italian can now call another Italian, "Foreigner!" without a blush. No new banner has been as yet invented by Crispi capable of rallying those disaffected units, and the wolfish

anarchist sees his opportunity, and is ready to come in and scatter the flock.

The present recrudescence of Mazzinian Republicanism (without the nobleness of Mazzini) is the actual and grave danger of the monarchy, and, I may add, of the people.

A confederation of Italian States cannot place Italy in the position of the United States or the French Republic—for definite and obvious reasons. France is *one people*, and has never had any difficulty about national union face to face with an external foe, though perpetually changing her government and indulging in domestic revolutions and internal discord, still the war of class with class is not as the war of race with race.

The United States, again, are not surrounded, like Italy, by jealous powers greater than themselves, ready to profit by State rivalries. They succeeded in the war of north against south in maintaining their unity from within because the principle of cohesion was more powerful than the tendency to separation.

But an Italian Republic or any conceivable federation of States *at present* could not succeed, because the tendency to separate is stronger than the desire to cohere; and were the monarchy and the army once removed, there would be no power left in the land strong enough to oppose a bold front to the invader next time Austria or Germany should fancy a slice of Piedmont, or France covet a piece of Naples or Sicily.

An Italian Republican army! Think of it! Imagine the people of Palermo or Naples sending a contingent to help Piedmont to keep Austria out of Venice. Why, the southern sections of the Republic would glory in the discomfiture of either of "those northern foreigners." They would say, "They have met their match at last—why embroil ourselves with their quarrels?" But presently the middle of Italy would go, and soon after that the Republics of Sicily and Naples would hagggle about combining against some other common foe, and the cry of "Italians have no country!" would have to be raised all over again. Would it then be so easy to tear back bit by bit the

limbs of Italy from the claws of the French eagle, the Russian lion, or the Austrian wolf?

These fears are not imaginary. Most recent history might teach Italy the fate of little States, or a conglomeration of them face to face with big powers. The growth of Piedmont itself is an example. The Dukes of Savoy straddled the Alps. "Their geographical position did not allow them to be honest," as the Prince de Ligne said. They annexed Piedmont, became kings of the north, and swallowed up Italy bit by bit. Austria took and retook Venice and Lombardy, and with extreme reluctance abandoned either. Russia could not brook the independence of Hungary and Poland on her frontier. Napoleon III. wrenched Nice and Savoy from Piedmont in return for service rendered at Magenta and Solferino. We now know that he almost persuaded Victor Emmanuel to give up a slice of Piedmont, and he actually intrigued with Prussia to let him take Belgium. If Belgium and Switzerland still remain free it is only because the big powers find such neutral territories useful, as buffers or go-betweens, not because they could not take them to-morrow if they chose, or would not like to have them.

Let Italia Unita, with Rome as her capital, take note of these facts, and learn that for her the words Anarchy, Federation, or Republicanism at present may be translated into the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* of old Babylon. But the prospects of the people depend upon one thing more, and that is the probity of the country.

In Italy, from top to bottom, every one robs and scrambles and intrigues. The Roman bank scandals have revealed the fact that ministers of state, deputies, and men of high standing have not been above disgraceful complicities and fraudulent speculations. Even Signor Crispi, the prime minister, was freely libelled by the Papal Party, but it is now patent to all that he borrowed openly from the bank, and upon well-understood and honorable conditions, and although there was delay in repayment, as he warned the bank there might be if his professional income dropped in the event of his becoming

prime minister, no one disputes the fact that Signor Crispi has paid back all that he borrowed, and stands before the country, financially speaking, quite clear.

But the sad truth remains that from the ticket office to the political *coterie*, legal tribunal, or national bank, there is widespread robbery, bribery, and corruption. The veteran premier, Depretis, who held office so long, is now freely charged with promising anything to anybody, and letting the sleeping dogs of corruption lie simply to keep in power and secure a few more loaves and fishes.

The prospects of the people, then, depend not only upon the framework of a constitutional monarchy and the protection of an army, but upon patience under the strain of taxation, industry, honesty, fraternity, and self-sacrifice.

The following words, which were seldom out of the mouth of Mazzini, are hardly ever heard from the lips of Italy's new Anarchic orators; but they should be inscribed in golden letters upon the lintels of every Italian house—Fraternity, Constancy, Integrity, Sacrifice.

IV. *The Pope*.—And what are the prospects of the Pope? On the whole, we may say he is in luck. The scenes that have lately been witnessed in St. Peter's bear witness to what may be called an extraordinary recrudescence of Papal popularity. Imagine twenty thousand persons closely packed from early morning till six o'clock in the vast area beneath Michael Angelo's dome, thousands outside in the great space in front (once the racecourse of Nero, where hundreds of Christians were burned like torches in tubs of oil). Remember that all those thousands in St. Peter's were there by ticket, as the general crowd could not have been admitted with safety. All day long simply nothing went on in St. Peter's. The patient crowd, of which the writer was one, waited. The church grew dark—only in the far distance thousands of wax candles and swinging chandeliers shone out over the high altar and faintly illumined the colossal dome. At about five o'clock a wild shout was heard from

the multitude in the distance outside. It was known that the Pope had left his apartments in the Vatican and was descending by a private passage into St. Peter's. The instant he entered a cry of enthusiasm arose within at the bottom of the dim church, which was taken up by the expectant multitude. Very slowly borne high aloft by his guards, the old man moved up the middle aisle, seated on his royal throne, robed "in white samite, mystic, wonderful." He wore the red slippers and was shadowed by the tall peacock fans (imperial peculiarities imported from Persia by Caligula, and adopted by the Popes after the third century when the seat of government was removed to Constantinople and the Pope became joint magistrate of Rome and assumed imperial attributes and temporal power). From the moment Leo XIII. entered until he disappeared in the far distance, an almost invisible speck at the high altar, and the service commenced, the roar of enthusiasm never ceased rolling like thunder throughout the building, while the wild waving of scarfs and pocket-handkerchiefs was like the shattered trembling of a cornfield in a hail-storm. The scene was repeated as the Pope passed back again down the aisle at the close of the service. He rose majestically and bowed in blessing to the right and to the left. It was a scene fraught with singular spiritual and temporal associations never to be forgotten. Leo XIII.'s personal popularity in part explains a reception which certainly no other potentate in the world could at present command.

Leo XIII. is probably the most notable Pope who has sat on the throne since Leo X., and he is a far better, if not a subtler man, although there are those who say that, with the exception of Bismarck, the present Pope is the only first-rate diplomatist in Europe. Leo XIII., in spite of his unfortunate decrees about the infallibility of the Bible, which can only rank with the equally foolish Papal Infallibility and Immaculate Conception dogmas of Pius IX., Leo XIII. is up to date politically if not theologically. His advice to Ireland has been temperate, to the American strikers wholesome, while his time-

ly arbitration, accepted both by the Peru Government and the insurgents, has lately prevented a bloody and useless war. At home he has been the friend of sanitation, and no enemy to education (only an enemy to the severance of education from religion, as a good many people in England at this moment are). He has built the Romans a splendid cholera hospital, fitted with the latest scientific improvements. He has founded asylums for the poor and aged, and at his own expense he has built a noble aqueduct for supplying his native town of Carpinetto with pure water.

But at the present moment the popularity of the Pope is largely political. As a rule when the King's Government is unpopular the Pope is popular. It is like Vesuvius and the Solfatara, when one is active, the other is quiescent and *vice versa*. The Pope will now as of old, aid and abet any movement which rises against the power opposed to him. It is the old instinct of maintaining his own position by playing off one nation or faction against the other. It is the great Papal Policy of the Middle Ages. Garibaldi supported the unity of Italy, which meant the destruction of the Pope's temporal power. So Pius IX. was opposed to the Garibaldi revolution. But the Sicilian revolution and Maffei movement threatens the demolition of the monarchy that robbed the Pope, and so Leo XIII. supports the Insurgents, Freemasons, Anarchists, Republicans, *et id omne genus*. For once and for a moment in the shuffling of the Italian cards the Pope and the seditious Adulamites of all sorts and conditions find themselves in the same camp. The fact is the Pope just now is in the most delightful and enviable position of being able to say to discontented Italy, "I told you so!"

"Thirty-four years ago you were clamoring for a king; your hereditary princes were not good enough for you. The vicar of Christ, who for nineteen centuries had ruled you, was set aside and his dominions handed over to the northern usurper.

"In vain my predecessor, after making every concession in his power, protested against the last spoliation. You



wanted a united Italy, you wanted a king, you were not satisfied with the old principle which gave to each State and section of a people different in temperament, needs, and manners, the privilege of looking after its own affairs. You wanted a central government. Well, you have got it at the Quirinal; the Pope and all your other rulers are dethroned; and yet you are not happy. It turns out now that your rulers do not consult your interests or understand your needs; you are over-taxed, and you know by experience what real monarchical oppression means; while a godless army tramps up and down your United Italy, confounding boundaries and insulting terrorized populations, and a cruel police pillages your houses in the name of the law and extorts taxes for objects remote from your provinces and interests, on behalf of a bankrupt government and an alien King."

If the Pope used this language, and he practically does so through his priestly emissaries throughout Italy and Sicily at the present moment, it is not too much to say that he would be universally intelligible, and, in the south at least, strongly supported. Of course I do not believe that the break-up of Italy is at hand. It is true that every department of the State is submerged in debt. Italy has an increasing railway debt alone of five millions and a railway deficit of two hundred and fifty millions; her army and navy cost her about three hundred and fifty millions, and are at that hardly efficient for the purposes of the Triple Alliance. This is from an old-fashioned budget point of view all very shocking no doubt, but if there had not been a strong feeling somewhere or other in Italy that the country could weather and well weather such a storm of financial ruin as seems impending, Signor Crispi would never have obtained his recent majority, 199 against 135 votes in favor of maintaining the strength of the army and absolutely resisting a demanded reduction of nineteen millions.

Politicians of the Crispi type see clearly enough that a great nation like Italy, created by such an extraordinary and unlikely combination as Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Em-

manuel, counts for something, and cannot be lightly destroyed. He sees, too, that Italy, without her army, would be worthless for a Triple Alliance or any other alliance. Once that position of a European ally which Cavour fought for and won in the Crimean war gone, what remains? The country, too weak to be an *ally* becomes a *prey*. Italy disintegrated is Italy reconquered. Now the only prospective potentate in Italy to whom this disaster would not matter one iota is the Pope. The revived dukedoms and principedoms might chafe under Austria or France or Prussia, but the Pope would comfortably slip once more into his temporal dominions, and regain in the scramble a good slice of the Romagna, and he alone could count on the support and patronage of all the Catholic powers. Indeed, the unity of Italy once tossed to the winds, it is difficult to see why the Romagna should not be handed back to the Pope, who would have the best claim to it, as the Italian prince and potentate who had been there for centuries. Indeed, the Pope and the College of Cardinals could hardly be set aside, nor could they possibly set up a more corrupt government than that of Bomba, or a more inefficient one than that of the dethroned duchies. The Pope's policy is therefore intelligible and most acute. But the Pope is probably over-sanguine. The King's motto is, *J'y suis, j'y reste*, and the north is with the King, and the north rules. From the north came Italian unity, and what the north has made the north intends to preserve. The King and Crispi, and even the popular Queen, are coldly received in public, and at Milan Crispi was hissed; but nothing could exceed the unpopularity of Bismarck at one time, when he stood for German unity, and the discontent and bitterness of the little States and kingdoms which the German empire swallowed up under Bismarck's despotic rule. But Bismarck won, and Bismarck became the idol of Germany. Crispi is just now, if I misread not the signs of the times, going through a similar ordeal; and if he wins, he will be the idol of the country; and, after making the needful sacrifices, Italy will emerge from a second conflict, not

now with Austria or Bomba, but with herself—strong, united, and invincible.

There are three of Cavour's sentences—one, the most pathetic, was uttered upon his death-bed—but each one of them should be pondered by those rulers of Italy who at this moment are professing to act upon the lines of the great Cavourian policy.

Cavour was haunted in his last days with the notion that his successors would grow impatient with the excitable and wayward Sicilians, and proceed to arrest, coerce, and dragoon them—his instinct was indeed prophetic. Of the government he said: "No state of siege, no state of siege!—anybody can govern with a state of siege." He was also haunted with the fear that the discontent of Naples, the ignorance, immorality, and degradation of the South would provoke the North to harsh measures. Of these poor people he said: "Patience— forbearance." ("Wash them! wash them!") *Li lavi! li lavi!*

His last apprehension was a further collision between the Pope and the

King. He aimed not at widening the breach, but at healing it, and establishing some sort of harmony between the Church and the State. With this view, Victor Emmanuel had offered the Pope an annual income of £100,000 if he would renounce his temporalities. The grand policy was one of conciliation, not of exasperation—freedom all round; the church sphere and the government sphere both free and independent. Very nearly Cavour's last words were, *Frato! frate! libera Chiesa in libero Stato* (a free Church in a free State). Pius IX. was deaf; but many think that were Cavour now at the helm, Leo XIII. would come to terms. The old "non-possumus" is felt to be obsolete, and for the first time in nineteen centuries something like a handsome compromise might at this moment be made. I have this from inner Papal circles, and I have no doubt it will be denied, but it is not altogether untrue, and *se non è vero è ben trovato!*

I said Crispi had no flag—why not Cavour's dying words, *Libera Chiesa in libero Stato?*—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### THE MINERS' EIGHT HOURS QUESTION.

BY WALTER TREVELYAN THOMSON.

EIGHTY-SEVEN was the large majority by which the Mines (Eight Hours) Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons a few weeks ago. This was a result highly satisfactory to the advocates of the measure, and a notable triumph for the cause of labor. With such a majority ultimate success would at first sight seem assured, the more so since it is not a party measure. If, however, we examine more closely the nature of that majority, and the reasons advanced by the various members for voting for it, we find less unanimity of opinion.

Many merely regarded the second reading as a favorable opportunity for affirming the general principle of legislative interference with the hours of labor, while reserving to themselves the right of voting against the third reading, should it be determined to apply coercion to those localities un-

willing to adopt it: which reservation, in the opinion of the promoters of the measure, robs it of all real value. It would be most interesting, were it possible, to obtain a return showing the various reasons which induced members to vote on one side or the other.

Some opposed it on the grounds of abstract objection to Parliamentary interference with the hours of labor; some considered that it would injure the miners themselves to apply a cast-iron law of this nature; while others, although sympathizing with the object in view, did not think such a measure likely to promote that end.

Some voted for the Bill, believing that combination among the workers for this object had proved a failure; some because they considered the miners' occupation an altogether exceptional one; and again, others because their constituents told them to do so.

All admit that the hours of labor are in many cases unfortunately too long. If, after obtaining the franchise for the working classes, after throwing open our schools to them free, and assisting technical and secondary education, it would be worse than folly to deny them the time and leisure wherein to cultivate their higher tastes and to benefit by these advantages.

All desire to lessen the burdens and hardships of the workers, to shorten the hours of the toilers; it is with regard to the means to be employed where the difficulty and division lie. The claim which this branch of industry is supposed to have over others for legislative interference, is due in part to the idea that the employment of men underground is fraught with more danger to life and limb than any other. This point, however, is questionable, recent returns showing that the average mortality among miners is no greater, but, as a matter of fact, is less than that among those employed in other occupations.

The main principle of the Bill before Parliament is to employ State interference in order to shorten the hours of labor in mines. "Is there any objection to such interference?" is the first question to be settled. In the face of all our Factory and Mines Regulation Acts, it would be ridiculous to urge any abstract objection to such legislation. Such Acts as these figure prominently among the most beneficial which have been passed during the last fifty years.

To object on the ground of no precedent—were there none—is no position for any one calling himself a reformer to take up. Were we to stick at lack of precedents, few, if any, would be the reforms passed. The sooner we discard the theory that "What is, is right," the better will it be for all progress.

Although there may be no abstract objection to this principle, nevertheless in actual practice its results may not be beneficial in all cases. It is in the practical working out of this principle that the difficulties lie; so that that which in theory may seem desirable when submitted to practice becomes impracticable.

Let us now consider a few of these

difficulties. What effect, we may surely ask, would such a measure have upon the trades unions of the miners? Would it not rob these institutions of their very life and reason for existence? Their main object, as set forth by Mr. Thomas Burt, is to obtain shorter hours of labor for their members. If this object can be obtained by State interference, will not this very interference be taken by the miners as a substitute for their voluntary combinations, which will consequently disappear, and with them their many subsidiary institutions which have proved so valuable in raising the standard of comfort among their members, and impressing upon them the necessity and value of thrift. This is not mere theory. There are facts to substantiate such fears. At the time when a similar Bill was before the last Parliament, the popularity of one union in a certain Scotch county so diminished that it was impossible to secure the subscriptions necessary for its existence. If, then, by passing such a measure we strike a serious blow at these most admirable and beneficial institutions, so as to cripple in any way their present usefulness, this in itself should weigh heavily against such a proposal. Nothing can be more disastrous in the long run than to substitute State power to effect that which can be accomplished by mutual agreement and self-supporting organizations.

"Is State interference really necessary?" is the next query to be answered. How is it that the miners in many parts of the country have obtained an eight hours, and in some cases less than an eight-hours working-day without this assistance? If these are able to obtain this reduction, why should not others do likewise? Is it that these other unions have not exerted themselves sufficiently to obtain this end, or the men, being paid by the piece, have not desired it?

To admit the necessity of an eight-hours legal day is to admit of the failure of these unions, and that they are not strong enough for their purpose. If, then, they are not strong enough to regulate the hours of labor, how can they be strong enough to control the wages of labor?

If we permit State intervention with the one, we must also have it with the other, and to do so would require a thorough reorganization of all trade. Such examples as the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Associations, and the Society of Amalgamated Engineers, conclusively prove that trade unions have *not* been failures but rather brilliant successes in the past, and that they are competent to perform similar tasks in the future.

The fact that a large number of those whom such a law would affect are entirely opposed to it, must also be taken into consideration when dealing with this question. This is in itself slight argument against any measure in a democratic country like ours, where the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the first consideration. But this happiness must never be obtained at the cost of an injustice to any single member of the whole community. It is possible to have as coercive and bureaucratic rule under a system of government merely guided by the wishes of the majority as under the Tzar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey. No coercion is worse than that of one people or a portion of a people tyrannizing over another, and it is such tyranny and oppression that it is necessary to guard against in this and other socialistic measures.

If we look abroad there is little to encourage the introduction of a statutory limitation of the hours of labor into this country. On the Continent of Europe the hours of labor vary from eleven to twelve per day in the three countries where this system is in practice. In the United States the law is practically a dead letter. Where an eight-hours day has been adopted, as in the Australian colonies, it has been obtained by voluntary effort, so that it has become the custom of those places apart from any legal enactment.

What is a legal eight-hours day, and what does it really mean? Does it mean eight hours from bank to bank, or eight hours at the surface?

In the former case, which is the plan adopted in the present Bill, the miner who has to walk a mile or more from the bottom of the shaft to his work will have just cause of complaint

against his fellow-workman who may be engaged at a working a few yards from the pit's mouth, unless all wages, as in the county of Durham, vary according to the distance of the working from the entrance to the mine.

If, on the other hand, we are to understand it to mean eight hours at the surface, as was suggested by one of the supporters of the measure during the debate in the House of Commons last year, then many miners who at present support this well-pleasing theory will find that such a Bill would not reduce the time they at present spend underground. In this case, although a man working at the "face" a mile away from the shaft is paid according to that distance, he will have to spend considerably more time underground than one working near the pit's mouth: that is to say, more than eight hours in the mine.

The most important point in this difficult problem is the question of overtime. Is overtime to be allowed, or is it not? If it is, then the Bill merely becomes a Wages Bill, providing that extra pay shall commence at the ninth instead of the tenth or eleventh hour as may be the case at present.

It is on this point of overtime that the laws in foreign countries have failed; for it is well known that when it becomes a matter of wages or hours of labor the latter almost invariably go to the wall. This has again and again been the case with trades unions, so that when by force of combination they have obtained reduced hours for their members, individual men have sold these advantages for the sake of additional pay. If this has been the case with voluntary associations fighting for shorter hours, how much more will it be so under the Bill in question, when such action will in no way endanger the demand of others for reduced hours. Thus, instead of shorter hours, there will be hours of the same length, with overtime-pay at the ninth instead of the tenth hour—purely and simply a Wages Bill.

Next, let us consider the alternative course, when no overtime is allowed, and which seems to be the one adopted in the present Bill. This is surely a most drastic proposal. It would mean,



to take an extreme case, and we must consider all possible results of such an action—it would mean that when a miner had been thrown out of employment for a considerable length of time, and upon returning wished to make up for lost time, it would be a criminal offence for him to work more than eight hours a day, in order to support those dependent upon him, and to do his duty by those who should be his first consideration.

Thus his alternatives might be imprisonment for debts contracted during illness, or imprisonment for trying to meet those debts by working overtime. There must indeed be a very strong case on the other side to justify such a serious curtailment of individual liberty as this. It cannot be doubted that it will be a long time before the miners of Great Britain will submit to or allow such coercive proceedings to be taken on their behalf.

Again, consider the many difficulties of enforcing such a law. What a large number of inspectors, and what great expense it would require to be effectively carried out: for it would be of no use whatsoever were it not rigidly enforced. Such difficulties as these are by no means insuperable, but they must have their share of attention when discussing the question.

Even were it possible to overcome the practical difficulties already referred to, there still remain the forces of Nature to contend with, as illustrated in the great natural differences existing among mines. It is impossible to control by the same hard and fast law all the various mines in the country, each worked under different circumstances and with different results. What might be beneficial to one would be equally harmful to another. Nature herself works upon no one law, and how can man expect advantageously to control her by any such mechanical arrangement? Many mines would not pay to be worked under such a system; and would it be desirable to close these, and thus throw hundreds, it might be thousands, out of work? Other mines, on account of severe competition, would not pay to be worked on an eight-hours system, and this touches upon the economic side of the question which certainly

must not be overlooked. Only a small proportion of our minerals find markets in this country, and even here they have to compete with those of the foreigner, the rest going abroad, where the selling price is determined by that of their foreign competitors.

Would it not be a somewhat dangerous experiment to bind by a hard and fast law all these mines which have to compete with those of other countries, where there is practically no limit to the length of the working day? It must be admitted that longer hours and greater profits do not necessarily go together; in fact, it is in a great measure due to England's shorter hours and accordingly better work, that she can successfully compete with other countries. But is it not possible to overdo "short hours," and for that reason would not a statutory limitation of the hours of labor be a dangerous experiment to try?

It is claimed by the supporters of this measure that by working shorter hours, employment could be found for a portion of the vast army of the unemployed.

This is rather a questionable statement. Assuming, however, that more hands are engaged, what is the effect upon those previously employed? Does it not most assuredly follow that they will have to accept lower wages than before, in order to provide for the new hands?

The demand, and consequently the price obtained for coal is the same as before, and therefore the profits remain in the same proportion. But these profits have now to be distributed among a larger number, with the natural result that each must receive less. Are the miners of Great Britain prepared to accept lower wages in order to provide employment for some of those seeking work and finding none? If they are, they show a most commendable spirit, and one worthy of all praise; history, however, teaches us somewhat differently. Those who defend this reduction of hours against the argument that the British miner might not be able to compete so favorably in foreign markets as before, argue that as much work would be done in eight as in nine hours. Now, if such were the

case, no extra hands would be required, and no relief afforded to the over-burdened labor market.

There is another proposal for dealing with this question which has been adopted by some who are not prepared to go the full length of a general legal eight-hours day for miners, but who desire to see the power of the State employed to shorten the hours of labor.

This scheme takes the form of a local option eight hours system, and seeks to avoid the necessarily coercive character of the former. A poll will be taken in each locality affected by such a measure, and should a majority of those voting declare in favor of legislative interference, then such desire shall be given effect to by legal enactment.

This, in brief, is the principle of such a system, which, while avoiding some of the difficulties of the former, is accompanied by others which make its practical application almost an impossibility. A new difficulty arises when we have to determine how long this interference on the part of the State, giving expression to the wishes of the majority, shall be binding. If a fresh poll is permitted whenever it may be demanded, and like expression given to its behests, confirming or destroying the former as the case may be, then a condition of affairs will be created which will be destructive to all trade. The colliery manager would never know at what hours his men would be working for any length of time together. He would be unable to regulate the amount of coal to be brought to the surface, which amount is determined by external forces, such as the natural laws of supply and demand, and over which no artificial force can have any permanent effect. In these days of such keen and ever-increasing competition it would be impossible to make many mines pay if worked under such circumstances. Furthermore, the hours being so uncertain, the amount of labor required would be correspondingly uncertain; so that instead of diminishing it would increase the numbers of the unemployed. It would increase tenfold the uncertainty of employment, which, far more than low wages or long hours, is the curse of the working classes, and

which keeps so many on the verge of starvation.

The alternative course would be to make binding for a considerable length of time—three years has been suggested—the wish of the majority when once enforced by law. In this case a transient majority—and the rapid movements of labor from one part of the country to another forbid a more substantial majority—a transient majority is allowed to bind in the future all those who may be working in the district where the poll was originally taken. Thus that which was once a majority still continues to bind down and it may be coerce a majority the other way. In short a majority of yesterday, and what may be a minority of to-day, is allowed to tyrannize over an actual majority.

There is yet another objection applying equally to either of the eight-hours schemes here referred to. Although the aim of all reformers is to use the collective power of the State for the benefit of its individual members, nevertheless the benefits thus accruing to the community at large must never be purchased at the price of injustice to any single member. Let us apply this principle to the present case. It is proposed to prevent any master working his mine more than eight hours a day, should a majority at St. Stephens or locally decide so. Undoubtedly the colliery owner should conduct his pit in such a manner as may benefit the majority of his fellow-creatures, and ought to be compelled to work it not more than eight hours a day if to do so would be an advantage to the community, and no injustice to himself.

But would there be no opportunity for any such injustice under the Bill in question? The late Prime Minister speaking on the second reading of this Bill last session, used the following words in reference to those cases where the miners were opposed to the measure: "I am not ready to consent upon the third reading of this Bill to apply the compulsion this Bill would impart to a community such as that which is represented by the miners of Northumberland and Durham." Is he, and are those who think with him, willing to apply these words to the cases of the minorities composed of masters? Sure-

ly they, even though they are masters, deserve the same rights and the same justice as the men. There are many owners working their mines at a bare profit, and to work them under the eight-hours system would result in a loss, when they would have to close them, and might thus be deprived of their means of livelihood.

Apart from the injustice of such an action it would be detrimental to the interests of the miners themselves. Many men would be thrown out of work by the closing of these collieries, so that instead of promoting the happiness of the greatest number, no one would benefit at the cost of all.—*Westminster Review*.

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#### ENTHUSIASM OR HYSTERIA?

BY T. MACKAY.

IN all ranks of life there is at the present time a great increase of political aspiration and political activity. To some this appears matter for unmixed congratulation. In the words of the learned author of *National Life and Character*, "the broad fact remains that human co-operation for political ends is yearly becoming more fruitful of good purpose," and therefore, "The Religion of the State is surely as worthy of reverence as any creed of the churches and ought to grow in intensity year by year." The late Sir Henry Maine, in his great work on Popular Government, has taken a somewhat different view and endeavored to trace a connection between our love of politics and our love of athletic and field sports. Again, as if to prove the truth of the proverb that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, there are those who like Gallio care for none of these things, and who regard this new civic enthusiasm neither as religion nor as sport, but as an unaccountable form of spiritual exaltation not far removed from hysteria.

It requires some temerity to profess any sympathy with the dissidence of dissent embodied in this last view; for though in private the legislator may occasionally give a cynical wink, as did the augur of old, in public he goes through the functions of his office with an imperturbable gravity, in the witnessing of which the devotees are kept in a highly strung state of political frenzy. With the dissenter these adherents of orthodoxy are disposed to take a very short way. He is set down as a person devoid of public spirit, en-

tirely wrapped up in his own selfish concerns. He is indifferent to the general welfare, and the grounds of his nonconformity have little chance of obtaining audience with those who are full filled to the brim with an enthusiastic belief in the saving virtue of politics. All political parties are disposed to resent the attitude of those who regard the political cultus with suspicion and dislike.

On the one side there is the new Radical Party, full of the wildest enthusiasm and thoroughly persuaded that by political action large and much-needed social reforms can be brought about. On the other side there is the Conservative Party, representing such measure of contentment as is to be found in the present *status quo*. Its position is precarious mainly because of the *élan* of the Radical attack. Partly, therefore, for the purpose of keeping in power, and partly also in a spirit of *noblesse oblige*, it has elevated the doctrine of ransom into a rule of conduct. Conservatives do not, it is true, affect the same enthusiasm for legislation as their rivals, and occasionally, when in Opposition and when a General Election is not very near, they use arguments which appear to throw doubt on its efficacy. Still, it is not too much to say that all parties explicitly or implicitly regard the State not only as the compulsory co-operation of citizens for certain administrative purposes, but also as an instrument whereby a more equitable construction of Society can be reached.

Those who for want of a better title are called the Party of Gallio, are as

much out of sympathy with the one as with the other. The point at issue between them and the "practical politician" is that they do not believe in the possibility of constructive legislation. In their view legislation may be obstructive to that harmonious progression which finds its motive in a free Society. It may also be destructive, sometimes wisely, sometimes unwisely, but constructive in the true sense of the term it can never be.

It may be that the sentiment enlisted on the side of State Socialism is sufficiently strong to carry the nation into the millennium, or into bankruptcy, as the event may prove. Certain it is that its advance will never be stopped by jettisons of ransom from the Tory Democracy. If the present tendency is to be combated, it must be done by such a reconstruction of parties as will put the issues of the controversy clearly before the country. It may very well be that any attempt to oppose State Socialism directly would involve the exclusion of the Anti-socialist Party from office and power for a generation. It would, however, raise a plain and intelligible issue. At present political parties seem to be entirely at cross purposes, and sooner or later a new line of division will be drawn.

It might, therefore, be worth while to consider what warrant there is for this afflatus of political enthusiasm which is exercising so powerful an influence on the imagination of a majority of Her Majesty's subjects.

Representative Government has been the instrument by which Society has escaped from the tyranny of feudalism and arbitrary power, and to which we have still to look for the abolition of many needless restraints on our liberty. Representative Government is therefore an institution well-entitled to the gratitude of mankind. Naturally also those who have taken a leading part in its conduct have magnified their office. In their mind Government or the State has become co-extensive and identical with Society. In reality this is not so. Society is anterior both in time and in importance to the State which is only an instrument, possibly by no means a permanent instrument, for the development of Society. Democracy is mere-

ly a form of government, which has been extremely useful in superseding some of the abuses of oligarchical and monarchical absolutism.

If we dispassionately reckon up the advantages of modern civilization, we shall find that we owe most of them not to Government but to the free play of our natural instincts of associated life—in other words, to the natural organization of life in a free Society. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that if it were not for the State, the individual would be left in hopeless isolation. On the contrary, all the influences which make for the nicer adjustments of the associated life lie altogether outside the sphere of the State whose coercive action is all too often obstructive of real co-operative harmony. The idea that co-operative association and sanctity of contract rests on the authority of the State is one of the strangest delusions. It arises from certain misconceptions based mainly, as far as one can see, on the etymology of a nickname. The title "individualist" has been applied to persons who are not Socialists, and they have not been at pains to repudiate it. Thus, although there is ample evidence that the first and most obvious impulse of the natural man is toward association of one sort or another, those who are opposed to the compulsory association which is the essence of Socialism are taunted with being incapable of association altogether, and impervious to the influence of the social virtues which arise in the natural intercourse of man with man.

No better instance can be given of the vast superstructure of misconception that can be based on this forced interpretation of a nickname than is to be found in the following quotation from a sermon of the Rev. Canon Scott Holland reported in *The Daily Chronicle* of the 13th March, 1894:—

"Individualism," this eloquent preacher exclaims, "has of course no consistent interpretation for marriage, for marriage is itself in its essence the very denial of individualism. It asserts with all its force the incompleteness of the individual. It roots his being in partnership, in community, in corporate responsibility in the intermingling of life with life. Individualism has no insight into such principles as these. . . . Its aim is to leave



the individual alone as far as possible in making or unmaking his contract. Its legislation is toward loosening the ties as soon as they fret and curb the individual convenience."

This of course is a mere travesty of the opinions of those who believe that free human Society has an inherent capacity for working out its own salvation. The purification of marriage has not been the act of the State. With advancing civilization a higher interpretation has naturally been given to marriage. The State has recognized this, and if the question of divorce—the subject of Canon Scott Holland's sermon—were not too wide a digression, it would, I think, be possible to argue that the alleged relaxation of this, the highest of human contracts, is due to the reaction from the legality superimposed upon an institution which, inasmuch as its origin is purely social, is on that account more readily recognized as binding by the conscience of civilized Society. The title "individualism" is entirely misleading, and should be dropped in this controversy. The rhetoric of Canon Scott Holland touches nothing which it does not adorn, but in this particular instance, led away by an etymological subtlety, he has been betrayed into an invective which, though a very proper embellishment to a sermon preached as a manifesto of the "Forward Movement of the Church," must appear to the candid reader to fall somewhat wide of the mark.

In the natural evolution of Society from barbarism to civilization, marriage and the family are essential and constructive factors. Essential also, in this view of life, are partnership, community, corporate responsibility self-imposed, and therefore more binding the intermingling of life with life. These things are created in the intercourse not of a State-dominated, but of a free, Society. The true opposition is not between the Individual and the State or Society, but between Society and the State. To make this point clearer let us take another instance.

If we wished to appreciate the vast importance of the parental instinct as a constructive factor in life and in Society, we might begin by going back to

the earliest period of biological time. We should perceive how this principle has been one of the great creative forces at work in the evolution of life and in the organization of Society. Parental affection toward offspring has not, it is true, been so perfectly developed that it is impossible to find instances of gross cruelty of parents to their children; nor has it been so invariable that gratitude, toward those to whom they owe their life, is always and unfailingly present in the mind of the children. Still, with all its imperfections, the relation of parent to child has been a civilizing education to the parents and a guarantee of life and preservation to the child. It would be no exaggeration to say that this familiar and obvious principle has been the greatest constructive influence in our social life.

Men, however, rarely wonder at what is familiar and perfect, their imagination is more readily impressed by the imperfect and the unusual. The State is called in to remedy the imperfect work of Nature, and legislation is devised, which, though possibly in some cases necessary, must inevitably interfere with the automatic and constructive processes of Society. Factory Acts and Compulsory Education have been substituted for parental responsibility in what after all is a small portion of its sphere of influence, and we are asked to find in this small though perhaps necessary usurpation, the basis and the motive of a new religion. We may believe very strongly in the immediate beneficence of factory legislation and of compulsory education, but this need not, and should not, blind us to the fact, that by our innovations we may seriously injure the automatically working mechanism of progress that is inherent not in a State but in Society.

"At the date we visited Greece, April 1892," writes the author of a pleasant record of travel, *Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece*, "all education was free from A B C up to the University of Athens. . . . The Greeks are rightly proud of their free education, but the present generation do not appear to have found it the panacea they expected, and I was much surprised to hear both young men and

middle-aged men speaking against this unlimited free education. 'We manufacture nothing but professors and writers,' exclaimed one, 'while what Greece requires are men to cultivate her waste lands, artisans, and engineers,' . . . and he seemed to think that anything that would check the absorbing desire of coming up to the University of Athens would be a step in the right direction. Another national institution against which the young Greek is beginning to inveigh is the politician. . . . In a word, all Greeks are politicians from the shepherd upward. The gift of everlasting political talk appears to have come to them as a heritage, and is styled by the practical party, 'the curse of the Nation.'"

By the end of 1893, under the guidance of its politicians and professors, the Greek Government had declared itself bankrupt. Society has need of artisans and engineers, and would be content with a very moderate supply of professors and writers. If things were left to take their course there would be some adjustment between demand and supply, but under the aflatus of the New Religion the State has ordered otherwise. There has been overproduction of professors and politicians and an increase in the burdens imposed on the people for the endowment of this army of tide waitership. It is an ill wind that blows no one good, and in the bankruptcy of the deity the young Greek will, it is to be hoped, find emancipation from the "curse of the Nation."

Again, in a free Society, where obligation is for the most self-imposed, men are dependent on themselves and on those bound to them by the natural ties of family and friendship. Though in the main this natural organization is successful, yet failure occasionally happens, and a Poor Law is deemed a necessity of civilized life. Still the State has always been careful to proclaim that compulsory assessment for the relief of the poor shall not absolve children from their duty, but the disintegration of Society incidental to this usurpation of the State cannot be stayed by the *brutem fulmen* of the sub-section of an Act of Parliament.

The willingness of children to support their parents, now that the necessity of so doing has been removed by the Poor Law, has grown weaker, the legal enforcement of what had otherwise been a natural and irresistible impulse has become irksome, and the civic but anti-social enthusiast is now carrying on an agitation to absolve children from legal liability for the support of their parents.

By their fruits ye shall know them.

"Prithee, Trim," quoth my father, turning round to him, "what dost thou mean by honoring thy father and thy mother?" "Allowing him, an' please your honor, three-half-pence a day out of my pay when they grow old." "And didst thou do that, Trim?" said Yorick. "He did, indeed," replied my Uncle Toby. "Then, Trim," said Yorick, springing out of his chair and taking the corporal by the hand, "thou art the best commentator upon that part of the decalogue, and I honor thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself."

Corporal Trim it is clear lived before the days of civic enthusiasm. If his lot had been cast in these later times, his answer would have been that at the next General Election he intended to vote for the candidate who was in favor of supporting his parents at the public charge, and of releasing him from the tyrannical burden of contributing to their maintenance.

The personal obligation of maintaining independence at all periods of life has under the ordinary administration of the Poor Law been grievously weakened. The family and social obligation to maintain the independence of parents and friends is also jeopardized. Progress is hindered by the blight cast on these nascent instincts of social organization. The disease is of centuries' standing, but centuries in the history of Society are a short period of time. Those who have followed the result of the improved administration of the Poor Law in certain rural districts are aware how comparatively easy it is to restore a population to an independence which is based on this natural and voluntarily accepted obligation.\*

\* Those to whom the above allusion is not clear, are referred to a pamphlet published by the late Mr. Bland Garland, Chairman of Bradford Union, under the suggestive title *From*

One other contrast is here introduced, and this time in respect of a more purely material interest, for the purpose of emphasizing the distinction which must be drawn between the automatic organization of Society and the labored mechanism of the State.

"Early and long familiarity," wrote Archbishop Whateley, in his lectures on Political Economy, "is apt to generate a careless—I might almost say a stupid—indifference to many objects, which, if new to us, would excite a great and a just admiration; and many are inclined even to hold cheap a stranger, who expresses wonder at what seems to be very natural and simple, merely because we have been used to it; while, in fact, perhaps our apathy is a more just subject of contempt than his astonishment. Moyhanger, a New Zealander who was brought to England, was struck with especial wonder, in his visit to London, at the mystery as it seemed to him how such an immense population could be fed; as he saw neither cattle nor crops. Many of the Londoners, who would perhaps have laughed at the savage's admiration, would probably have been found never to have even thought of the mechanism which is here at work."

Here, again, this subdivision of labor and of capital, this widely organized system of mutual service, is based on the simple and natural method of Free Exchange, a constructive principle which we owe not to the State, but to Society. At this we never wonder, on this we rarely stop to reflect, we reserve our admiration for the extraordinary and beneficent acuteness with which a monopolist post-office occasionally decipherers illegible addresses.

In these latter days, it is generally said that the religious influence, as formerly understood, has grown weaker. The famous compromise of Mr. Forster's Education Act was due to the impossibility of agreement between the different theological and atheological communities. A right conception of the different shades of religious belief was held to be a matter so important that the duty of imparting instruction of a dogmatic nature could not be entrusted to the State or taken away from the control of the parent, while the Secularist Party accepted the compromise, as coming as near as was practicable to that entire exclusion of

the subject which they would have preferred. This arrangement does not appear to be giving complete satisfaction to the London School Board. Those who value religious education of a dogmatic character are now insisting that the State shall not eliminate subjects of instruction which, because of their very importance, are liable to controversy. It is an impotent step-father, they say in effect, that cannot teach his step-children the rudiments of religious ethics, because the relations and friends of the children are not agreed as to the precise manner in which this is to be done. The party which professes to have scruples as to the introduction of sectarian opinions into rate-supported schools is somewhat put to it to find a reply to its opponents.

Into the merits of the controversy it is not necessary to enter, it is mentioned here merely because it seems to explain the appearance of a new cultus on the educational horizon. The School Boards may not teach the children of the poor to worship God in any particular manner, nor may they point out the close relation which many affirm to exist between a definite religious faith and human conduct. If they did so, they would at once come in conflict with Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as heads of the prevalent religions of this country, very properly assume to themselves the office of *amici curiæ* in this matter. It has, however, been possible for some civic enthusiast in authority to introduce a brand-new religion altogether, of which the doctrines are so self-evident and so reasonable that they win universal assent. I refer, of course, to the cultus of citizenship which has already been given a footing in the curriculum of our State elementary schools. Civic enthusiasts or politicians are already very numerous, and there is every reason to expect that they will soon be as plentiful as professors in Greece.

An inspection of the liturgical hand books provided for the induction of ingenuous youth into the mysteries of citizenship will, I fear, prove very disappointing to the expectant reader.

Here, again, an educational compromise has been at work. Robbed of its party-political shibboleths, its enthusiasms and its hatreds, the subject becomes very flat and stale. The manuals appear admirably suited for the technical education of attorneys' clerks, but the more stirring and quickening elements which the adult mind finds in political controversy are conspicuous by their absence. It is one thing to conceive a great idea, another to entrust it to a public department, which in duty bound robs the subject of all its polemical interest and reduces it to the mere dry bones of a sophism.

It will be said in reply to those capacious critics who affect a distaste for political exercise, that to those actually engaged there are sanctifying and ennobling influences in Parliamentary life which require to be experienced before they can be understood. This may be true, but it must be remembered that only a small section of the inhabitants of this country can, with any sort of convenience, be enabled to take part in the higher flights of political recreation, and to a portion, at all events, of the mere electorate the movements of the elected hierarchy are open to misrepresentations which produce in the minds of those who should be worshippers feelings far removed from religious fervor.

That such misrepresentations are possible will appear from a very brief review of the passage through Parliament of the only legislative Act of last Session. If the enthusiasm, proper to the performance of the duties of a citizen, is to be elevated to the rank of a religion, the action of the principal representative assemblies may fairly be regarded as a specimen of ritual. The following is an attempt to give an impartial account of incidents attendant on the passing of the Local Government Act. It may not commend itself to any of the actors, but we are now mainly concerned with the view of the spectators, and the recital is designed to show the disturbing influence which may be exercised on the devotional feelings of weak and ill-informed brethren by a ritual so liable to be misunderstood.

The earliest stage in the history of a Bill is unfortunately only matter of conjecture, but in absence of authoritative direction, conjecture is generally very busy. The Local Government Act, 1894, has some appearance of having been originally a Parish Council Bill pure and simple. District Councils, under the less inspiring title of Guardians of the Poor and Rural Sanitary Authorities already existed. The Bill primarily was designed to provide a proper field of exercise for civic enthusiasm in the humbler ranks of life. Peers and Bishops have their own assembly. The Commons take their pleasure in the Lower House, and the middle class disports itself on Vestries and Boards of Guardians, but life is not worth having to the laborer unless he too can take part in those functions of government which, as we have seen, are variously described as acts of worship or of sport. Lord Salisbury, following perhaps the high authority of Sir H. Maine, suggested that a good circus was worth consideration for brightening the life of the village. The Government adopted the more serious interpretation, but when the matter came to be looked into closely, it was found that there was really very little for the Parish Councils to do. Then, either of its own accord or, as is plausibly suggested, at the instigation of a section of the Party more solid concessions to democratic ideas were introduced. The Boards of Guardians and Sanitary Authorities were rechristened District Councils, and a revolution was introduced into the administration of the Poor Law by the abolition of ex-officio Guardians and the plural vote. It is impossible to exclude the suspicion that this hurried and irrelevant Poor Law legislation was undertaken under pressure from the Trade-Unionist supporters of the Government. It will no doubt seem a solid advantage gained to the Trade Unionist, that he will now be able to use the rates as an auxiliary to his strike fund. This, however, is merely conjecture; when the Bill was introduced, both parties declared that they regarded it as the natural and long-desired complement of local administration. This principle admitted, the



chief controversial matter left was the composition of the new electorate. Were persons who paid no direct rates to be entrusted with power to make disposition of the property and wills of all the inhabitants of a parish? The House of Commons is elected by persons who do not necessarily pay rates, and it was not to be expected that the Members of that House should concern themselves much to provide guarantees of economy for the *bona-fide* ratepayers, who as a rule have already committed themselves to the support of one or other Party. The decisive vote in Parliamentary Elections belongs, of course, to the fluctuating non-ratepaying crowd who inspect and compare the baits and ransoms thrown out by the various political anglers. As might have been expected, therefore, after a number of terrific stage-encounters the Opposition emerged from the fray with a compromise, which, to the expectant ratepayer, must have recalled the bargain made by Moses Primrose at the Fair. In order to provide a guarantee for the minority, the majority of an elected District Council is permitted to add to its majority by the co-operation of kindred spirits from outside! Again, the Bill was introduced as a great democratic measure based on trust in the people. Later, in answer to those who pointed out that the situation was not reassuring to the minority who paid the rates, Mr. Fowler argued that the guarantee of good administration was not the democratic justice of a non-ratepaying electorate, but the sleepless, unerring vigilance of the bureaucrats at the central office of the Local Government Board. Again, the electorate, argued Mr. Fowler, is a very good electorate, for, even if it pays no rate direct, it pays rent and drinks beer and smokes tobacco, and in contemplation of this fact it will find ample inducement to use the rate economically. Dr. Hunter, on the other hand, a political ally of Mr. Fowler, had very recently written an elaborate article in *The Contemporary Review* in confirmation of the opinion held by competent economists that a local rate ultimately tends to fall on the owner, and that it cannot be recovered by him through an increased rent. Mr. Acland, on the

other hand, declared it was very undesirable that, at elections, attention should be concentrated on Poor Law administration—an admission that the proposed electorates, and possibly all electorates are unsuitable bodies for the election of Poor Law Guardians. Such a statement seems to the impartial, a very deadly side-stroke at the doctrine of the infallibility of the people, or, what is practically the same thing, it amounts to an admission that the office of Poor Law Guardian is a judicial office, and should not be subjected to the degradation of popular election. In the House of Lords the Duke of Devonshire seemed to agree with Mr. Fowler, and accepted the irresponsible electorate, for “sooner or later,” he said, “in the form of increased rent or in diminished wages, the consequences of extravagances in the rates would fall on the agricultural laborer, and sooner or later he will become aware of these consequences.” Miss Octavia Hill, in a letter to *The Times*, had argued that if this is so, the true incidence of taxation should, in mercy to the poor, be made apparent at once, sooner rather than later, now rather than on the eve of national bankruptcy. Miss Hill is a lady who knows much of the poor, but who presumably is more or less indifferent as to the higher politics which decide whether the Misgovernment of Ireland is to issue from Dublin or Westminster. The irrelevancy of her argument therefore must be excused.

Again, the Bill embodies in the most advanced form the principle that a majority may do what it pleases. There is, however, one thing which according to this Act a majority may not do. If the majority of a parish is of opinion that they do not want a Parish Council, their wish will not be respected, for whether they wish it or not the opportunity of “spreading” themselves in electioneering and public debate must be secured for all. “Why,” the irreconcilable will ask, “should the majority be debarred from acting on its conviction that a Parish Council would be a parish nuisance?” He will, perhaps, answer the question for himself and say, “For no other reason than this, that our rulers are so deeply

infected with the prevalent epidemic of civic enthusiasm that they think no man can be happy or virtuous unless he is scrambling for political office and political power."

To trust the people to work the miracle of producing good administration, by means of an electorate which is not personally responsible for the expenditure it orders, savors not a little of the child-like faith so dear to the religious sacerdotalist. There are not wanting prophets, however, who tell us that Mr. Fowler and his trust in the people will rank in history beside the light heart with which M. Emile Ollivier accepted the decision that was to lead his country to its ruin.

Swift, it will be remembered, proved the death of Partridge the almanac-maker by quoting his works and then roundly declaring that no man alive could write such damnable stuff. It is quite possible that some observers of our modern political life may seek to prove their theory of hysterical possession by asserting that no men in their senses could use so many extraordinary and self contradictory arguments about one and the same thing.

To a spirit of such irreconcilable iconoclasm it is useless to refer to the meritorious services of our public departments and Local Government institutions. Those who can find no religious inspiration in the efforts of the Imperial Parliament will not derive consolation from a contemplation of the highly trained sensibility of the Inspector of Nuisances, the vicarious philanthropy of the Poor Law Guardian, or even the sweet reasonableness of the County Councillor. The duties performed by these officials are useful and necessary, and though in the general enthusiasm of the time they are apt to get beyond themselves, they are entitled, along with the tailor, the grocer, the lawyer, and the bishop, to the gratitude due to those who perform their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Still, there is nothing in all this to warrant us in relinquishing the errors of Christianity or of such other religion as it is our fortune to profess, in order to embrace those of the Religion of the State. Neither the Pul-

pit nor the Press, nor the civic primers dear to the Education Department, nor the somewhat sheep-like acquiescence of public opinion, all of which by accident or design seem bent on magnifying the province of politics, will ever induce these obstinate non-conforming Gallios of the community to accept this new evangel. To them the Religion of the State suggests quite another order of ideas—Greece, already struggling in bankruptcy, Italy fast following her example, South American Republics and British Colonies brought to ruin, or the verge of ruin, by governments which begin in enthusiasm and end in knavery—*on commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon*—and lastly, that most distressful country of Ireland, the unhappy prey of an empty rhetorical nationalism, deserting industry for political agitation, with no further result than producing the insolvent desolation of New Tipperary.

Such social enthusiasm as is possessed by those whose opinions I am endeavoring to paraphrase, will in their opinion be more fitly applied to opposing the encroachment of this Moloch of devastation, to gaining room and opportunity for the natural expansion of Society and for the orderly and inevitable organization of progress which is thereby guaranteed.

One other phase of political enthusiasm must be briefly noticed. There are some who, although already committed to a religious creed, are still anxious to combine the new dogmatism with an older faith. A somewhat strange eclecticism is the result. The new Dean of Ely, in a sermon recently preached in St. Edmund's Church, has been calling on us "to address ourselves steadily to the work of Christianizing Socialism or Socializing Christianity (I care not how you phrase it), of honoring and encouraging, of consecrating, of nationalizing the Labor classes, while never unwisely pampering them; of dishonoring and discouraging and denationalizing the Idle classes and never ignorantly establishing and endowing them." The eloquence and earnestness of the preacher are more obvious than his precise meaning, but after finding some political allusions in the *Magnificat*, "that

first democratic note of the Church," he proceeds, for the establishment of the converts of the new eclecticism, to draw up "The Democratic Creed of the Church" in seventeen articles. The subjects, authoritatively dealt with in this encyclical, range from the *Great Civic Brotherhood* to "betting lists and the odds on sporting events." "Nationalize," it may be observed, is a word of great power in the phraseology of the sect. "Nationalization," pronounced *ore rotundo*, has all the comforting unction which used to be attributed to that blessed word "Mesopotamia," and one shudders to think of the fate of those who may be condemned to everlasting "denationalization." The curse of St. Ernulphus was as nothing to this.

Few, I hope, will be so churlish as not to respect the earnestness of the very reverend Dean, but after all the value of earnestness turns, in part at any rate, on the nature of the object on which it is centred. A liberal-minded and truly catholic sympathy cannot, indeed, refuse to be interested in the psychological problems suggested by the dance of the dervishes round the high altar of Baal. Clearly, therefore, we must distinguish. If there be any truth in the objection already taken to the proposed apotheosis of politics, there may be reason for thinking that the enthusiasm of the very reverend Dean is centred in a sophism, and that this attempt to engraft politics on Christianity or Christianity on politics is destined to failure. To those, indeed, who take this view the Dean will have some difficulty in clearing himself from the suspicion that he is suffering from a severe attack of political hysteria.

For the rest the cogency of the argument in favor of the establishment of the New Religion must be left to the judgment of the reader. Some will, no doubt, be bigoted enough to prefer the errors of their own religion to the seventeen articles of the Democratic Church. Others will adhere to what has been called the religion of all good men, that religion which all men acknowledge, but about which no reasonable man ever argues, a religion to be kept in the reverence and dignity of silence. They will appreciate the sanc-

tity of personal responsibility, and, as they value it for themselves, so they will respect it in others. They will find a full scope for the exercise of the highest Christian and the highest human virtue in the natural intercourse of the home and of Society. Some, in whom the religious and philosophical temperament is blended, may speculate on the mystery of creation, on the origin and destiny of human society, the beneficent principle of life which has brought it thus far on the path of progress. Others, whose nature is averse from that vein of mysticism supposed to be inseparable from religion, will interest themselves in the more positive pursuits of Science, Literature, Philanthropy, and the thousand other employments which add to the dignity of human life. Political life is one, and by no means the most honorable or most useful, of these. It deals, as we have seen, with a very narrow field of action. The men who order our police and the cleansing of our streets are useful public servants. The men who are instrumental in removing a vast structure of tyrannical legislation raised by the ill-advised politicians of the day before yesterday, as the protective duties were destroyed by Cobden, have earned an even larger measure of the gratitude of mankind, but the would-be constructive politician is the bane of Society. Neither he nor his craft is a fitting object for our worship. The edifice which he constructs is as a rule a mere obstruction to the true constructive principle of life, and to the natural and orderly expansion of Society.

In the eyes of those to whom the matter presents itself in this light, no fulser and more pernicious superstition than this so-called Religion of the State has ever made claim to the allegiance of mankind; rather than accept the sordid boon of such a creed they might well exclaim in the language of Wordsworth's noble sonnet—

"Great God, I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less for-  
lorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

—*National Review.*

## A DRAMATIC REALIST TO HIS CRITICS.

BY G. BERNARD SHAW.

I THINK very few people know how troublesome dramatic critics are. It is not that they are morally worse than other people; but they know nothing. Or, rather, it is a good deal worse than that: they know everything wrong. Put a thing on the stage for them as it is in real life, and instead of receiving it with the blank wonder of plain ignorance, they reject it with scorn as an imposture, on the ground that the real thing is known to the whole world to be quite different. Offer them Mr. Crummles's real pump and tubs, and they will denounce both as spurious on the ground that the tubs have no handles, and the pump no bung-hole.

I am, among other things, a dramatist; but I am not an original one, and so have to take all my dramatic material either from real life at first hand, or from authentic documents. The more usual course is to take it out of other dramas, in which case, on tracing it back from one drama to another, you finally come to its origin in the inventive imagination of some original dramatist. Now a fact as invented by a dramatist differs widely from the fact of the same name as it exists or occurs objectively in real life. Not only stage pumps and tubs, but (much more) stage morality and stage human nature differ from the realities of these things. Consequently to a man who derives all his knowledge of life from witnessing plays, nothing appears more unreal than objective life. A dramatic critic is generally such a man; and the more exactly I reproduce objective life for him on the stage, the more certain he is to call my play an extravaganza.

It may be asked here whether it is possible for one who every day contemplates the real world for fourteen of his waking hours, and the stage for only two, to know more of the stage world than the real world. As well might it be argued that a farmer's wife, churning for only two hours a week, and contemplating nature almost constantly, must know more about geology, forestry, and botany than about butter.

A man knows what he works at, not what he idly stares at. A dramatic critic works at the stage, writes about the stage, thinks about the stage, and understands nothing of the real life he idly stares at until he has translated it into stage terms. For the rest, seeing men daily building houses, driving engines, marching to the band, making political speeches, and what not, he is stimulated by these spectacles to *imagine* what it is to be a builder, an engine driver, a soldier, or a statesman. Of course, he imagines a stage builder, engine-driver, soldier, and so on, not a real one. Simple as this is, few dramatic critics are intelligent enough to discover it for themselves. No class is more idiotically confident of the reality of its own unreal knowledge than the literary class in general and dramatic critics in particular.

We have, then, two sorts of life to deal with: one subjective or stagey, the other objective or real. What are the comparative advantages of the two for the purposes of the dramatist? Stage life is artificially simple and well understood by the masses; but it is very stale; its feeling is conventional; it is totally unsuggestive of thought because all its conclusions are foregone; and it is constantly in conflict with the real knowledge which the separate members of the audience derive from their own daily occupations. For instance, a naval or military melodrama only goes down with civilians. Real life, on the other hand, is so ill understood, even by its clearest observers, that no sort of consistency is discoverable in it; there is no "natural justice" corresponding to that simple and pleasant concept, "poetic justice;" and, as a whole, it is unthinkable. But, on the other hand, it is credible, stimulating, suggestive, various, free from creeds and systems—in short, it is real.

This rough contrast will suffice to show that the two sorts of life, each presenting dramatic potentialities to the author, will, when reproduced on



the stage, affect different men differently. The stage world is for the people who cannot bear to look facts in the face, because they dare not be pessimists, and yet cannot see real life otherwise than as the pessimist sees it. It might be supposed that those who conceive all the operations of our bodies as repulsive, and of our minds as sinful, would take refuge in the sects which abstain from playgoing on principle. But this is by no means what happens. If such a man has an artistic or romantic turn, he takes refuge, not in the conventicle, but in the theatre, where, in the contemplation of the idealized, or stage life, he finds some relief from his haunting conviction of omnipresent foulness and baseness. Confront him with anything like reality, and his chronic pain is aggravated instead of relieved: he raises a terrible outcry against the spectacle of cowardice, selfishness, faithlessness, sensuality—in short, everything that he went to the theatre to escape from. This is not the effect on those pessimists who dare face facts and profess their own faith. They are great admirers of the realist playwright, whom they embarrass greatly by their applause. Their cry is "Quite right: strip off the white-wash from the sepulchre; expose human nature in all its tragi-comic baseness; tear the mask of respectability from the smug bourgeois, and show the liar, the thief, the coward, the libertine beneath."

Now to me, as a realist playwright, the applause of the conscious, hardy pessimist is more exasperating than the abuse of the unconscious, fearful one. I am not a pessimist at all. It does not concern me that, according to certain ethical systems, all human beings fall into classes labelled liar, coward, thief, and so on. I am myself, according to these systems, a liar, a coward, a thief, and a sensualist; and it is my deliberate, cheerful, and entirely self-respecting intention to continue to the end of my life deceiving people, avoiding danger, making my bargains with publishers and managers on principles of supply and demand instead of abstract justice, and indulging all my appetites, whenever circumstances commend such actions to my judgment.

If any creed or system deduces from this that I am a rascal incapable on occasion of telling the truth, facing a risk, foregoing a commercial advantage, or resisting an intemperate impulse of any sort, then so much the worse for the creed or system, since I have done all these things, and will probably do them again. The saying "All have sinned," is, in the sense in which it was written, certainly true of all the people I have ever known. But the sinfulness of my friends is not unmixed with saintliness: some of their actions are sinful, others saintly. And here, again, if the ethical system to which the classifications of saint and sinner belong, involves the conclusion that a line of cleavage drawn between my friends' sinful actions and their saintly ones will coincide exactly with one drawn between their mistakes and their successes (I include the highest and widest sense of the two terms), then so much the worse for the system; for the facts contradict it. Persons obsessed by systems may retort: "No; so much the worse for your friends"—implying that I must move in a circle of rare blackguards; but I am quite prepared not only to publish a list of friends of mine whose names would put such a retort to open shame, but to take any human being, alive or dead, of whose actions a genuinely miscellaneous unselected dozen can be brought to light, to show that none of the ethical systems habitually applied by dramatic critics (not to mention other people), can verify their inferences. As a realist dramatist, therefore, it is my business to get outside these systems. For instance, in the play of mine which is most in evidence in London just now, the heroine has been classified by critics as a minx, a liar, and a *poseuse*. I have nothing to do with that: the only moral question for me is, does she do good or harm? If you admit that she does good, that she generously saves a man's life and wisely extricates herself from a false position with another man, then you may classify her as you please—brave, generous, and affectionate; or artful, dangerous, faithless—it is all one to me: you can no more prejudice me for or against her by such artificial categoriz-

ing than you could have made Molière dislike Monsieur Jourdain by a lecture on the vanity and pretentiousness of that amiable "bourgeois gentilhomme." The fact is, though I am willing and anxious to see the human race improved, if possible, still I find that, with reasonably sound specimens, the more intimately I know people the better I like them; and when a man concludes from this that I am a cynic, and that he, who prefers stage monsters—walking catalogues of the systematized virtues—to his own species, is a person of wholesome philanthropic tastes, why, how can I feel toward him except as an Englishwoman feels toward the Arab who, faithful to *his* system, denounces her indecency in appearing in public with her mouth uncovered.

The production of "Arms and the Man" at the Avenue Theatre, about nine weeks ago, brought the misunderstanding between my real world and the stage world of the critics to a climax, because the misunderstanding was itself, in a sense, the subject of the play. I need not describe the action of the piece in any detail: suffice it to say that the scene is laid in Bulgaria in 1885-6, at a moment when the need for repelling the onslaught of the Servians made the Bulgarians for six months a nation of heroes. But as they had only just been redeemed from centuries of miserable bondage to the Turks, and were, therefore, but beginning to work out their own redemption from barbarism—or, if you prefer it, beginning to contract the disease of civilization—they were very ignorant heroes, with boundless courage and patriotic enthusiasm, but with so little military skill that they had to place themselves under the command of Russian officers. And their attempts at Western civilization were much the same as their attempts at war—instructive, romantic, ignorant. They were a nation of plucky beginners in every department. Into their country comes, in the play, a professional officer from the high democratic civilization of Switzerland—a man completely acquainted by long, practical experience with the realities of war. The comedy arises, of course, from the collision of

the knowledge of the Swiss with the illusions of the Bulgarians. In this dramatic scheme Bulgaria may be taken as symbolic of the stalls on the first night of a play. The Bulgarians are dramatic critics; the Swiss is the realist playwright invading their realm; and the comedy is the comedy of the collision of the realities represented by the realist playwright with the preconceptions of stageland. Let us follow this comedy a little into particulars.

War, as we all know, appeals very strongly to the romantic imagination. We owe the greatest realistic novel in the world, "Don Quixote," to the awakening lesson which a romantically imaginative man received from some practical experience of real soldiering. Nobody is now foolish enough to call Cervantes a cynic because he laughed at Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote a worthless creature because he charged windmills and flocks of sheep. But I have been plentifully denounced as a cynic, my Swiss soldier as a coward, and my Bulgarian Don Quixote as a humbug, because I have acted on the same impulse and pursued the same method as Cervantes. Not being myself a soldier like Cervantes, I had to take my facts at second hand; but the difficulties were not very great, as such wars as the Franco-Prussian and Russo-Turkish have left a considerable number of experienced soldiers who may occasionally be met and consulted even in England; while the publication of such long-delayed works at Marbot's Memoirs, and the success with which magazine editors have drawn some of our generals, both here and in America, on the enthralling subject of military courage, has placed a mass of documentary evidence at the disposal of the realist. Even realistic fiction has become valuable in this way: for instance, it is clear that Zola, in his "Débâcle," has gone into the evidence carefully enough to give high authority to his description of what a battle is really like.

The extent to which this method brought me into conflict with the martial imaginings of the critics is hardly to be conveyed by language. The notion that there could be any limit to a soldier's courage, or any preference on

his part for life and a whole skin over a glorious death in the service of his country, was inexpressibly revolting to them. Their view was simple, manly, and straightforward, like most impracticable views. A man is either a coward or he is not. If a brave man, then he is afraid of nothing. If a coward, then he is no true soldier; and to represent him as such is to libel a noble profession.

The tone of men who know what they are talking about is remarkably different. Compare, for instance, this significant little passage from no less an authority than Lord Wolseley, who, far from being a cynic, writes about war with an almost schoolboyish enthusiasm, considering that he has seen so much of it :—

"One of the most trying things for the captain or subaltern is to make their men who have found some temporary haven of refuge from the enemy's fire, leave it and spring forward in a body to advance over the open upon a position to be attacked. It is even difficult to make a line of men who have lain down, perhaps to take breath after a long advance at a running pace, rise up together."—*Fortnightly Review*, Aug., 1888.

This, you will observe, is your British soldier, who is quite as brave as any soldier in the world. It may be objected, however, by believers in the gameness of blue blood, that it is the British officer who wins our battles, on the playing fields of Eton and elsewhere. Let me, therefore, quote another passage from our veteran commander :—

"I have seen a whole division literally crazy with terror when suddenly aroused in the dark by some senseless alarm. I have known even officers to tackle and wound their own comrades upon such occasions. Reasoning men are for the time reduced to the condition of unreasoning animals, who, stricken with terror, will charge walls or houses, unconscious of what they do. . . . [Here Lord Wolseley describes a scare which took place on a certain occasion.] In that night's panic several lost their lives; and many still bear the marks of wounds then received."—*Ib.*, pp. 284-5.

Now let us hear General Horace Porter, a veteran of the American War, which had the advantage of being a civil war, the most respectable sort of war, since there is generally a valuable idea of some kind at stake in it. General Porter, a cooler writer than our

General, having evidently been trained in the world, and not in the army, delivers himself as follows :—

"The question most frequently asked of soldiers is 'How does a man feel in battle?' There is a belief, among some who have never indulged in the pastime of setting themselves up as targets to be shot at, that there is a delicious sort of exhilaration experienced in battle, which arouses a romantic enthusiasm; surfeits the mind with delightful sensations; makes one yearn for a lifetime of fighting, and feel that peace is a pusillanimous sort of thing at best. Others suppose, on the contrary, that one's knees rattle like a Spanish ballerina's castanets, and that one's mind dwells on little else than the most approved means of running away.

"A happy mean between these two extremes would doubtless define the condition of the average man when he finds that, as a soldier, he is compelled to devote himself to stopping bullets as well as directing them. He stands his ground and faces the dangers into which his profession leads him, under a sense of duty and a regard for his self-respect, but often feels that the sooner the firing ceases, the better it would accord with his notion of the general fitness of things, and that if the enemy is going to fall back, the present moment would be as good a time as any at which to begin such a highly judicious and commendable movement. Braving danger, of course, has its compensations. 'The blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare.' In the excitement of a charge, or in the enthusiasm of approaching victory, there is a sense of pleasure which no one should attempt to underrate. It is the gratification which is always born of success, and, coming to one at the supreme moment of a favorable crisis in battle, rewards the soldier for many severe trials and perilous tasks."—(Article in *The Century*, June, 1888, p. 251.)

Probably nothing could convey a more sickening sense of abandoned pusillanimity to the dramatic critic than the ignoble spectacle of a soldier dodging a bullet. Bunn's sublime conception of Don Cæsar de Bazan, with his breast "expanding to the ball," has fixed forever the stage ideal of the soldier under fire. General Porter falls far beneath Bunn in this passage :—

"I can recall only two persons who, throughout a rattling musketry fire, always sat in their saddles without moving a muscle or even winking an eye. One was a bugler in the regular cavalry, and the other was General Grant."

It may be urged against me here that in my play I have represented a soldier as shying like a nervous horse, not at bullets, but at such trifles as a young

lady snatching a box of sweets from him and throwing it away. But my soldier explains that he has been three days under fire; and though that would, of course, make no difference to the ideal soldier, it makes a considerable difference to the real one, according to General Porter.

"Courage, like everything else, wears out. Troops used to go into action during our late war, displaying a coolness and steadiness the first day that made them seem as if the screeching of shot and shell was the music on which they had been brought up. After fighting a couple of days their nerves gradually lost their tension; their buoyancy of spirits gave way; and dangers they would have laughed at the first day, often sent them panic stricken to the rear on the third. It was always a curious sight in camp after a three days' fight to watch the effect of the sensitiveness of the nerves: men would start at the slightest sound, and dodge the flight of a bird or a pebble tossed at them. One of the chief amusements on such occasions used to be to throw stones and chips past one another's heads to see the active dodging that would follow."

A simple dramatic paraphrase of that matter-of-fact statement in the first act of "Arms and the Man" has been received as a wild topsy-turvyist invention; and when Captain Bluntschli said to the young lady, "If I were in camp now they'd play all sorts of tricks on me," he was supposed to be confessing himself the champion coward of the Servian army. But the truth is that he was rather showing off, in the style characteristic of the old military hand. When an officer gets over the youthful vanity of cutting a figure as a hero, and comes to understand that courage is a quality for use and not for display, and that the soldier who wins with the least risk is the best soldier, his vanity takes another turn; and, if he is a bit of a humorist, he begins to appreciate the comedy latent in the incongruity between himself and the stage soldier which civilians suppose him. General Porter puts this characteristic of the veteran before us with perfect clearness:—

"At the beginning of the war officers felt that, as untested men, they ought to do many things for the sake of appearance that were wholly unnecessary. This at times led to a great deal of posing for effect and useless exposure of life. Officers used to accompany assaulting columns over causeways on horseback, and occupy the most exposed positions

that could be found. They were not playing the bravo: they were confirming their own belief in their courage, and acting under the impression that bravery ought not only to be undoubted, but conspicuous. They were simply putting their courage beyond suspicion.

"At a later period of the war, when men began to *plume themselves as veterans*, they could afford to be more conservative: they had won their spurs; their reputations were established; they were beyond reproach. Officers then dismounted to lead close assaults, dodged shots to their heart's content, did not hesitate to avail themselves of the cover of earthworks when it was wise to seek such shelter, and resorted to many acts which conserved human life and in no wise detracted from their efficiency as soldiers. There was no longer anything done for buncombe: they had settled down to practical business.—*Ib.*, p. 249.

In "Arms and the Man," this very simple and intelligible picture is dramatized by the contrast between the experienced Swiss officer, with a high record for distinguished services, and the Bulgarian hero who wins the battle by an insanely courageous charge for which the Swiss thinks he ought to be court-martialled. Result: the dramatic critics pronounce the Swiss "a poltroon." I again appeal to General Porter for a precedent both for the Swiss's opinion of the heroic Bulgarian, and the possibility of a novice, in "sheer ignorance of the art of war" (as the Swiss puts it) achieving just such a success as I have attributed to Sergius Saranoff:—

"Recruits sometimes rush into dangers from which veterans would shrink. When Thomas was holding on to his position at Chickamunga on the afternoon of the second day, and resisting charge after charge of an enemy flushed with success, General Granger came up with a division of troops, many of whom had never before been under fire. As soon as they were deployed in front of the enemy, they set up a yell, sprang over the earthworks, charged into the ranks, and created such consternation that the Confederate veterans were paralyzed by the very audacity of such conduct. Granger said, as he watched their movements, 'Just look at them; they don't know any better; they think that's the way it ought to be done. I'll bet they'll never do it again.'"

According to the critics, Granger was a cynic and a worldling, incapable of appreciating true courage.

I shall perhaps here be reminded by some of my critics that the charge in "Arms and the Man" was a cavalry charge; and that I am suppressing the



damning sneer at military courage implied in Captain Bluntschli's reply to Râina Petkoff's demand to have a cavalry charge described to her :—

"BLUNTSCHLI—You never saw a cavalry charge, did you ?

"RÂINA—No : how could I ?

"BLUNTSCHLI—Of course not. Well, it's a funny sight. It's like slinging a handful of peas against a window-pane—first one comes, then two or three close behind them, and then all the rest in a lump.

"RÂINA (*thinking of her lover, who has just covered himself with glory in a cavalry charge*)—Yes ; first one, the bravest of the brave !

"BLUNTSCHLI—Hm ! you should see the poor devil pulling at his horse.

"RÂINA—Why should he pull at his horse ?

"BLUNTSCHLI—It's running away with him, of course : do you suppose the fellow wants to get there before the others and be killed ?"

Imagine the feelings of the critics—countrymen of the heroes of Balaclava, and trained in warfare by repeated contemplation of the reproductions of Miss Elizabeth Thompson's pictures in the Regent Street shop windows, not to mention the recitations of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," which they have criticised—on hearing this speech from a mere Swiss ! I ask them now to put aside these authorities for a moment and tell me whether they have ever seen a horse bolt in Piccadilly or the Row. If so, I would then ask them to consider whether it is not rather likely that in a battlefield, which is, on the whole, rather a startling place, it is not conceivable and even likely that at least one horse out of a squadron may bolt in a charge. Having gently led them to this point, I further ask them how they think they would feel if they happened to be on the back of that horse, with the danger that has so often ended in death in Rotten Row complicated with the glory of charging a regiment practically single-handed. If we are to believe their criticisms, they would be delighted at the distinction. The Swiss captain in my play takes it for granted that they would pull the horse's head off. Leaving the difference of opinion unsettled, there can be no doubt as to what their duty would be if they were soldiers. A cavalry charge attains its maximum effect only when it strikes the enemy solid. This fact ought to be particularly well known to Balaclava ama-

teurs ; for Kinglake, the popular authority on the subject, gives us specimens of the orders that were heard during the frightful advance down "the valley of death." The dramatic-critical formula on that occasion would undoubtedly have been, "Charge, Chester, charge ! on, Stanley, on !" Here is the reality :—

"The crash of dragoons overthrown by round shot, by grape and by rifle-ball, was alternate with dry technical precepts : 'Back, right flank !' 'Keep back, private This,' 'Keep back, private That !' 'Close in to your centre !' 'Do look to your dressing !' 'Right squadron, right squadron, keep back !'"

There is cynicism for you ! Nothing but "keep back !" Then consider the conduct of Lord Cardigan, who rode at the head of the Light Brigade. Though he, too, said "Keep back," when Captain White tried to force the pace, he charged the centre gun of the battery just like a dramatic critic, and was the first man to sweep through the Russian gunners. In fact, he got clean out at the other side of the battery, happening to hit on a narrow opening by chance. The result was that he found himself presently riding down, quite alone, upon a mass of Russian cavalry. Here was a chance to cut them all down single-handed and plant the British flag on a mountain of Muscovite corpses. By refusing it, he flinched from the first-nighter's ideal. Realizing the situation when he was twenty yards from the foe, he pulled up and converted that twenty yards into 200 as quickly as was consistent with his dignity as an officer. The stage hero finds in death the supreme consolation of being able to get up and go home when the curtain falls ; but the real soldier, even when he leads Balaclava charges under conditions of appalling and prolonged danger, does not commit suicide for nothing. The fact is, Captain Bluntschli's description of the cavalry charge is taken almost verbatim from an account given privately to a friend of mine by an officer who served in the Franco-Prussian war. I am well aware that if I choose to be guided by men grossly ignorant of dramatic criticism, whose sole qualification is that they have seen cavalry charges on stricken fields, I must take

the consequences. Happily, as between myself and the public, the consequences have not been unpleasant; and I recommend the experiment to my fellow dramatists with every confidence.

But great as has been the offence taken at my treating a soldier as a man with no stomach for unnecessary danger, I have given still greater by treating him as a man with a stomach for necessary food. Nature provides the defenders of our country with regular and efficient appetites. The taxpayer provides, at considerable cost to himself, rations for the soldier which are insufficient in time of peace and occasionally irregular in time of war. The result is that our young, growing soldiers sometimes go for months without once experiencing the sensation of having had enough to eat, and will often, under stress of famine, condescend to borrow florins and other trifles in silver from the young ladies who walk out with them, in order to eke out "the living wage." Let me quote a passage from Cobbett's description of his soldiering days in his "Advice to Young Men," which nobody who has read the book ever forgets:—

"I remember, and well I may! that, upon occasion, I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a *red herring* in the morning; but, when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had *lost my halfpenny*. I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug and cried like a child."

I am by no means convinced that the hidden tears still shed by young soldiers (who would rather die than confess to them) on similar provocation would not fill a larger cask than those shed over lost comrades or wounds to the national honor of England. In the field the matter is more serious. It is a mistake to suppose that in a battle the waiters come round regularly with soup, fish, an entrée, a snack of game, a cut from the joint, ice pudding, coffee and cigarettes, with drinks at discretion. When battles last for several days, as modern battles often do, the service of food and ammunition may get disorganized or cut off at any point; and the soldier may suffer exceedingly from hunger in consequence.

To guard against this the veteran would add a picnic hamper to his equipment if it were portable enough and he could afford it, or if Fortnum and Mason would open a shop on the field. As it is, he falls back on the cheapest, most portable and most easily purchased sort of stomach-stayer, which, as every cyclist knows, is chocolate. This chocolate, which so shocks Räina in the play—for she, poor innocent, classes it as "sweets"—and which seems to so many of my critics to be the climax of my audacious extravagances, is a commonplace of modern warfare. I know of a man who lived on it for two days in the Shipka Pass.

By the way, I have been laughed at in this connection for making my officer carry an empty pistol, preferring chocolate to cartridges. But I might have gone further and represented him as going without any pistol at all. Lord Wolseley mentions two officers who seldom carried any weapons. One of them had to defend himself by shying stones when the Russians broke into his battery at Sebastopol. The other was Gordon.

The report that my military realism is a huge joke has once or twice led audiences at the Avenue Theatre to laugh at certain grim touches which form no part of the comedy of disillusionment elsewhere so constant between the young lady and the Swiss. Readers of General Marbot's Memoirs will remember his description of how, at the battle of Wagram, the standing corn was set on fire by the shells and many of the wounded were roasted alive. "This often happens," says Marbot, coolly, "in battles fought in summer." The Servo-Bulgarian war was fought in winter; but Marbot will be readily recognized as the source of the incident of Bluntschli's friend Stolz, who is shot in the hip in a wood-yard and burned in the conflagration of the timber caused by the Serbian shells. There is, no doubt, a certain barbarous humor in the situation—enough to explain why the Bulgarian, on hearing Räina exclaim, "How horrible!" adds bitterly, "And how ridiculous!" but I can assure those who are anxious to fully appreciate the fun of the travesty of war discovered in

my work by the critics, and whose rule is, "When in doubt, laugh," that I should not laugh at that passage myself were I looking at my own play. Marbot's picture of the fire-eaters fire-eaten is one which I recommend to our music-hall tableauists when they are in need of a change. Who that has read that Wagram chapter does not remember Marbot forcing his wretched horse to gallop through the red-hot straw embers on his way to Massena; finding that general with no *aide-de-camp* left to send on a probably fatal errand except his only son; being sent in the son's place as soon as he had changed the roasted horse for a fresh one; being followed into the danger by the indignant son; and, finally—Nature seldom fails with her touch of farce—discovering that the son could not handle his sabre, and having to defend him against the pursuing cavalry of the enemy, who, as Bluntschli would have prophesied, no sooner found that they had to choose between two men who stood to fight and hundreds who were running away and allowing themselves to be slaughtered like sheep, devoted themselves entirely to the sheep, and left Marbot to come out of the battle of Wagram with a whole skin?

I might considerably multiply my citations of documents; but the above will, I hope, suffice to show that what struck my critics as topsy-turvy extravaganzas, having no more relation to real soldiering than Mr. Gilbert's "Pinafore" has to real sailing, is the plainest matter-of-fact. There is no burlesque: I have stuck to the routine of war, as described by real warriors, and avoided such farcical incidents as Sir William Gordon defending his battery by throwing stones, or General Porter's story of the two generals, who, though brave and capable men, always got sick under fire, to their own great mortification. I claim that the dramatic effect produced by the shock which these realities give to the notions of romantic young ladies and fierce civilians is not burlesque, but legitimate comedy, none the less pungent because, on the first night at least, the romantic young lady was on the stage and the fierce civilians in the stalls. And since my authorities, who record many acts

almost too brave to make pleasant reading, are beyond suspicion of that cynical disbelief in courage which has been freely attributed to me, I would ask whether it is not plain that the difference between my authenticated conception of real warfare and the stage conception lies in the fact that in real warfare there is real personal danger, the sense of which is constantly present to the mind of the soldier, whereas in stage warfare there is nothing but glory? Hence Captain Bluntschli, who thinks of a battlefield as a very busy and very dangerous place, is incredible to the critic who thinks of it only as a theatre in which to enjoy the luxurious excitements of patriotism, victory, and bloodshed without risk or retribution.

There are one or two general points in the play on which I may as well say a word while I have the opportunity. It is a common practice in England to speak of the courage of the common soldier as "bulldog pluck." I grant that it is an insulting practice—who would dream of comparing the spirit in which an ancient Greek went to battle with the ferocity of an animal?—though it is not so intended, as it generally comes from people who are thoughtless enough to suppose that they are paying the army a compliment. A passage in the play which drove home the true significance of the comparison greatly startled these same thoughtless ones. Can we reasonably apply such a word as valor to the quality exhibited in the field by, for instance, the armies of Frederick the Great, consisting of kidnapped men, drilled, caned, and flogged to the verge of suicide, and sometimes over it? Flogging, sickeningly common in English barracks all through the most "glorious" periods of our military history, was not abolished here by any revolt of the English soldier against it: our warriors would be flogging one another to-day as abjectly as ever but for the interference of humanitarians who hated the whole conception of military glory. We still hear of soldiers severely punished for posting up in the barrack stables a newspaper paragraph on the subject of an army grievance. Such absurd tyranny would, in a dock-

yard or a factory full of matchgirls, produce a strike; but it cows a whole regiment of soldiers. The fact is, armies as we know them are made possible, not by valor in the rank and file, but by the lack of it; not by physical courage (we test the eyes and lungs of our recruits, never their courage), but by civic impotence and moral cowardice. I am afraid of a soldier, not because he is a brave man, but because he is so utterly unmanned by discipline that he will kill me if he is told, even when he knows that the order is given because I am trying to overthrow the oppression which he fears and hates. I respect a regiment for a mutiny more than for a hundred victories; and I confess to the heartiest contempt for the warlike civilian who pays poor men a pittance to induce them to submit to be used as pawns on a battlefield in time of war, he himself, meanwhile, sitting at home talking impudent nonsense about patriotism, heroism, devotion to duty, the inspiring sound of the British cheer, and so on. "Bulldog pluck" is much more sensible and candid. And so the idealist in my play continues to admit nightly that his bull terrier, which will fight as fiercely as a soldier, will let himself be thrashed as helplessly by the man in authority over him. One critic seems to think that it requires so much courage to say such things that he describes me as "protecting" myself by "ostensibly throwing the burden of my attack upon a couple of small and unimportant nationalities," since "there would have been a certain danger in bringing my malevolent mockery too near home." I can assure the gentleman that I meant no mockery at all. The observation is made in the play in a manner dramatically appropriate to the character of an idealist who is made a pessimist by the shattering of his illusions. His conclusion is that "life is a farce." My conclusion is that a soldier ought to be made a citizen and treated like any other citizen. And I am not conscious of running any risk in making that proposal, except the risk of being foolishly criticised.

I have been much lectured for my vulgarity in introducing certain refer-

ences to soap and water in Bulgaria. I did so as the shortest and most effective way of bringing home to the audience the stage of civilization in which the Bulgarians were in 1885, when, having clean air and clean clothes, which made them much cleaner than any frequency of ablution can make us in the dirty air of London, they were adopting the washing habits of big western cities as pure ceremonies of culture and civilization, and not on hygienic grounds. I had not the slightest intention of suggesting that my Bulgarian major, who submits to a good wash for the sake of his social position, or his father, who never had a bath in his life, are uncleanly people, though a cockney, who by simple exposure to the atmosphere becomes more unrepresentable in three hours than a Balkan mountaineer in three years, may feel bound to pretend to be shocked at them, and to shrink with disgust from even a single omission of the daily bath which, as he knows very well, the majority of English, Irish, and Scotch people do not take, and which the majority of the inhabitants of the world do not even tell lies about.

Major Petkoff is quite right in his intuitive perception that soap, instead of being the radical remedy for dirt, is really one of its worst consequences. And his remark that the cultus of soap comes from the English because their climate makes them exceptionally dirty, is one of the most grimly and literally accurate passages in the play, as we who dwell in smoky towns know to our cost. However, I am sorry that my piece of realism should have been construed as an insult to the Bulgarian nation; and perhaps I should have hesitated to introduce it had I known that a passionate belief in the scrupulous cleanliness of the inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula is a vital part of Liberal views on foreign policy. But what is done is done. I close the incident by quoting from the daily papers of the 5th May last the following item of Parliamentary intelligence, which gives a basis for a rough calculation of the value of English cleanliness as measured by the pecuniary sacrifices we are willing to make for it:—



## "ARMY BEDDING.

"The SECRETARY for WAR, replying to Mr. HANBURY's question as to the provision made in the Army for the washing of soldiers' bedding, stated that soldiers are now allowed to have their sheets washed once a month, and their blankets once a year; and the right hon. gentleman stated that the cost of allowing clean sheets fortnightly instead of monthly would amount to something like £10,000 a year, money which might be spent more advantageously in other directions, he thought. (Hear, hear.)"

I am afraid most of my critics will receive the above explanations with an indignant sense of personal ingratitude on my part. The burden of their most-very kind notices has been that I am a monstrously clever fellow, who has snatched a brilliant success by amusingly whimsical perversions of patent facts and piquantly cynical ridicule of human nature. I hardly have the heart to turn upon such friendly help with a cold-blooded confession that all my audacious originalities are simple liftings from stores of evidence which lie ready to everybody's hand. Even that triumph of eccentric invention which nightly brings down the house, Captain Bluntschli's proposal for the hand of Râina, is a paraphrase of an actual proposal made by an Austrian hotel proprietor for the hand of a member of my own family. To that gentleman, and to him alone, is due the merit of the irresistible joke of the four thousand tablecloths and the seventy equipages of which twenty-four will hold twelve inside. I have plundered him as I have plundered Lord Wolseley and General Porter and every one else who had anything that was good to steal. I created nothing; I invented nothing; I imagined nothing; I perverted nothing; I simply discovered drama in real life.

I now plead strongly for a theatre to supply the want of this sort of drama. I declare that I am tired to utter disgust of imaginary life, imaginary law, imaginary ethics, science, peace, war, love, virtue, villainy, and imaginary everything else, both on the stage and off it. I demand respect, interest, affection for human nature as it is, and life as we must still live it even when we have bettered it and ourselves to the utmost. If the critics really believe all

their futile sermonizing about "poor humanity" and the "seamy side of life" and meanness, cowardice, selfishness, and all the other names they give to qualities which are as much and as obviously a necessary part of themselves as their arms and legs, why do they not shoot themselves like men instead of coming whimpering to the dramatist to pretend that they are something else? I, being a man like to themselves, know what they are perfectly well; and as I do not find that I dislike them for what they persist in calling their vanity, and sensuality, and mendacity, and dishonesty, and hypocrisy, and venality, and so forth; as, furthermore, they would not interest me in the least if they were otherwise, I shall continue to put them on the stage as they are to the best of my ability, in the hope that some day it may strike them that if they were to try a little self-respect, and stop calling themselves offensive names, they would discover that the affection of their friends, wives, and sweethearts for them is not a reasoned tribute to their virtues, but a human impulse toward their very selves. When Râina says in the play, "Now that you have found me out, I suppose you despise me," she discovers that that result does not follow in the least, Captain Bluntschli not being quite dramatic critic enough to feel bound to repudiate the woman who has saved his life as "a false and lying minx," because, at twenty-three, she has some generous illusions which lead her into a good deal of pretty nonsense.

I demand, moreover, that when I deal with facts into which the critic has never inquired, and of which he has had no personal experience, he shall not make his vain imaginings the criterion of my accuracy. I really cannot undertake, every time I write a play, to follow it up by a text-book on mortgages, or soldiering, or whatever else it may be about, for the instruction of gentlemen who will neither accept the result of my study of the subject (lest it should destroy their cherished ideals), nor undertake any study on their own account. When I have written a play the whole novelty of which lies in the fact that it is void of malice to my fellow creatures, and

laboriously exact as to all essential facts, I object to be complimented on my "brilliancy" as a fabricator of cynical extravaganzas. Nor do I consider it decent for critics to call their own ignorance "the British public," as they almost invariably do.

It must not be supposed that the whole Press has gone wrong over "Arms and the Man" to the same extent and in the same direction. Several of the London correspondents of the provincial papers, accustomed to deal with the objective world outside the theatre, came off with greater credit than the hopelessly specialized critics. Some of the latter saved themselves by a strong liking for the play, highly agreeable to me; but most of them hopelessly misunderstood me. I should have lain open to the retort that I had failed to make myself comprehensible had it not been for the masterly critical exploit achieved by Mr. A. B. Walkley, whose article in the *Speaker* was a completely successful analysis of my position. Mr. Walkley here saved the critics from the reproach of having failed where the actors had succeeded. Nobody who has seen Mr. Yorke Stephens's impersonation of the Swiss captain will suspect him for a moment of mistaking his man, as most of the critics did, for "a poltroon who prefers chocolate to fighting." It was Mr. Walkley who recognized that Bluntschli, "dogged, hopelessly unromantic, incurably frank, always *terre à terre*, yet a man every inch of him, is one of the most artistic things Mr. Yorke Stephens has done."

Here we have the actor making Bluntschli appear to a fine critic, as he undoubtedly did to the gallery, a brave, sincere, unaffected soldier; and yet some of the other critics, unable to rise to the actor's level, moralized in a positively dastardly way about a "cowardly and cynical mercenary." Imagine English dramatic critics, who, like myself, criticise for the paper that pays them best, without regard to its politics, and whose country's regular army is exclusively a paid professional one, waxing virtuous over a "mercenary" soldier! After that, one hardly noticed their paying tribute to the ideal woman (a sort of female George Washington) by calling Râina a minx, and feebly remonstrating with Miss Alma Murray for charming them in such a character; while as to the heroic Sergius, obsessed with their own ideals, and desperately resolved to live up to them in spite of his real nature, which he is foolish enough to despise, I half expected them to stone him; and I leave Mr. Bernard Gould and Mr. Walkley to divide the credit, as actor and critic, the one of having realized the man, and the other of having analyzed him—the nicety of the second operation proving the success of the first.

Here I must break off, lest I should appear to talk too much about my own play. I should have broken off sooner but for the temptation of asserting the right of the authors to decide who is the best critic, since the critics take it upon themselves to decide who is the best author.—*New Review*.

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#### THE FOURTH ESTATE.

BY A FELLOW OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

THE Fourth Estate is organizing. The recently founded Institute of Journalists, with its Royal Charter, does not yet include the whole journalistic body. As a matter of fact, many of the leading Press-men of to-day, who are an honor to the profession, and seek to make it honorable, have not yet seen their way to join the Union. Very few of the large company of men

of letters who contribute frequently to the daily and weekly Press, adding thereby to its moral authority and educational influence, but who do not profess to pursue journalism as the sole, or even the main, business of their lives, have been asked to associate themselves. Nevertheless, though the Institute is still very far from being all-embracing, it has become "a great

fact." At the last annual conference held in London the membership was reported as 3556. That means that the great majority of the working journalists of the United Kingdom and Ireland have entered the Union, and that the Institute is by far the most comprehensive and best-equipped organization of Press-men which has yet been formed.

Happily, defence not defiance, is the object of the new Union. It is true that Mr. Charles Russell, of the *Glasgow Herald*, in his presidential address last September, remarked: "We must be strong in point of numbers, strong in earnestness of purpose, strong in actual performance, and then there will be little that we cannot effect, and little that we cannot prevent." These words, however, may be safely accepted as innocent of any threat. The words, "there will be little we cannot effect," certainly do not foreshadow any great revolutionary design under which the Fourth Estate will acquire a dangerous authority or will secure indefensible privileges. The Press looks with no envious eye on any of the other estates of the realm; and if under the guidance of the Institute it attempts to alter its relations to any of them, probably the most it has at present in its mind is the amendment of the law of libel, in the interests not of license, but of freedom of discussion of questions affecting the public interest, and of fair play. At present all journalists—and especially all newspaper-proprietors—feel that they have not the amount of protection necessary for the promotion of work undertaken solely for the welfare of the people, or of the State; and that while they are not infrequently dragged before the courts without adequate cause, and thus burdened with costly defences, they are too often made the victims of awards of heavy damages, returned and assessed without rhyme or reason. The Institute has a duty to discharge to itself and to the public in striving to effect an amendment of the law of libel. But, as a corporate body, it means to concern itself mainly with professional affairs. Its object is to make journalism increasingly effective and honorable by taking care that the members

of the craft are, in respect of education, character, and capacity, fit for the great task of informing, guiding, and educating the public in their own affairs, whether local, or national, or imperial.

There are to-day men in the profession who do not like to consider themselves veterans, who remember that when they in their youth proposed to join the Press, they were warningly told that no man was fit to be a reporter who could not write at least as good a speech or a lecture as the one he reported. A quarter of a century ago probably a majority of the reporters for the Press were either ignorant of shorthand, or practised an imperfect system of their own manufacture, and made no pretensions to verbatim note-taking. Many of these men, however, were remarkably well educated, and widely read—"stickit" ministers or "stickit" dominies, gentlemanly in their manners, and personally acquainted with dignitaries in all the higher ranks of life—men who had missed their way in other professions through some moral lapse or occasional unsteadiness of habit, and who prided themselves on their ability to produce reports of speeches which were considerable improvements on the originals. This type of reporter has now, however, almost completely disappeared. In these days nothing more quickly ends the career—aye, and the life too—of a Press-man than intemperate habits. The exigencies of the daily Press require unfailing steadiness, the strictest temperance in the regulation of the daily life. The man who yields to the social temptations that surround him speedily ends his engagement; or, if he manages by strength of will and professional dexterity to hold on to his post, it is soon seen that he is burning the candle at both ends, and is preparing for himself an early grave.

Another cause of the marked change in the *personnel* in the Press is the wide dissemination of a knowledge of shorthand, and especially of Pitman's system. Phonography is now taught in our public seminaries, and the numbers of men who by its aid are enabled to dispense with the need of making the speeches they report is legion.

The attainment of the power of writing 150 or 200 words a minute, in legible phonographic characters, by many shorthand students in every part of the country, has enormously enlarged the number of applicants for reporterships, and the large increase of the supply of shorthand writers over the demand for them in the Press has certainly a tendency to depreciate the status of the profession. Naturally, the journalists who have formed the Institute do not like to see the labor market thus oversupplied with inexperienced and incompetent workmen. One of the commonest remarks made by the "old hands" to the young aspirants who commend themselves by telling of the number of words per minute they can take down, is that shorthand writing, or even the power of verbatim note-taking, is not of itself sufficient to make a man a good reporter or a successful journalist; that while the power of taking a verbatim note is indeed an essential qualification of a reporter for the Press, he must likewise be possessed of literary taste and skill, and be able to write intelligently on even a wider variety of subjects than that which formed the discourse of King Solomon; that he must likewise be endowed with a physical constitution fitted to bear up against prolonged spells of the most onerous duties. Notwithstanding these depreciatory and warning assurances, the number of applicants for admission to the profession is still increasing, and it may be that the number of inadequately furnished men, content with low wages, who are forming connections with the Press, is increasing too.

This is one of the chief evils the Institute of Journalists is meant to check. A system or scheme of examination is now under its consideration, for the express purpose of securing that no uneducated men shall henceforth enter, or rather that only well-educated men shall be allowed to enter, the profession bearing the diploma or the credentials of the Institute. The scheme of examination, which has received the endorsement of the annual conference of the Institute, applies to pupil-associates and members. The examination for the pupil-associateship is to include—(a) English History; (b) English

Literature; (c) Arithmetic, up to and including vulgar and decimal fractions, with easy questions in algebra and the first book of Euclid; (d) Geography, especially of the British Empire; (e) Latin, or French, or German, at the choice of the candidate, by the translation of easy passages into English; (f) a paper, of not less than 500 words, on one of six specified general topics; (g) correction of twelve inaccurately constructed sentences; (h) to condense a report of 1000 words into a report of from 200 to 300 words; and to write paragraphs upon three incidents briefly narrated by the examiner; (i) General Knowledge. The examiners may test and take into consideration any candidate's knowledge of shorthand. But examination in this subject shall be optional.

The candidate for the second division or membership is required to show proficiency in the following subjects: (a) the English Language; (b) English Literature; (c) English Constitutional and Political History; (d) Political and Physical Geography. The candidate shall also be examined in—(e) Latin; (f) either French or German, at the choice of the candidate; (g) Natural Science or Mathematics; (h) General History; (i) Political Economy. No candidate shall be regarded as proficient in the English language unless he is able to satisfy the examiners of his mastery of composition, and of his aptitude at condensation and *précis* writing. It shall be an instruction to the Examination Committee to prepare papers, in the first instance, in so far as regards subjects (a) to (d), up to about the standard of the Oxford or Cambridge Senior Local Examinations, or any equivalent examination in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales. In so far as regards subjects (e) to (i) a much lower standard shall be held to be sufficient; and the examination shall be conducted throughout with a special view to the requirements of practical newspaper work. The candidate shall be also examined in—(j) the principles and practice of the Law of Newspaper Libel and Copyright; and (k) means shall be taken by paper, or by *viva voce* examination, to test the candidate's general information. For gen-



eral reporters there shall be an optional examination in—(a) Verbatim Reporting; (b) Condensation; (c) Descriptive Writing; (d) the conduct of the best known branches of public and legal business. Candidates passing this test shall be awarded special certificates.

The literary or scholastic requirements of this examination may appear to many readers not particularly exacting. They are, however, sufficient, if insisted on, to secure on the part of the future members of the Institute such a command of the art of composition as will take the sting out of the taunting phrase, "Reporters' English." It is not at all likely, however, that the entrance examination will restrain the rush that is now being made to the profession. The probability rather is it will increase it by strengthening the impression that journalism is a calling fit and intended for gentlemen; and in these days of universal education of a comparatively advanced order the demand for anything like gentlemanly, as distinguished from manual or industrial, employment is becoming increasingly urgent. One important result will, however, be secured—the status of the Press-man and of his profession will be raised. The door will be barred against the ignorant and will be opened only to the educated—surely a necessary and a natural requirement at a time like the present, when the readers of newspapers are being daily increased by young men and women who have successfully passed through the standards of the schools.

Two words of warning to the enthusiastic novitiate may here be respectfully offered. The first is, the profession of journalism is an arduous one; the second, it is not in itself a likely road to fortune. Undoubtedly the Press is an "Open Sesame" to many privileges and pleasures. It secures admission to the most eligible seats or places at all public meetings and ceremonial functions, however high or select the company may be, and however clamorous the demand for entrance by persons of wealth or social ambitions. It commands stalls or boxes at places of entertainment, alike the most popular and the most exclusive. If at times it is subjected to

slights and affronts it can assert its power with promptitude and effect, and win an attention and a deference befitting a Minister of State. It has its times of leisure too. One reporter, who was known to have a voracious appetite for work, was wont to show a pencil that had lasted him for three months in a summer or autumn of exceptional dulness. Further, many pleasant excursions fall to the lot of the working journalist—a trip to the country to fulfil some light engagement, a short river or sea voyage to describe at leisure some new route, or a visit to some centre of general or world-wide attraction where the daily duties required are just sufficient to save one from *ennui*. But, as a rule, the daily routine of work is laborious and exacting. The journalist that knows his duty, knows that his time is never his own. A sudden call—a fire, a tragedy, a great commercial disaster, a railway collision, unforeseen calamity in its myriad forms, bringing loss of life and destruction of property to others, but opportunities of distinction to the wielders of the pen of the ready writer—may send a reporter scores of miles away on the briefest possible notice, and at the end of a previous arduous engagement with which he had hoped to complete to his own satisfaction his day's work. Aware of this liability to unexpected demands on service, the ambitious and the conscientious reporter never loiters over his work, but strives to get it finished at the earliest opportunity, and so be ready for the emergency which, if promptly and successfully met, will bring credit to his paper and reputation to himself.

Every journalist of distinction who has risen from the ranks has his stories to tell of triumphs achieved by promptitude of action, by speed of penmanship, and by capacity for endurance. And every journalist of experience has witnessed feats performed the recital of which in the hearing of younger men stimulates their zeal and quickens their *esprit de corps*. The writer has known of a four-column speech delivered by the late Lord Sherbrooke, when still Mr. Lowe—one of the most difficult speakers the phonographer ever followed—written out by a single reporter

during a railway journey between Glasgow and Preston, *en route* to Manchester. He has seen a colleague rise from the sub-editorial chair at eight o'clock at night, and, filling a breach in the reporter's arrangements, attend an important meeting, produce a four-column report for next day's paper—all the while keeping a general supervision of his own proper work. He has known two reporters make a five hours' railway journey, take full notes of a six-column speech, re-travel the same long way, and each produce an independent verbatim report. He has seen men work, not eight hours nor sixteen hours, but twenty hours at a spell, and be ready for duty on the following day. Of course, such calls and such exertions are exceptional; and, in these days when reporting staffs are more elaborately organized, and when the wider field of news supply makes demands on the space inconsistent with the page reports of single meetings of former times, they are becoming increasingly rare. Still they may be taken as illustrations of the heavy taxes which from time to time are suddenly made on the strength and the capacity of the reporter. Moreover, the conditions under which the work has sometimes to be done add to its onerousness and its dangers. In the old hustling days, notes had occasionally to be taken in the open air in the midst of a blinding snowstorm or in a numbing frost; occasionally, too, under the fire of rotten eggs or putrid fish discharged against an unpopular candidate bending over the reporters' bench. At the present time, when the social condition of the people so persistently engages the attention of the public, the reporter, as special commissioner, is required to explore fever dens and to invade the haunts of the most reckless criminals. The dangers and hardships to which the reforming commissioner is exposed are, it is true, slight compared with those bravely undertaken by the military correspondent. Still they are at times sufficiently real to make a severe trial of nerves and of power of endurance, and they form no inconsiderable contribution to the sum total of trying experience which the reporter for the

Press is called upon to undergo in the prosecution of his arduous calling.

The duties of the sub-editor are, in some respects, still more exacting. His work is more regular, but it is also more constant. The easy times that now and again come to the reporter never reach the sub-editor. He must be constantly at his post, and he must produce the paper whoever is resting. Nowadays, the ordinary news agencies and supplies are so productive of copy that, even during a dull recess, the material available for filling the paper is always largely in excess of its space capacity. This constant surplus of supply adds to the difficulties and responsibilities of the sub-editor, whose duty is to keep every item of news in the several departments in fair proportion, in view of its comparative importance. The commercial, the shipping, the sporting, the local, the Parliamentary, the foreign news services, along with the reviews of books, and even the editorial demand for space for leading articles, are all under his eye. Perhaps the most constant of his occupations is the restraint of excessive zeal, followed by a series of revisions and curtailments and reapportionments, until the block at the newspaper Temple Bar is relieved and the daily paper is pieced together. And while he has his eye and his hand on every department of the work, he has constantly, like the reporter, to be on the watch against a surprise. A telegram may come to hand which, if published as received, would be unintelligible to the great mass of the readers, and therefore valueless. It is his business so to correct it or add to it as to bring out its real meaning. Herein lies all the difference between intelligent and slovenly sub editing—the competent sub-editor is able to make his news speak and live; the incompetent fills his paper with blunders and riddles. Further, at the last moment, news may come to hand of some great disaster or of the death of a man of world-wide fame. The sub-editor who knows his duty ruthlessly sets aside as much of the matter which he has carefully prepared as is required for the effective presentation of the later and more important news; he falls back

upon his "reserves;" he quickly brings from the treasury of his books of reference elucidating material, and next morning he has the satisfaction of feeling that his energy and enterprise have made his paper universally talked about.

Of course, the duties of the editor-in-chief are more responsible still. As a general rule the editor charges himself specially with the supply and supervision of the leading articles. This is a duty which brings him into contact with specialists in all the spheres of modern culture. He must be a strong man—widely read, endowed with a shrewd, sound judgment and resolute will—not to be mastered by them. He must at the same time be a quick, sympathetic, adaptive man, in order to be able to manage his opinionative contributors and bending their wills to his without letting them suspect it, extract from them the best they have to give in the way most fitted to catch the opportunity of the day and hour. At the same time, however, the really skilful editor maintains a close supervision of all the literary departments, that he may be able the next morning to point out every weakness or defect, and to discover who is responsible for it, while he marks and commends what is good and effective. In this way he keeps his whole staff in full sympathy with himself and in the best of working trim.

It has already been stated that the members of this honorable and laborious profession are not too munificently remunerated. A reporter for a country weekly paper seldom receives a higher weekly wage than is paid to a journeyman printer, and frequently he is expected to assist either in the counting-house or in the case-room. The salaries of junior reporters on the daily Press are not understated when they are set down as between £100 and £150. The more experienced men on the better class provincial dailies receive from £150 to, perhaps, £250; while the remuneration of the heads of the staff may range from £250 to £400—very rarely indeed reaching £500, even when special descriptive work, or art and musical criticism is expected of them. The rate of the sub-editorial pay is on the whole a little higher, but few of

the best men on the best papers are allowed as much as £400 or £500 per annum; while the editors who receive £1000 or more may be counted on the ten fingers. It is true, indeed, that many opportunities of an augmentation of income present themselves. A man of modest ambition, who is content to settle down in a country town, may, by gathering into his hands the local correspondence, make a fair income out of penny-a-lining. The supply of a report of a weekly market for which there is something like a universal demand may yield a little fortune—so long as the local Press-man can keep the service out of the rapacious maw of the London news agencies, which appoint their own correspondents and secure customers by offers of low rates. A man of enterprise and of energy can, however, easily create a large constituency for himself, and establish a fairly remunerative connection. Most of the members of the reporting staffs of the daily papers also succeed in time in obtaining more or less profitable correspondence, and thus add considerably to their income. This kind of business is, however, perhaps most fully developed by the gallery reporters and lobbyists at Westminster. The right of entry is limited to the members of the London papers, and to such of the provincial journals as are able or willing to maintain a special Parliamentary staff. The members of the Parliamentary corps, who are paid by the papers they represent at the modest rate of six or seven guineas a week while Parliament is in session, possess, therefore, a certain monopoly of the service. As a rule they are not over-driven if they are but moderately paid by their own papers, and therefore they are able to accept supplementary engagements for provincial papers as reporters or as writers of political gossip or of descriptive Parliamentary letters. A few of them are able to make really handsome incomes; but even the most successful of them, however arduously they may work, never command such an income as is easily within the reach of a popular doctor or barrister of comparatively moderate ability.

The experience of the leader-writers is perhaps the hardest of all. Many a

young man of brilliant parts joins the Press in the belief that he will there enjoy a mental freedom such as is denied to the clergy as sworn upholders of the Articles and Confessions of the Churches. For a time all goes well with the enthusiastic, ardent young men who give to their employers the full benefit of all their talents and learning and increasing experience. By-and-by, however, the political partisanship or the editorial supervision of the paper changes. New questions arise, on which the editors or proprietors and the leader-writers find it difficult or impossible to agree. Gray hairs, too, begin to appear, before, as yet, there is any conscious diminution of intellectual power, though the mind may be becoming less supple, less adaptive, less responsive to hints from headquarters. Thus it comes to pass that men who still feel themselves in the prime of life, and who were wont to be praised and fêted, discover a declining enthusiasm for their work in quarters where it was formerly highly appreciated. Next comes the galling mortification of unsympathetic editorial revision, to be followed in time by rejection of contributions and reduction of salary. As a rule, it must be admitted that newspaper proprietors deal patiently and generously with writers whose brilliant work and devoted service laid the foundation of their papers' prosperity and of their own fortune. Yet it does too frequently happen that the writer who, in the heyday of his prosperity and fame has been indifferent to worldly considerations, and has failed to secure his future by a partnership, finds himself compelled either to suppress his own convictions and write against his own beliefs, or let himself be shelved when still in the maturity of his powers—his prestige declining and his income diminishing—while those of other men in other professions, much his inferior in capacity and in the power of work, are steadily increasing. The journalist who toils unselfishly for the public, making everybody's concerns his own, all too frequently neglects his personal interests. Often at the end of the day he is himself a neglected man, having little comfort or consolation beyond the reflection that if suc-

cess has not been achieved it has been deserved. Of course many Press-men, especially those endowed with the business instinct, do win fame and fortune. In their declining years, as proprietors of prosperous papers earning high dividends, they have

That which should accompany old age :  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

But the prizes which await the journalist, however gifted and industrious he may be, are really few and slight compared with those which are to be won in the other learned or scientific professions ; and though, as a journalist, I think no higher or nobler profession than mine exists, I must ask young men of talent and ambition to think not once, but twice and thrice, before they decide to enter it. Meanwhile, those who are connected with it, and wish to magnify it, have many calls to activity. The Institute of Journalists may find a humble, but not to be neglected sphere of usefulness in putting an end to a scandalous underpayment such as I have been shocked to learn prevails in some parts of England—viz. a halfpenny per line of matter used, whether in the form of news or of a leading article. Probably, too, the women journalists, connected more especially with the society and fashion papers, need kindly supervision and advice. Some action should also be taken to secure pecuniary benefit to the writer of more important and telling articles that may be and are used now by shrewder men of business for their own enrichment. As has already been indicated, an amendment of the law of libel is urgently required, and probably some joint demonstration by the Press of the United Kingdom, asserting the rights and the power of the Fourth Estate, would have the effect of securing for it greater consideration in the Courts of Law than has for some time been extended to it.

In these and other spheres the new Union will doubtless find means of rendering important service to the journalism of the United Kingdom. As in the past, however, the Press has owed its influential position to, and has held it by, the character of its individual members, so in the future its



authority, its power for good as an educational agency, must depend mainly on the honesty, the self-respect, the incorruptibility, as well as on the talents and devotion of the rising race of journalists encouraged to look upward by the Institute lately founded. It may be that the road to increased influence will be found in a decline of partisanship and a growth of independence. Possibly the day is not far distant when the Fourth Estate will claim to be the master of both political parties, and refuse to be the servant of either except in so far as the party is a

wise and disinterested servant of the public. The resources of the modern daily newspaper as guide, philosopher, and friend to the man of business and commerce, as well as to the politician, to the social reformer as well as to the religious teacher, to the scholar and scientist as well as to the omnivorous devourer of news of all kinds and from all climes, are now being developed even more fully and marvellously than is the Union of the working journalists in defence of their own interests and for the greater honor of their craft.  
—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## SCIENCE IN SONG.

BY THOMAS E. MAYNE.

It was once fashionable to say that poetry and truth were composed of such antagonistic qualities that by no process of fusion in the crucible of genius could they be got to mix. Coleridge gave his opinion that science and poetry were forever irreconcilable. Edgar Poe insisted on the same fallacy. Other and lesser poets and versifiers caught up the strain for the purpose of demonstrating how eternally separated they were. But, as matter of fact, science is but another name for truth, which is generally applied to tangible or substantial things. Where, then, is the line to be drawn between objective and subjective truth? The truths of philosophy were allowed to be compatible with the genius of the Muses, for Shakespeare and Wordsworth had placed that question beyond dispute; but science, considered in its narrower technical sense, was excluded from the domain of true poetry. Yet this arose merely from a superficial appreciation of the question. Shakespeare had intuitions on matters of science which have been but lately confirmed. Wordsworth had considerable botanical knowledge. Shelley was imbued with a spirit of exact science:

"How sweet a scene will earth become!  
Of purest spirits, a pure dwelling-place,  
Symphonious with the planetary spheres;  
When man, with changeless Nature coalescing,

Will undertake regeneration's work,  
When its ungenial poles no longer point  
To the red and baleful sun  
That faintly twinkles there."

Thus writes Shelley in his famous youthful poem, explaining in a note that the earth in its present state of obliquity points to the north polar star, but that this obliquity tends gradually to diminish until the equator will, it is thought, at some time coincide with the ecliptic. So much for the irreconcilableness of poetry and science. It is conceivable that the poet, embodying the state of learning of his age, will likewise embody its mistakes and misapprehensions. Thus Shakespeare, speaking of toothache as "a humor or a worm," was not speaking a scientific truth, but represented the conception of his times on this matter. Shakespeare had the eye of a scientist, and was careful and minute in recording what he saw. Who does not remember his observations on the preference shown by that "guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet," for situations where the air is mild and delicate? Who cannot see his minuteness of description in the "mole, cinque-spotted like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip," on the pure breast of Imogen? If Shakespeare had not known the value of a scientific accuracy, he would not be so fresh and acceptable to us now after the lapse of

three hundred years. But, though art and civilization progress with ever accelerated momentum, we cannot get beyond truth, which is by nature eternal.

If properly considered, poetry must itself be a kind of truth, if it be poetry at all. Unless it represents truly the different states and emotions of the mind, the most melodious phrasing will fail to make its way into our affections. The heart will not be convinced by the exquisite charming of the mere artist in words, charm he never so wisely. We look instinctively for the soul of poetry—which is simply that quality we now so grossly personify—the spirit of truth dwelling inwardly. Much of the so-called poetry of the hour we feel to be devoid of this necessary verisimilitude, this closeness to physical and moral facts. It is often as entrancingly musical as Apollo's lyre, the tone rich, and the melody various and complicated; there is the sweet and nimble variation rung upon the theme, the gradual swell and *accelerando*, the modulated air, the lagging *rallentando* and languid fall; they are all there in simple words. We seem to have achieved almost a complete mastery of the *technique* of word music. Some of the productions of the modern muse might as well be labelled "fugue," "symphony," or "caprice," so near has the art of phrase-making approached to that of the instrumentalist. But if we look for a moral purpose in these compositions, or, indeed, a purpose of any kind, however perverse, we too often find it lacking, and are forced to pronounce them false to Nature and to right art—which is also sacred to truth—and to confess that they fall strictly under the category of the abnormal and the monstrous.

It is feared by some that science in song would mean only a worthless science and an enfeebled verse. But this objection is greatly more apparent than real. Tennyson, being the latest representative poet, is more imbued with a spirit of pure science than any other. Never, to our thinking, does he sing so sweetly as in his prefigurations of the truths discovered by science. The Pleiades likened to "a swarm of golden fire flies, tangled in a silver braid," is a

familiar instance. And this, for which modern science seems alone responsible, is not verse hampered by science, but science lending its inspiration to verse:

"We sleep, and wake and sleep, but all things  
move;  
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;  
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her  
ellipse,  
And human things returning on themselves,  
Move onward, leading up the golden year."

The profoundest discoveries of science might be dealt with and simplified by poetry. It falls strictly within the poet's province to stimulate the scientist in his noble work for the benefit of the race. With his grand words let him encourage the searcher for truth to

"Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the  
lightnings, weigh the sun."

Science is that wisdom which is justified in all its works. Slowly it tends to gather all that is best to itself. It borrows the soul from religion, the mind from philosophy, the long suffering from charity, and, that it may captivate the world and win it to itself, it must also have the sweet voice of poetry. The benefit is not all on the one side. The best poetry is better of the sure guidance of science, though in the airiest regions. Even the winds are bound by law, and thought itself cannot penetrate beyond the jurisdiction of strict necessity.

The popular conception of science, as a mere materialistic study of phenomena, is gradually disappearing before the herculean efforts of men of the stamp of Professor Huxley. It begins to dawn upon the public mind that Tyndall, Darwin, Pasteur, and others, are leading, not toward a chaos of bestial anarchy, but upward to order and good will and right-doing. Science has crawled before it walked, but later it has developed wings and built itself a habitation on the heights. It dares to pass that mysterious gulf which separates matter from mind, and boldly deals with the larger problems of man's spiritual nature. It becomes fitting, therefore, that it should unite with poetry which readily mingles with what is highest in the mental sphere. The great poet yet to come, who is to be in some measure repre-

sentative of his age, will require to be broadly versed in the broad knowledge of science. Society is growing scientific down to the lowest stratum. Our workmen are conning eagerly what scientific lore comes, through free libraries or the purveyors of cheap literature, within their reach. It is becoming a recognized fact that reforms have been hitherto generally attempted in an inverted way. We must begin with the physical improvement of the people, and let a clearer spiritual life grow out of bettered material surroundings. The best way to raise men who live the life of swine, amid poverty and dirt, is to make an observance of sanitary laws a step in their spiritual advancement. A sound house and some home comforts should precede demands for a strict rectitude of character. A system of main drainage may be as effective as the most elaborate ecclesiastical system extant in socially and morally benefiting the working-classes. The intellect also should be trained, so that men, when oppressed by the tyranny of circumstance, may have some sort of mental stay to fall back upon. With the poor, when their days are not filled with action either good or bad, their lives become a blank and utter vacancy. A well-furnished mind gives its owner a capacity for resting neutral, which may be of infinite value to him. The assertion, which is sometimes made, that intellectual culture is in no way a check on the mind's natural tendency to evil, is simply untrue. When all has been said on the matter, virtue is an acquired quality not inherent in mankind, and it should be in every way strengthened and stimulated, otherwise it may fail the individual at any moment.

The most effectual way of popularizing scientific knowledge, and so widening and elevating men's minds, of banishing degrading superstitions, of teaching men to live to their higher intuitions, of fitting the mind of the mass for the reception of the brightest religious conceptions, is to wed science and verse together, if possible, with genius to consecrate the tie.

Almost all of Emerson's poetry is of a thoroughly scientific character. Though not admitted into that sacred

arcana where dwell the elect sons of melody, yet his verse, like his prose, possesses that electric quality of running through nerves and fibres, and eliciting a thrilling response from the natural magnetism of the mind. He is like a battery always charged, and cannot be touched without a free absorption of the nervous force. His was the pleasant creed that

"The world was built in order  
And the atoms march in tune;  
Rhyme the pipe and Time the warder,  
Cannot forget the sun, the moon,  
Orb and atom forth they prance,  
When they hear from far the rune;  
None so backward in the troop,  
When the music and the dance  
Reach his place and circumstance,  
But knows the sun-creating sound,  
And, though a pyramid, will bound."

It was his choice to sing

"Of tendency through endless ages,  
Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages,  
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,  
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,  
Of chemic matter, force, and form,  
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm."

He, at least, has shown that the subject of science need not introduce a single discordant note in poetry. The principles of gravitation, of attraction and repulsion, are tuneful to him. Geology, hard and dry, becomes musical like the statue of Memnon at sunrise. The orbs were musical in their courses in Shakespeare's imagination; there is no reason why they should not be so to us. Let them be so; let poetry make our exacter knowledge full of sweetness to sense and ear. Let the atoms march in tune, and the pyramids bound with the light-creating music which true genius in poesy produces.

Emerson is sometimes somewhat cold, but always musical, in a clear flute-like fashion. His bold individualism is expressed in language at once deeply scientific and poetical. Cosmos was an unceasing harmony sounding in his ears with the steady rhythm of law. All goes fairly and well in the world as a whole:

"The journeying atoms,  
Primordial wholes,  
Firmly draw, firmly drive,  
By their animate poles.

" Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,  
Plant, quadruped, bird,  
By one music enchanted,  
One deity stirred—

" Each other adorning,  
Accompany still ;  
Night veileth the morning,  
The vapor the hill."

But a greater than Emerson has united the best of both science and poetry in one indissoluble bond. Goethe is the great reconciler ; he has mingled history, philosophy, science, and fable into one integral whole of wondrous beauty. He is the miracle working alchemist who transmutes the baser earth-metals into a pure golden residue of wisdom. Goethe seems to have searched into every known art and science to find where truth was hidden, and he gave the world the result through the purifying and beautifying medium of poetry.

If I may be pardoned for again reverting to Tennyson, I would point out how instinct with the spirit of science is his latest great poem, the variously estimated *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. Tennyson—petted and spoiled child of fortune as he was—yet managed to keep abreast of the later developments of the times, and marked the steps of progress in his declining days with the eager appreciation of youth. His last great poem seems—if one may venture to say it—his greatest. It is the most original, the most in accordance with modern ideas, and in ways the most imaginative of all he wrote. It is as musical as the earlier poem of which it is a sequel, but comes more face to face with vital and insistent facts. The early poem is the outpouring of an individual disappointment

and impatience, the later merges into the mass of sorrows burdening the world, is instinct with a larger passion of humanity. It contains the noblest utterance of scientific truth in the language.

" Forward, backward, backward, forward, in  
the immeasurable sea,  
Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows than can be  
known to you or me.

" All the suns—are these but symbols of in-  
numerable man,  
Man or mind that sees a shadow of the  
planner in the plan ?

" Is there evil but on earth ? or pain in every  
peopled sphere ?  
Well, be grateful for the sounding watch-  
word ' Evolution ' here,

" Evolution ever climbing after some ideal  
good,  
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in  
the mud.

\* \* \* \* \*

" While the silent Heavens roll and Suns along  
their fiery way,  
All the planets whirling round them, flash  
a million miles a day.

" Many an Æon moulded earth before her  
highest man was born,  
Many an Æon, too, may pass when earth is  
manless and forlorn.

" Earth so huge and yet so bounded—pools of  
salt and plots of land—  
Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of  
mountains, grains of sand !

" Only That which made us meant us to be  
higher by-and-by,  
Set the spheres of all the boundless heavens  
within the human eye,

" Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless,  
thro' the human soul ;  
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless  
outward, in the whole."

— *Westminster Review*.

## A NIGHT IN INDIA.

BY S. C. LOGAN.

IN spite of the almost innumerable books on life and travel in India, in spite of the constant stream of Globe Trotters who infest that great empire, in spite of its being almost the fashion to spend a few winter months wandering in a desultory way from Bombay to

Jeypur, Agra, Delhi, Cawnpore, and then to return by way of Calcutta, Madras, and Ceylon, having now triumphantly "done" India, in spite of all this—indeed, I am much tempted to say *because* of all this—there still remains in England the most astonishing



quantity of ignorance as to the way in which Europeans live in that vast and still almost unknown land. Far be it from me to disparage the average Globe Trotter; in the main he is a good fellow. If he bores us a good deal with his wonderful ready-made theories as to the government of the country, the way we should deal with the natives, the best method of treating cholera, or the most *fin-de-siècle* notions on sanitation, still he often also affords us some honest and by no means malicious amusement with his raptures over our picturesque servants, our dusty hedges of prickly pear, our endless tanks and tombs and ruined palaces. Again, he is in himself a delightful object to contemplate, and has often brought a smile to faces usually set fast in the grim patience that passes for content in India. Often have I observed him driving with wide-open eyes on the Red Road in Calcutta. There he may be beheld under the brilliant stars, arrayed in immaculate flannels, a huge sola topee gracefully wreathed with blue gauze on his head, a white umbrella in his hand, blue spectacles on his nose. In this costume he may be seen walking in the Eden Gardens among the beauty and fashion of Calcutta; the electric light shows him off to great advantage. We who have struggled through another hot weather and monsoon, and who feel like the panting, wounded but triumphant victors of a long and deadly fight, are all dressed in broadcloth, silk hats, and kid gloves, while the ladies are wearing all manner of Parisian finery. Grave old judges peer at him as he passes and re-passes, and rub up some old cynicism to amuse the lady whose trailing skirts are beyond criticism, but whose hollow cheeks and weary eyes tell of sleepless nights and much fever. Smart young officers barely out of their own griffinage look round after him with thinly disguised contempt. Every one has a sneer or a laugh at him, and yet deep down in our heart rankles bitter envy of the man who will be strolling along Piccadilly when *we*, with sick disgust, are nerving ourselves for another desperate battle with the heat, the work, disease, worry, anxiety, sleeplessness, mosquitoes, and all the major

and minor evils that make up the sum total of life during nine months of the year. Often have I looked at him, happy in his flannels and his ignorance, and wondered what was my own chance of seeing him again. November will bring him back to a certainty, but shall I still be treading the damp grass and watching the deathly white fog rise off the Hooghly? Enough of the Globe Trotter. I could easily enlarge on that theme, for often have I laughed and wept over him; but with Indian life he has really nothing to do, no more than the travelling lecturer, the newly made M.P., or the third-rate company of comedians trying to gather figs off our thistles. These come and go, and move us no more than the fly moved the cartwheel. I only mentioned the travelling gentleman because I find that he is one potent cause of the ignorance that prevails in England as to our manners and customs, modes of thought, and reasons for so thinking.

Perhaps the best way to throw light on this subject will be to set before you one or two of the numberless episodes of Anglo-Indian life which are to us familiar to weariness, but which are never likely to come under the notice of the passing traveller.

Buried in the very centre and heart of India there is a little station called Narsinghpur. It is little because no European lives there, except the officials who are obliged to do so and three or four missionaries. But the native town is of some size, and the district is fertile and populous. It is as typical as anything can be, for there are hundreds and hundreds just like it all over India. Life in these stations is really Anglo-Indian life. Here we do really live among the natives, the officials carry on their business entirely in Hindustani, we soak in their manners and customs without knowing it, and we see a side of life wholly unknown to the visitors who spend four months in the large cities, where every native strives to be more English than his rulers. Narsinghpur happened to be on one of the great railway lines, and to show how utterly isolated we felt, I need only mention that we constantly drove to the railway station on the day the English mail passed solely to look into

the carriages and see perhaps two or three white faces. The train stopped ten minutes, and we might have the rare treat of seeing an acquaintance; but any English folks were a welcome sight, and satisfied for a moment our hungry longing for intercourse with our fellows. Now that I rub against hundreds daily in the streets, and am even beginning to think there are sometimes too many of them, I often remember with deep pity those who are living now in Narsinghpur, and who very likely are taking the same weekly drive to get that poor ten minutes' consolation for their starved brains.

But this is not what I intended to describe, only there is so much to tell of every aspect of Indian life that I see, unless I take some short cut I shall tire your patience before I even begin. So I will plunge into it without delay.

Through the Narsinghpur district runs a river called the Nerbudda. This is held to be a sacred stream—not, of course, to such an extent as the holy Ganges, but still sufficiently so to attract pilgrims to a certain convenient spot known as Birman. Now when pilgrims journey to a river they naturally want to bathe in it; that, indeed, is their object, and how they can bathe so often and yet remain so dirty is a problem I have often pondered over. But I cannot go into that question now, it is too vast. These pilgrimages are mostly undertaken in the cold weather, because the river is then shallow and slow, and nobody gets drowned unless they are more than usually perverse. Also when the river is low, great tracts of sand are dry on either side of the water, and on these the pilgrims can conveniently camp. Accordingly, each year, about the middle of December, there flock to Birman fully 200,000 people. These are not all pilgrims pure and simple, because even the most religious pilgrim requires to be fed and clothed, he needs all manner of tinsel trumperies to deck his children, his wife, and his gods. Besides, he must have plenty of sweetmeats, dreadful mawkish compounds of butter and milk and sugar, flavored with spice—he needs these to make merry with, when all the ablutions are happily over for the year, and every

god has been properly propitiated. Further, he wants no end of oil to keep all his little lamps (religious and domestic) going. It is curious to note how kerosene and matches are used in the remotest Indian village. In order to provide him with these, and several hundred other things which I cannot now remember, a perfect army of grain-sellers, leather-workers, water-carriers, jewellers, and, in short, men of every trade that has the remotest hope of making anything out of the pilgrims, all crowd to the spot. Round the edge of this vast heterogeneous mass there hangs a long fringe of beggars. At the head of this fringe are the Brahmins; these boldly claim and obtain charity as a right. Next come those who beg merely because that is easier than working, and less dangerous than stealing. After them come a host of decrepit, blind, diseased and deformed folk, whose dreadful sores and pitiable malformations earn them as good or a better living than the able-bodied and industrious are often able to obtain. Last of all come the lepers, and these indeed are miserable objects. Often have I dropped a coin into a hand that was a mere stump, all the fingers having decayed away. All these are willingly fed and supported by the pilgrims and the traders. For India is a country where charity is carried far over the verge of imbecility; to give to the lazy loafer or the fat Brahmin is quite as meritorious as to help the sick but industrious artisan, or to add a trifling comfort to cheer the wretched leper or helpless cripple. No questions are asked; you need but squat by the roadside in some frequented place, spread a filthy cloth in front of you, and hold out a hand to passers by, to insure a maintenance for life. Charity is not given to relieve distress in others, but to smooth the donor's path to heaven.

Our two hundred thousand people are now collected in the bed of the Nerbudda. The district officials have done what they can to preserve order, ensure sanitation, and keep up necessary supplies. For the first, the people themselves are so orderly and peaceable that little requires to be done. The second is so utterly hopeless that little can be

done. The third is done by the immemorial custom of local traders.

Each family brings with it a minute tent about the size of a tablecloth, a few minutes' search in the jungle near by will produce a suitable stick to support it, and a Hindu family is now comfortably housed for the next ten days. Is he a pilgrim, then no more is needed. The tent gives the seclusion so dear to his wife, and so necessary for her comfort and well-being. For himself the cloudless sky and clear sunshine are enough; the river supplies his bath and drink, from the nearest grain-seller he buys a handful of food when he is hungry, a stroll through the fair is all the diversion he requires, and the temple and plenty of priests are at hand to assist his devotions. He is disposed of, and need not be again considered. If, however, he is not a pilgrim, but a trader, the case is different. A larger tent must be erected in order to keep his bales of goods under cover; of this, a small corner must be partitioned off for his wife. At the door a little awning supported on two sticks is set up, and beneath this samples of his goods are displayed. Each night he buries his money in the earth and sleeps on it, thus taking advantage of Nature's own strong room, where she also keeps her valuables.

When most of the people were assembled it became my husband's duty to go to Birman and stay there during the fair time, to keep order and see that all things were properly carried on. Accordingly, one morning we sent on some of our camels with the tents, furniture, and bedding; it was but a day's march on a rather bad road. In the afternoon I started the rest of our camels, with our table appointments, dinner, and servants. Then we rode out ourselves. Of course we easily passed our second set of slow laborious camels, and we noticed with some dismay that the road, owing to late rains, was very heavy, and almost impassable for the laden clumsy camels, and we wondered when they would arrive. We exhorted the servants to get on as fast as they could, and they of course assured us that dinner would be ready at the exact minute at which I had ordered it. I felt very doubtful of this,

but we ourselves could do nothing to help, so we cantered on and left the struggling camels slipping about in the thick mud, and hoped for the best. Presently we arrived hot and tired at our camp, and were thankful to find our tents ready and that the bedding was dry. The tents had been pitched under a group of trees on the top of the high bank overlooking the river. We could look down on the fair in full swing just beneath us. It was a picturesque sight. The great stretches of barren sand were covered with long lines of the tiniest tents from the water's edge to where the banks rose steeply on either side. The river flowed placidly among them, and a temporary bridge had been constructed; the evening meal was being cooked, and a thin thread of blue smoke rose slowly from each little doll's tent and formed itself into a cloud overhead; the acrid smell of the burning cowdung with which these unfastidious people cook their rice and ghee penetrated even as high as where we stood. Streams of men and women passed to and fro, bringing water from the river and wood from the jungle. Vendors of sweetmeats shouted out the excellent qualities of their wares, water-carriers pushed their bullocks through the crowd, those who had arrived last were wrangling for places, indignant because the best were already taken and their occupiers had no intention of moving. In one place a group of camels was looking on with supercilious disgust, their vicious, dissipated countenances and ragged out-at-elbows coats reminding one strongly of the loafers to be seen outside every public house, while their strong yellow teeth were ready for any unsuspecting person who came within reach. In another corner a philosophic elephant could be seen contentedly swinging his hind leg, and keeping a watchful eye on the mahout cooking a huge pile of chupatties for his lordship's supper. If the mahout steals one of his own meal, or takes a little of the ghee or sugar, the elephant is fully aware of it, and is sure to pay him out sooner or later. Every now and then a howl like some wild beast rises from the thickest of the throng, and presently the producer of this cry comes into view. It

is a jogi, and a more loathsome and disgusting object it would be hard to conceive, naked from head to foot, unless the ashes with which he is smeared all over can be considered as a covering—filthy to the last degree. With matted hair hanging down his back, in his hand he carries a stick with a bell attached, and this he strikes to attract attention as again and again he gives the wild howl that first caught our ear. It is the name of some god to whom his life is devoted, and his self-imposed duty is to utter this name so many thousand times daily. The women crowd round him and touch his feet reverently, any grain-seller will be proud to give him as much food as he will take, but to the end of his life this miserable wretch will live shelterless under the burning sun and through bitter freezing nights, unclothed, starving, scorning even the commonest comforts, without intercourse with his kind, and all that the name of Shiva may be heard in the land and due glory given to him. In the next world will there be any reward for such complete abnegation, the more pitiful, surely, that to us it seems so entirely thrown away? Many others of that fraternity are in the fair. They lie on spike beds, they swing head downward over fires, they stand all night in the river. All these I have seen, and deeply pondered over. These men are not fools or imbeciles, they do it of set purpose to glorify God and win heaven, and how strong must that purpose and their wills be who can endure such things for all the years of a long life!

Now the darkness is closing down, and ominous black clouds are gathering on all sides. We are going to have a storm—oh! may it be no more than that for the sake of these many thousands with nothing but a cotton cloth between them and the weather. We begin to feel considerable anxiety about that faithfully promised dinner. We send a man to reconnoitre. He reports that the camels are invisible. This is bad news, for we are hungry and tired, and to go to bed dinnerless is a gloomy prospect. We wait another hour, but the situation remains the same. At last we determine to turn in, and hope that sleep will stand in the place of

food. At this juncture, however, a polite native official arrives in the camp, and says he has heard of our difficulty and would have come earlier but he thought our own things might arrive; as this is now hopeless will we honor him by accepting some food that his wife has prepared expressly for us? It is of the simplest kind, he urges, otherwise he knows we would not take it. We graciously accept, and indeed are glad to get food of any sort. It consists of chupatties, quite hot, and nice enough if you can forget the amount of handling required in their making; then there is boiled milk in a brass lotah. It is very difficult for English lips to drink out of a lotah; the fluid either comes out in one flood or else dribbles down the sides of the vessel. In either case it goes everywhere except into your mouth; and when this difficulty had been partially overcome, I found the smoke of the fuel I mentioned before had flavored the milk so strongly that a very little was enough for me. Also I felt rather foolishly resentful of the fact that that polite official would the next morning give away that lotah to some man of the lowest caste. He would never use it again now that it had been polluted by our touch.

Having satisfied our hunger, we went to bed. By this time it was pouring in torrents, and the wind was rising and tossing wildly the great trees beneath which we were camped. I felt deeply sorry for the poor folk down in the bed of the river. In ten minutes there could not have been a dry thread among them, and fires would be out of the question. But to help them was impossible, and we felt doubtful as to the security of our own tents. We slept, perhaps, three hours, and the rain came down steadily in sheets. Then we were awakened by a loud crash, followed by a wild jabbering from the servants and sentries. We jumped out of bed into two inches of water; this I found very cooling, and promptly got in again, felt for the matches and struck a light. A stream of water was running through the tent, and my husband was paddling about in it trying to rescue his boots. Having placed these in comparative safety, he



went outside to see what all the row was about. It was the other tent falling that caused the crash, and it lay in ruins, with all the furniture buried under it. Nothing could be done in the way of restoration in the darkness, rain, and wind, so he told the natives to leave off chattering and came back to bed. Further sleep was impossible, and we lay listening to the howling wind and the swish of the rain against our canvas roof, and wondered how long this tent would hold up, and which way the pole would fall when it came down. That we felt to be a rather important point, as it is undesirable to be beneath a tent-pole when it comes down. Presently it becomes apparent that some excitement is going on in the fair. A deep hum rises up where an hour ago was dead silence, excited voices can be heard above the din, and now and then a woman's shriek or the cry of a frightened child. What can be happening? My husband says he must go and see, and I try to dissuade him from venturing again into the wet and cold. "You will get wet through for nothing," I urge. At this moment a terrified voice outside is heard calling these ominous words, "*Sahib, sahib, the river is rising.*"

My husband is out of bed and out of the tent before I can speak a word. The next instant I huddle on some clothes and rush out too, and peer over the bank at the wild scene below. The wind is dropping, the moon is struggling through ragged clouds; below all is ripe for a panic rush, and if that takes place God help the women and children, the sick and the old. Anxiously I question the trembling servants. "Memsahib, it is true," they say; "many tents are already flooded." I am seized with despair. In India vast tracts of country may be flooded in a few hours, and the people below are doing nothing but shriek and sob and embrace each other. To get all of them up the banks in time is hopeless. Women are there with babies a few hours old; many are sick and helpless, and their vast number makes it impossible to deal with them in the darkness. Dogs bark, camels groan, the elephant sends out his shrill trumpet, everybody talks at once, and the

thunder of voices from that huge terrified crowd as they sway and surge about drowns even the voice of the angry river. Trembling with fright and pity, I stand and watch them and long for the dawn. Will it never come? When I can no longer bear the suspense, I send down a man for news, and he brings back the comforting assurance that the river is rising no longer, and now that the Sahib is there the people are less frightened. This is good hearing, as panic is even a greater source of danger than the river itself. As the man is telling me this I feel a new flavor in the air, and instinctively turn to the east. With a joy as great as that of the most ardent fire-worshipper, I see a pale gray light there. Thank heaven! this dreadful night is over. Instantly the teeming jungle life responds to the sun's message. The tiger, with blood still dropping from his jaws, is now skulking home; the jackal and hyena are already wrangling over the remains of his victim. From the ruined well the dove sends forth her endless crooning lament, an impudent hoopoe runs across the camp in search of the earliest and most imprudent worm, mynas resume their gossip, and overhead in the pepal tree the parrots are bestirring themselves and croaking gently to their wives that it is time to see to the breakfast. The shrill scream of the pea-fowl comes clearly from the opposite bank. A monkey with a baby firmly clutching her drops almost at my feet, and, seizing a forgotten banana, is up again in the topmost branch before one can exclaim at her audacity. By now a long finger of light has pierced the heavens, and almost immediately the great red rim heaves up, and I stand facing that alternate curse and blessing, the sun of India. I see my husband toiling up the little zigzag path, and so I feel sure that the danger is now over. I am returning to the tent, wet and weary, but so thankful that matters are no worse. Before I reach it, I hear a well-known sound, or rather combinations of sounds; the whack of a stick, the groan of a camel, and the curse of its driver. These must mean that our long-delayed servants are at hand, and, as I turn to look, the first of the long

string of ungainly beasts comes slouching into the camp, and with groanings that cannot be uttered flops down on its knees to have its load removed. The servants begin voluble apologies and explanations, but I am too tired to listen, and leave them there chattering, merely remarking that somebody had better be quick with some tea, as the Sahib will be back in a minute and then there will be a row. They depart, and we throw ourselves down for an

hour's rest, if possible, before the duties of the day begin.

By the evening everything is in order again, everybody has got dry, the tents are standing once more. The fair is in full swing, laughter is heard instead of shrieks, and the careless people have forgotten their fright already. The episode is over, no one is the worse, and we are hoping never again to pass another night in such circumstances. —*Nineteenth Century.*

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DANTE AND TENNYSON.

BY FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY.

DANTE and Tennyson ! What greater contrast at first sight is there than that suggested by the two names ? What more opposite than this pair of poets, in their fortunes, their opportunities, in the scope of their works and their respective place in literary history ? The one, coming at the close of a long period of darkness and barbarism, the other succeeding to the rich inheritance of a spacious literature, the slow growth of centuries. The one having to forge and hammer out with infinite toil the melodies of his native tongue, to give a voice and utterance to Italy ; the other with an already formed and highly cultivated language before him as his instrument. The one for the last nineteen years of his life an exile and a wanderer, refused re-entrance within her walls by ungrateful Florence, except on terms too cruel and insulting to be accepted by such a haughty spirit, cut off at the age of fifty-six, at Ravenna, and lying there by the shores of the Adriatic. The other, if not hailed from the first as the coming poet of his age, yet, when once recognized, growing ever in the esteem of his countrymen, and dying full of years and full of honors, buried

“ with an empire's lamentation.”

As a consequence of all this, the one is pervaded by an uniform seriousness, while the page of the other is lit up by a calm and serene cheerfulness. We see the Italian, in earlier life engaged

in active service, political and military, as a soldier, an ambassador, a chief magistrate, but later on dwelling apart, and knowing by saddest experience “ how salt a taste cleaves to a patron's bread, how hard a path mounts and descends a patron's stair.” We see the Englishman, reared in the quiet seclusion of a Lincolnshire parsonage, and within the reverend walls of a great University, steadily achieving wealth and fame and high place, Dante representing more the *Vates* Prophet, Tennyson rather the *Vates* Poet, according to the distinction drawn by Carlyle, though he admits that the two provinces run into each other and cannot be disjoined.

Still, there are points of view from which the two may be compared ; and some instances may be adduced of a subtle influence exercised upon the poet of the nineteenth century by the great Florentine ; some echoes more or less distinct of Dantesque expression linger on in Tennysonian diction ; some imitations of passages, for the most part perhaps unconscious ones, will occur to the reader of the “ Divine Comedy.” For, as Dante summed up for his generation the whole of the mediæval spirit, its religion, its abstruse scholastic speculations, its philosophy and theology, its faith and its chivalry, so that he has been called with truth the very incarnation of Catholicism—so did Tennyson speak to this century (through so large a portion of which he lived) with a voice

that interpreted it to itself in all its manifold variety of interests, more clearly and fully than any other of his contemporaries. He reflects as in a mirror the doubts and problems of our age, the conquests it has achieved in the material world, its aspirations after high ideals; and as often too he notes, and does not spare its less attractive features, its restlessness and discontent, its shallowness and cynicism, its want of faith in God and in the future. He saw the commencement of what it is not too much to call a new social world. The *love of liberty* always burned brightly in his verse from the day when he wrote those stirring stanzas, "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," and "Love thou thy land, with love far-brought from out the storied Past," to the publication of his more recent volumes, when he dreads the advent of "changes all too fierce and fast"—the wind raised by some who would sing true freedom to her grave—

"Men loud against all forms of power—  
Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues;  
Expecting all things in an hour—  
Brass mouths and iron lungs!"

Nor has he followed less consistently the admirable *progress in physical science*, the enormously extended command over the laws of Nature that has so deeply marked the present century. Ever since he penned his glowing anticipation of the triumphs that awaited the coming race—

"The Vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be,"

the increasing purpose running through the ages—

"... this march of mind  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the  
thoughts that shake mankind"

down to the volume to which "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" gave its title, he still traces the course of science with the keenest interest.

In his very latest book he still prophesies, if not with the rapturous exultation of the old days, yet with a calm confidence in a great future in store for mankind. His watchword is still "Forward!"—

"Dawn not Day!  
Is it Shame, so few should have climb'd from  
the dens in the level below,

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Men, with a heart and a soul, no slaves of  
a four-footed will?

But if twenty millions of summers are stored  
in the sunlight still,

We are far from the noon of man, there is  
time for the race to grow."

Again, in what vivid colors has Tennyson painted the *scepticism* that infects so much of our literature! It is enough to refer to some of the best known stanzas of the central portion of "In Memoriam"—"Are God and Nature then at strife?"—"So careful of the type?" etc. (No. lv., lvi.), while from his later books these deep questions in some form or another were seldom absent. Still through all there breathes the hope that all things must make for good—

"What the philosophies, all the sciences,  
poesy, varying voices of prayer?

All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that  
is filthy with all that is fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in  
being our own corpse-coffins at last,

Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence,  
drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless  
Past?"

The object of the above remarks is to bring out the many sided mind of Tennyson and show how he was in sympathy with modern life in all its manifestations, and how in this respect he bears some resemblance to the poet who in the midst of his mystical and allegorical epic preserves the strongest human interest in all that was going on around him in the Italy of his time, and was sensitive to every form of art. It is not without interest to notice how the teaching of each of these poets harmonizes and points to the same goal, and to remember, with regard to "In Memoriam" in particular, what Tennyson has himself told us of its scope and purpose. "It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine. In the poem altogether private grief swells out into thought of and hope for the whole world. It begins with a funeral and ends with a marriage—begins with death and ends in promise of a new life—a sort of *Divine Comedy*, cheerful at the close." \*

Light out of darkness, hope out of despair, the will of man merged in the

\* "Aspects of Tennyson"—*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893.

will of God, the ascent of the soul, toilsome at first, but becoming less and less so as it goes on, out of suffering into holiness and peace—are not these the fundamental truths underlying Dante's immortal poem, and the end to which it conducts?

Hopefulness indeed seems at first utterly alien to the writer whose best known line probably is the awful inscription over the gate of hell:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch' entrate!"

Dante is fearfully inexorable. But his three poems must be taken together as a whole if he is to be judged fairly, and the mercy, the consolation of the doctrine of purgatory must never be forgotten, and due account must be taken of the power it gave of saving a departed soul.

Scattered here and there through the "Divine Comedy" there are traces of compunction and of hope, as where the angel to whom St. Peter gives the golden key of authority and the silver key of knowledge is bidden to err on the side of mercy rather than of sternness, to open rather than to shut ("Purg." ix. 128); and in a remarkable passage ("Purg." iii. 133) we read that not even against those who died in contumacy toward holy Church can excommunication prevail, so long as there is any germ of hope, any spark of repentance remaining in the soul. Tennyson, too, can produce an intense impression of unmingled suffering, of the inner torture of the soul, as where pride becomes its own scourge in the "Palace of Art":—

"And death and life she hated equally,  
And nothing saw, for her despair,  
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,  
No comfort anywhere;  
Remaining utterly confused with fears,  
And ever worse with growing time,  
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,  
And all alone in crime."

In this poem and in his "Vision of Sin" he has outlined shapes, which, but for their lack of individuality of character and interest as living men and women, approach the most ghastly of the scenes and images in Dante. Here, too, we see a gleam of hope, however faint. The weird and awe-inspiring conclusion illustrates the ten-

der sensibility of the English poet, who shrinks from the direct admission that the fate of the sinner is inexorably fixed by death, who clings to the belief that "good shall fall, At last—far off—at last, to all," who will not shut his ears to the vague cry of the human heart which anticipates the final evolving of good out of evil.

"At last I heard a voice upon the slope  
Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?'  
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,

But in a tongue no man could understand;  
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn  
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn!"

In this connection too we cannot forget the solemn and magnificent language in which Guinevere's repentance is described; how first

"the Powers that tend the soul,  
To help it from the death that cannot die,  
And save it even in extremes, began  
To vex and plague her;"

the recuperative power that human nature possesses of turning to the light, and rising by use of the right means above itself; and later on, how, after hearing the king's last farewell, she clings passionately to the hope he left her—

"That in mine own heart I can live down sin  
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens  
Before high God."

A feature which Dante and Tennyson possess in common is their learning. Both of them were men of highly cultured intellect. Both of them have their learning well under control, so that they never are its servants, but its masters. There is no parade or affectation of knowledge, such as is sometimes discernible in Milton. It is subordinate and tributary to the poetry.

We know from the "Convito" how, after the death of Beatrice, Dante gave himself up to a severe course of philosophical and theological studies. Every page of the "Divine Comedy" bears witness to his immense learning. But there is this marked difference between the two: "Dante," as Dean Church points out, "has few of those indirect charms which flow from the subtle structure and refined graces of language—none of that exquisitely fitted



and sustained mechanism of choice words of the Greeks—none of that tempered and majestic amplitude of diction, which clothes, like the folds of a royal robe, the thoughts of the Latins—none of that abundant play of fancy and sentiment, soft or grand, in which the later Italian poets delighted." Hence he goes on to say, he is often uncouth, abrupt, obscure—epithets which can never be applied to Tennyson. It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on the sustained study with which the latter poet, through the whole of his long career, has kept up with the march of science. To take but one instance from the *Idylls*, how few of the readers of "Gareth and Lynette," when they come to the words—

" . . . the hair  
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem,  
Like sparkles in the stone *Avanturine*,"

know enough of mineralogy to appreciate the exact force of the image, or take the trouble to ascertain that *aventurine quartz* is translucent and spangled throughout with scales of golden-yellow mica.

Another very important and interesting point of comparison between the two poets lies in their similes. Dante's similes have been dealt with so fully by Symonds and Dean Church that little can be left for later gleaners in this field. I select the following few instances of his accurate observation of animated nature: (1) The shades in "*Purgatorio*" xxvi. 34, as they greet each other with a brief salute, are like ants meeting on their path—

" *Così per entro loro schiera bruna  
S'ammassa l'una con l'altra formica,  
Forse ad espiar lor via e lor fortuna.*"

(2) The spirits at the foot of the mountain behave just like sheep issuing from the fold by one, by two, by three, while the others stand timidly bending down their eyes and muzzle, and what the foremost does, the others do, huddling from behind on it, if it halts, and know not why ("*Purg.*" iii. 79). (3) Beatrice, looking out with wistful gaze, is compared to the bird watching for the first rays of dawn, that she may fly abroad to get food for her little ones. Images from birds form a very

large class of his pictures. The sights and feelings connected with morning, evening, and night all minister to his verse. "There is scarcely an hour which has not left its own recollection with him, of which we cannot find some memorial in his poem." Sleep, dreams, smiles and the play of features, the multitudinous sights of cities, the inventions and appliances of art, the quiet images of domestic life, as well as delicate and intricate mental phenomena—all these he has taken note of, and all he has turned to account.

And when we turn to our own poet we find exact and loving observations of all the fair sights and scenes around him in the outer world, as well as deepest insight into the abstract operations of intellect. His similes are drawn from as wide a range as those of Dante, and, like his, they are always appropriate. He makes you see what he has himself seen, and wonder that you have never yet noticed what he has observed. The *Idylls* are a storehouse of these picturesque images. Who does not remember in "*Enid*" the boon companions of the earl fleeing at the mere motion of the knight—

" *Like a shoal  
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn  
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot  
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand ;  
But if a man who stands upon the brink  
But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
There is not left the twinkle of a fin  
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower.*"

Or the muteness of Merlin—

" *So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,  
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave  
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall  
In silence.*"

Or when Vivian is putting forth all her baleful powers, that telling metaphor—

" *The pale blood of the wizard at her touch  
Took gayer colors, like an opal warm'd.*"

Or, when Lancelot is overthrown, that magnificent comparison of the knights bearing down all together upon him to—

" *A wild wave in the wide North-sea  
Green glimmering toward the summit.*"

Nothing in Dante is more beautiful than the lines in "*Purg.*" ix. 13, on the morning sounds of the swallow—

"Nell'ora che comincia i tristi lai  
 La rondinella presso alla mattina,  
 Forse a memoria de' suoi primi guai,  
 E che la mente nostra peregrina  
 Più dalla carne, e men da' pensier presa,  
 Alle sue vision quasi è divina;  
 In sogno mi pare—"

Nothing in Tennyson lays such a strong hold on the memory as—

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer  
 dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering  
 square;  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no  
 more!"

The occasional homeliness of the objects from which Tennyson's similes are drawn, he has in common with Dante, in whom it sometimes becomes positively grotesque. Instances of this are where the ruffians in "Enid" growl in fear to lose their booty—

"... like a dog, when his good bone  
 Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys,  
 Who love to vex him eating," etc.

And another simile in the same poem on the king purifying the dark places of his realm:—

"As now  
 Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire  
 hills  
 To keep him bright and clean as heretofore,  
 He rooted out the slothful officer,  
 Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd at  
 wrong."

It is time to pass on from more general points of resemblance, and consider any special reminiscences that present themselves in the later poet. Of these the most obvious is the picture of Ulysses in Canto xxvi. of the "Inferno," compared with Tennyson's majestic masterpiece. For the leading idea of fresh enterprise he was no doubt indebted to Dante, and such touches as—

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
 Life to the lees."

"Vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard  
 myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human  
 thought,"

are echoes of—

"Nè dolcezza di figlio, nè la pietà  
 Del vecchio padre, nè il debito amore,

Lo qual doveo Penelope far lieta,  
 Vincer poter dentro da me l'ardore  
 Ch' i' ebbi a divenir del mondo esperto,  
 E degli vizii umani e del valore:  
 Ma misi me per l'alto mare aperto."

And—

"Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,  
 Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza."

In the *Odyssey* we part with Ulysses reinstated in his home at Ithaca, in peace and repose. In Dante he sets out on a second voyage, is overtaken by a storm, and wrecked in the other hemisphere. Tennyson leaves him starting with steadfast purpose on new adventures with his company of heroic mariners, his end mysterious and untold, his last words suggestive of vast ideas, the past and the future blended into one—

"Strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

We feel that of the three conceptions this last is the grandest.

A further interest, it may be added, is given to this poem by what Tennyson himself said to a friend about its composition: how it was written under a sense of loss, and that all had gone by, but that still life must be fought out to the end.

The most familiar of the shorter passages that recall Dante is the often quoted—

"This is truth the poet sings,  
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things"

a repetition no doubt of—

"Nessun maggior dolore  
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
 Nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo dottore;"

though the original of both is to be traced to Boethius' "Consolation of Philosophy" (II. iv.), with which we know from the "Convito" that Dante comforted himself in exile: "In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem et non esse."

Mariana in the south was suggested by the four powerful lines ("Purg." v. 133) on poor Pia de' Tolomei shut up in the fatal marshes of the Maremma.

In the 23rd canto of the "Paradiso," where Dante has become strong enough

to bear the smile of Beatrice, he says :—

"Io era come quei, che si risente  
Di vision obblita, e che s'ingegna  
Indarno di ridurlasi alla mente."

(I was as one who still retains the feeling of a forgotten vision, and endeavors in vain to bring it back into his mind.)

We are reminded here of the end of the "Dream of Fair Women"

"With what dull pain

Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike  
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !—  
But no two dreams are like."

In the "Palace of Art," "Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam, The first of those who know," recalls "Vidi il Maestro di color che sanno," i.e., Aristotle.

The fanciful conceit in "Purgatorio" xxx. 97, which reappears elsewhere in the comedy—

"Lo giel che m'era intorno al cor ristretto,  
Spirito ed acqua fessi, e con angoscia  
Per la bocca e per gli occhi uscì del petto"

(The ice congealed about my heart turned itself to air and water, and with anguish gushed forth through mouth and eyes from my breast) seems reflected and improved in more than one passage of Tennyson, e.g.:—

"My frozen heart began to beat,  
Remembering its ancient heat."  
—Two Voices.

"Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief has shaken into frost!"  
—In Memoriam iv.

Perhaps, too, there may be a memory of another passage, where not in metaphor, but in most grim and awful reality, tears are congealed. It is in the "Inferno" xxxiii. 113, where Alberigo, in the third division of the ninth circle, the frozen lake of Cocytus, implores Dante for pity to break the ice upon his face that he may weep a little while before his fount of tears freezes up again. Some of the above similarities of diction may no doubt be due to independent thought, or may be more properly classed under the head of unconscious than conscious imitation, an indistinct memory of the original lingering in and haunting the brain, like

fragments of a tune; just as, to take an instance from Matthew Arnold, the last line of "The Church of Brou"—

"The rustle of the eternal rain of Love,"

reminds us somewhat of—

"Lo refrigerio dell' eterna ploia,"

though probably without the slightest deliberate intention on the author's part.

Other verbal coincidences might easily be multiplied, such as—

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel," etc.,  
by the side of—

"Però giri fortuna la sua rota."

"The poet dowered with the scorn of scorn," "Alma sdegnosa!" Virgil exclaims to Dante, and his contempt for Alberigo in the sequel of the passage referred to above is a strong instance of this quality in him. We may perhaps compare the words

"... drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,  
That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue,"

with

"Come nel percoter dei ciocchi arsi,  
Surgono innumerabili faville."

But many of these parallels consist of ideas and thoughts which might readily occur to independent minds.

Possibly the last line in the "Vision of Sin"—

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,"

may contain a reference to or reminiscence of the Celestial Rose at the close of the "Paradiso." It must never be forgotten that Tennyson never simply borrows. Whatever he takes he transmutes into fine gold. There is always in it that element of something new which is the mark of true genius.\*

These two poets are both great with the fundamental greatness that has been granted to very few among the sons of men. Imagine either of these stars extinguished in the firmament of literature, and what a loss would have resulted not only to Italy and England, but to mankind! It would have been

\* The note on which "In Memoriam" ends—"The one far-off divine event, To which the whole creation moves"—recalls "Par." iii. 85, "quel mare al qual tutto si move Cìò ch'ella crea, e che natura face."

strange if among the six bards whose names are inscribed on the six stone shields upon Tennyson's chimney-piece at Aldworth, Dante had not been enshrined; and we know from his intimate friends how he used to love to troll and thunder out Italian poetry that he knew by heart; and no doubt he cordially assented to the words of his friend Arthur Hallam, whom he delighted long ago to listen to, "as he lay and read the Tuscan poets on the lawn."

"An English mind that has drank deep at the sources of Southern inspiration, and especially that is imbued with the spirit of the mighty Florentine, will be conscious of a perpetual freshness and quiet beauty, resting on his imaginations and spreading gently over his affections, until, by the blessing of heaven, it may be absorbed without loss, in the pure inner light, of which that voice has spoken, as no other can."

*"Luce intellettuale piena d'amore,  
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,  
Letizia, che trascende ogni dolore."*

—*Temple Bar.*

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### HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

I HAD never been to Hampstead Heath, so finding myself the other day on "the Northern Heights," disappointed in an engagement that I had thought had been made, and with the day all before me, I went on up the hill, and by a charming approach came out from under some beautiful old elms on to a roadway brilliant with rhododendrons and iris in full bloom, and so upon the famous 'Eath. Hardly a soul was in sight; the day was perfect, with an unclouded sun and scarcely a breath of wind, and I had all the landscape to myself. And what a beautiful landscape it is. Standing on the crest of the hill I could look away across Middlesex into Hertfordshire, lying tranquil and green under the sunlight, and over the spires and towers of churches, with here and there a house-top showing among the noble groups and groves of trees, and I could not help thinking of the Pilgrims when in their Progress they came to the hill that is called Delectable and, from its summit, overlooked the pleasant valleys. It was on such occasions that the worthy Christians used to thank the Lord.

Close by was a little pond. A single yacht becalmed in the middle and one retriever swimming hopefully about in search of a stick that had never been thrown, had the pond all to themselves, till a butcher's boy, "all in Neptune's azure garb," came with his cart and drove through it, giving the yacht a friendly shove on its voyage

with his whip as he passed and the retriever a renewal of its dwindling hope by deceitful gestures of stick-throwing. The butcher's horse took its pleasure, a sensible beast, very slowly, and like Pharaoh's chariots in the fatal sea the wheels drave heavily. But at last it reached the "splash," and creeping emergent out from the deep all glistening wet like some sea-horse cart-monster, started refreshed along the highway. And a terrier came to look at the retriever and barked at it exceedingly. Why do the dogs out of the water always bark so excitedly at the dogs that are in it? Is it that they are rejoicing over the chances of the swimmer being drowned, or are they exhorting him to save himself from a watery grave by coming out on to dry land? Or is it from mere excitement, such as possesses human beings at a horse-race or a fire? This is one of the few occasions on which a dog barks unintelligibly. You cannot understand what the little dog on the bank is saying about the big one in the water. That he means something, and means it very much, is out of all question. Sometimes it sounds like pure joy, for its voice is as that of a dog going out for a walk with its master, but if so, *why* should the little dog on the bank be joyous? What is there in the spectacle of another dog swimming about and snuffing like a porpoise, to conduce to such immoderate gayety in the onlooker? At other times the bark



is quarrelsome and assertive, as if the dog in the water were doing something that was outrageous and contrary to the peace and law, and ought to be suppressed. And when the swimmer comes out, note the attitude of the other dog. He approaches the wet one stiffly as if about to put some serious question to him, but the big dog suddenly shakes himself all over him and, while the little dog retires sneezing and feeling snubbed, bounds into the water again with a fine, full-chested, spread-eagle, splash about which there is no reserve, and which immediately sends the little bank-dog off into frantic transports again.

At the corner, just where a superb horse-chestnut, holding out upright a torch of blossom at the end of every bough like tapers on a Christmas tree, cast a cool shade, stood a resident-looking policeman. He knew apparently what I was going to ask before I spoke, and answered—just as if I had put a penny in his slot, and he could not help answering—"Round the corner." And "round the corner" I found it, the inn of wicked highwayman fame. And as I drank my ale in the low-roofed sanded room, I complimented myself on my sagacity in being born a little Victorian-era child instead of a wight in Elizabeth's spacious days when roysterers on the public ways, Nym's and Bardolph's and Pistol's, called you rogue and fat chuff and cracked your costard for you, "i' faith" and robbed you. No. They were "good old" days those, and England was "merry England" then; but for myself I had rather at night meet ten policemen on Hampstead Heath than one highwayman. Refreshed, I sallied forth to explore the heath. What a queer feeling it is that comes over one visiting it for the first time, when you see how threadbare and seamy the ground is with people sitting on it and the countless feet that tread it. Once upon a time it must have been sweetly pretty with its little dells and dingles filled with ferns and wild-flowers, with the small patches of boggy ground bright with marsh-plants, its turf all underlaid with moss and patterned with heather. Fine trees, too, once grew upon it no doubt. But what a

change popularity has worked. Every foot of the ground seems polished by friction and only the hardiest of the grasses survive. Not even the sweet fresh air seems able to conceal the odor of clothes and boots. The whole place seems to sniff of Bank Holiday. Boys with canes have switched off the heads of everything, so that nothing dares to grow above a few inches off the ground, except the fierce furze and, in the cage-like hollows, the retaliating brambles. There is not a flower to be seen on the ground. Yet beauty has not utterly departed from the Heath, for here grow wondrous crab trees and clumps of dwarfed but charming birch, and as you go down the steepy hillside you notice that the dimples in the ground still hold bracken, and the whins and broom are, as ever, golden.

But the crab trees were a revelation to me. It was not because they were literally veiled in blossom, solid domes of pink and white, though this rare beauty was notable enough. It was the wonderful manner of their growth. The crab tree nowadays has, I take it, been banished from most open spaces to the hedgerows and coppice, and, where seen, looks like an ordinary orchard apple tree, but of meaner kind. Now these on Hampstead Heath have nothing near them to cramp them. Each stands fairly alone, with its full share of sun and nourishment on every side alike, and what is the result? Each tree carries its branches down to the very turf, forming symmetrical circles with its boughs, the most perfect arbors that, unassisted by art, can be possibly imagined. I was so struck by them that I went inside several and in each case found myself in a circular chamber of foliage and bloom, and so dense as to make me quite invisible to passers-by. A perfect "canopy" I said to myself. And I had no sooner thought the thought than there flashed into my mind the tradition of "Shakespeare's Canopy." As everybody knows, Shakespeare, coming home with Ben Jonson from an ale-house at Bidford, outside Stratford-upon-Avon, found himself, what with sun and strong ale together, unable to get home, and so lay down *under a crab tree* by the way, and there caught the

chill that killed him. So goes the tradition, and within the century there used to be shown on the Bidford Road the stump of a crab tree which was called Shakespeare's *canopy*. The tradition is almost universally accepted as representing a real incident, but it must have always had, for those of the present century at least (it certainly had for me) an element of suspicion in the fact of the poet lying down in such a puny shade, so exposed to public view, as under a crab tree. Any other tree might have saved the tradition altogether—an oak, a sycamore, or an elm—but a *crab tree* seemed so inappropriate. Which of us, surprised by strong ale on a summer's afternoon, would think of lying down under a crab tree? We only know the tree as growing in hedges, or as a straggling, thin-branched thing that makes no more "canopy" than an umbrella-frame before it is covered. Walking across the meadows from Bidford now we should, if compelled to the choice, choose an umbrageous elm, or oak, or sycamore. Certainly not a crab tree, any sooner than a rose bush. Now, here we see the danger of trying to talk of the Past from the knowledge only of the Present. In Shakespeare's day the crab tree was a very important tree. It was not only "conserved" for eating as dessert, for spicing hot drinks in winter time, for the making of many sauces, for which from its sharpness it was considered particularly suitable, but its juice was used for the manufacture of "verjuice," as common a "condiment" then as vinegar is now, and was the main ingredient in, and gave its name to, the original "pomatum." In Elizabethan times then "the humble crab-apple" of modern poets was a tree of value, and being so would be given, as those of Hampstead Heath have got to-day, free space for growth. This being so, they would droop, as the crab trees on Hampstead Heath do, their branches tent-like to the ground all round and offer to the passer-by, both for shade and concealment, a perfect "canopy." So that, curiously enough, the survival in the tradition of this one word "canopy" goes a long way to assure us of its authenticity. No modern tradition-

monger would have thought of it, still less have connected the word with a crab tree—unless he had happened to see one growing in luxury. And if for nothing else I am glad I went to the Heath, as it has, for me, substantiated, beyond all contradiction, the fidelity of the old story; and had I, in Shakespeare's day, been overtaken in my cups walking from Bidford I should certainly, given my choice between oak and elm and sycamore and crab tree, have chosen the crab tree for the pavilion of my infirmity.

But to-day on the Heath it canopies only small birds, and what a surprising number of them there are. What do they do, where do they go, on holidays and Sundays? I can hear (chance travellers these) the chiff-chaff calling, and the great-tit, and as I pass a brake of blackberries a querulous whitethroat complains of me passing. I catch sight of a redstart flitting among the furze on the sandy banks, and stopping under a hawthorn to watch it, I surprise a willow-wren that is busy among the may blossom. From the distance, beyond the road, comes the chuckling, choking noises of young rooks being fed, the hammering of a woodpecker, the voices of purring ringdove and fluting thrush. Once upon a time, no doubt, these larger birds made a home, too, upon the Heath, and the clumps of Scotch fir on the eminences were the castles of sparrow-hawks, overlooking the brambled villages of the hedge-sparrow and yellow-hammer. But now they have gone outside public limits into the Wild-Wood grounds, leaving the Heath to such small folk as, from inconspicuous plumage and mouse-like, creeping habits, dare to live where crowds so frequently come. Except the hedge-sparrow, the whitethroat and the willow-wren, I doubt if any of the birds I saw would venture to build their nests on the Heath. The redstart is a bold bird, and in spite of its fiery plumage, will venture upon it, and at nesting-time all birds are liable to betray uncharacteristic rashness, so there is really no saying what wild things, in spite of holiday-seekers, may not pitch their tents within the County Council's protection. Butterflies there are none, except a chance straggling

"copper;" and two youths with nets told me that, though they had hunted the Heath for some years, the "rarest butterfly they had ever caught was a 'painted lady.'" And I suppose they thought the old gentleman was romancing when he told them how, as a boy, and within three miles of a Public School, he had given Stainton new localities for "the great blue," and the rarest of our native "hair-streaks;" how he used to go into a certain lane wherein the brambles, as if overflowing from some lake of blackberries on the other side, fell in a cascade over the hedges, and where, in an afternoon, he could crowd a collecting-box with *Grapta C. album*; and how, on a certain strip of hillside, with a quarry on the one hand and a hazel-copse on the other, he could catch "marbled whites" by the score; or, going over the hill and dropping down into the wood beyond, he could find all the larger fritillaries fighting for places on the pink clusters of the agrimony, and with luck might take both "white admiral" and "wood-white." And no wonder if they were incredulous, for there is a veritable abyss between such schoolboy experiences of *Thecla betulae* and *Sinapi*—how the old names came back to me, sitting among the furze and talking to the lads with their nets, names probably all obsolete in their later nomenclature—and the Hampstead hunters who speak of the "painted lady" as a rarity. But if there are no butterflies there are plenty of "bumbees," and in particular the beautiful little foxy-red one that comes out early in Spring and sinks its little shafts wherever it finds soft and sandy soil. This part of Hampstead Heath suits it, as one might say, "down to the ground," for those who have eyes for objects on lower levels than each other's faces cannot help seeing this pretty bee sitting, apparently asleep, upon every little open sunny patch of sand. But it is not asleep: on the contrary, it is working hard, making cement for its egg-cell, and if you try to find out his home by watching one of these little plasterers, your patience will tire before his industry. The way to find out where he lives is to wait till you catch sight of a bee with legs of

buttercup-yellow. Once caught sight of it is very easy to follow, for the pollen-loaded thighs glint about almost like fire-flies. The insect you can see is burdened and, even if he does loiter awhile here and there, you may be sure he is always homeward-bound; and all of a sudden, settling on the ground, the glittering legs disappear. For the bee settled on the very edge of his shaft and has vanished down it. You can easily dig him out if it is near the edge of the bank, for the shaft only goes down a few inches, and then turns at right angles for an inch or so, and here are the cells, with neatly plastered walls, that the small couple—for they are "solitary" bees these earth-folk—have built, and are now filling with food against the hatching of the eggs.

And so the morning wore away among the furze and sand, and then I crossed a steep-sunk road and found that I was still on, "Hampstead Heath," as the County Council notices on the crab trees and the hawthorns still threatened me with a penalty of twenty-five pounds if I should be found picking their blossoms, and wandering uphill through a charming brake, just such a one as Bottom and Quince and his fellows chose for rehearsing their play in, came upon a most alluring seat. As I sat, I was invisible to those who came up the path until they plumped upon me, and it was very diverting to sit there, hear the scraps of talk, and note the sudden cessation of voice and the start with which each party discovered me. The variety was endless, but what struck me at once was the extraordinary development of modern children. The first I heard distinctly was: "That picture you know of Orchardson's, where he is—" (dead stop on seeing me); the speaker, a child of about ten, with hair all down her back: then, "teaching us a kind of square dance; I don't know what it is, but it's awfully pretty, and then they tried to teach us 'Iolanthe,' which is all sorts of dances mixed up, and we made such an awful muddle—" (full stop); two more little girls; then two boys, "ought to kill them all, for at this time of the year they are all queens. How do you know? The papers say so. Oh! but you know you ought not to believe—"

(full stop) ; then another couple, "and filed it down with one of those little American bull-doze thing-um-a-bobs and got an endless screw, and—" (full stop) ; then two more, "sailed yesterday from the West India Docks in one of those rotten trading ships, instead of going by the—" (full stop). And so they came by, these youngsters, all of the upper class evidently, and going in the same direction, to some garden party, perhaps, and I felt a wretch to sit there and jot down their conversation as they passed me, but I could not help doing it, for it filled me with astonishment to hear such children talking among themselves of Orchardson and comic opera, Yankee "notions," the value of newspaper information, and the relative dignity of different passenger steamers. I am sure when I was their age my ideas of the stage went no further than the pantomime, and my art no further than *Punch*. And thus moralizing, I found myself on the heights again, and lo ! at the end of the road there was the horse-chestnut tree and the permanent policeman, and the inn of wicked memory "round the corner." And then I foregathered with a delightful ancient of the place, who took ale with me, and thereafter, with faltering step and the help of two mighty sticks, a "whole cow's horn" in each handle and "a whole crab slip" in each staff, so he told me, he took me down a little passage between garden walls and introduced me to, possibly, one of the finest views in the whole of this round world of ours. I have seen more of its surface than most men, but I cannot remember any view to beat it. Before me, sloping down to some ponds the East Heath—for so my ancient still called it—stretched like a great green drapery of rumpled velvet, and opposite me, sloping upward from the pond, were Parliament Fields, like the same velvet smoothed and without a crease. On the crest stood grouped some noble trees, and away behind were the wooded heights of Highgate, out of which emerged, to break the sky-line just where they could do it with the best effect, some great gables, a spire, and a cupola. On my left the view was shut in by trees, but on the right what

a royal scene ! a valley of grass that widened into a plain, and thereon, all soft and gray with mist, was London—right away to St. Paul's. And a sky of forget-me-not blue above, and under foot wherever you looked the same continuity of comfortable, beautiful turf. What is the Bay of Naples, with its bitter, relentless, gentian blue overhead, and its sun-scorched, dusty, and grassless ground beneath, compared to this view from Hampstead Heath ? Where else can you find such *satisfying* beauty ? Not in Lisbon as seen from the river, nor in Sydney harbor, nor in Southern California, nor anywhere else, not even in Nature's most favored island—New Zealand. There is nothing, I believe, like it anywhere to captivate and comfort both the eye and mind at once. "Yet," said mine ancient, "I have heard travellers say, standing where you are now, that they did not think much of it." "The next time you hear a traveller say that," I replied, "tell him without hesitation that nowhere out of England can he see in a single landscape such turf, such a variety of foliage, and such a city. He cannot contradict you."

And then I wandered down the slope on one side and up the other and down again to the road, and all the way, ankle-deep in grass, I never saw a single flower. Yes, here a stitchwort, or shepherd's-purse, or there a speedwell, but not one flower that a child would stoop to pick. Where are they all gone ? We talk with wonder of former multitudes of game that have now deserted their haunts, of the disappearance of whales from the north seas, of bison from the prairies, and so on ; but how much more wonderful it is that the flowers should have all gone off, unanimously, and left our public playing fields. You can walk a mile with hedges and ditches and ponds, and all the way in meadow grass, and yet not be able to gather all the time enough to fill a button-hole. Yet come down to the road, and here you will see a strange and rather a pathetic sight. Along one side of it runs a wooden paling, against which ivy has been planted, and to protect it from the public, the ivy is netted in. Now, inside this netting, secure from the



fingers of holiday-makers, grow all the wildings of the country—king-cup and ragged-robin, fumitory and charlock, dead nettles, crane's-bill, and ever so many more. Safe inside this netting the last of the refugees from Hampstead Heath and Parliament Fields have taken sanctuary, and, unpicked and untrodden, flourish bravely, looking through the protecting wiring at their passing enemies with a delightful unconcern. Not long ago, doubtless, all these flowers grew on the other side of the road, and all up the ditches and under the hedges, and the fields were full of them, just as that field in private ground, if you will look over the wooden fence, is now. But they have been literally exterminated, and if it were not for the little two-foot strip of netted ground on one side of the road, we might imagine that this part of England had never grown flowers at all.

And so back homeward. But on the way I rested, to fill myself full of the view before me, lest I might never see it again, and chose for my seat the wreck of what had once been a gigantic beech-tree, as great in girth, I fancy, as any in Burnham Wood; and, sitting there, I became aware of another relic of the past, an immensely-aged elm trunk.

Trees that are nearly a century old themselves have thrown great branches across the space where the elm once stood and, as they now interlace, it looks from a distance as if the venerable fragment were still the bole that held up some of the foliage overhead. But when you are close to it, you see that the dense green branches above you belong to the trees, one on either side, that shake hands, as it were, over the dead elm's head, and have quite filled up the emptiness that the crashing down of the great tree left a hundred years ago. Was it lightning that struck the giant down? or a storm sweeping over the hill? It offered great hostages to fortune when it stood there, on the brow of the hill, holding up against the down-rushing wind its huge dome of green. And age crept upon it, the rain and snow filtered to the core through the holes the bird and worm had made in its rind, and so one

night, when the tempest blew, the traitors within it betrayed it to the wind, and down it came—what a smash it must have been!—out of the sky on to the green grass.

It is hollow now and tunnelled at the top, for the sparrows are at home within, hopping in at holes on one side and out at the other. And just below them, on a knob, sits a starling outside another doorway, and, from the chirpings that issue, you can tell there is a family inside, and a hungry one. Still lower down you can see a round hole, the work of a nuthatch. The middle of the tree, which is mere tinder, has all crumbled out, leaving a jagged peak of the outer wood upstanding, and in the middle of this is the nuthatch's hole, and, in an idle mood, I fell a wondering when it was made. It looks fresh, and it is quite possible that the bird had all its work for nothing, for birds do many absurd things when building their nests, such hopelessly exasperatingly stupid things that one begins to wonder whether "instinct" does not, perhaps, quite as often make its possessors ridiculous as human "reason." Here, for instance, is what happened to the nuthatch. Its instinct teaches it to go tapping on trees till it finds a hollow-sounding place, and then to commence pecking out an entrance-way to reach the cavity within. Very often, of course, they chip out their holes in the soundest wood of the tree, but, as a rule, they search for a spot that gives out a hollow sound when tapped, and promises easy working by-and-by, or perhaps a ready-made excavation. This is what our nuthatch, no doubt, expected. The wood sounded very hollow, as well it might, seeing that there was nothing at all behind it. But this apparently the small bird did not understand. It may have looked behind and seen there was nothing there, but when it came back and looked at it from in front, the tree seemed solid enough, and so, like a cat with a looking-glass, it never put two and two together, but set to work to peck itself a nesting-place. Soft as the wood was, there were some inches of it to get through, and the nuthatch worked merrily away, thinking it was getting on splendidly, and what a

clever little nuthatch it was to have found a spot so easy to dig out, and congratulating itself in all sorts of ways at having got ahead of the other nuthatches who were hammering away at solid tree-trunks, when all of a sudden, pop! its head came through the wall on the other side. I should like to have seen the nuthatch when it first looked through the hole it had been making so nicely, and to have heard what it said. I expect it said something very uncomplimentary about the tree as it looked round to see if any of the other birds had seen what a fool it looked when its head came out on the other side, and then it flew a long way off, pretending to its wife that it had been making the hole "just for the fun of the thing," and telling fibs about having known all along that it was only a kind of board sticking up and not solid.

When the elm fell a part of the trunk ripped away, leaving exposed a "section," as it were, and here is seen a very curious piece of working, where some bird, finding the tree decaying and easy to manage, had sunk a shaft nearly three feet deep. Half way down it had hollowed out a cup-shaped recess in the side of the shaft, the story of which I take to be this: that the first year the bird had its nest at the very bottom of the shaft, and that coming

back the year after to the same hole, and not caring to make another nest on the top of the old one, it had pecked out the cup-shaped hollow half-way down. And a delightfully snug place it must have been. At the bottom of the shaft, now exposed to view, a fly-catcher has built its nest this year; but as every puff of wind that blows switches a branch of the next tree up and down against it, grazing the nest each time and whipping it with its leaves, the mother will find it a very uncomfortable place to sit. And though quite fresh-looking, no bird came near it while I was there, so perhaps she has already been driven away by the perpetual annoyance of the flicking branch. Nor have birds alone possessed the old elm, for a large grub, or caterpillar, has been at work driving tunnels, large enough to put the finger in, through the touch-wood. Perhaps the goat-moth or the stag-beetle. And here, where the surface is all dimpled with little hollows, is where the wasps have been borrowing material for making the paper of their combs; and these holes, like bullet-holes, going straight into the tree, are the tunnels of carpenter bees. But the old tree is a volume in itself, and handsomely illustrated, too, from the life, by Nature. —*Contemporary Review.*

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#### ORCHID HUNTING IN DEMERARA.

THOSE who have hunted for orchids on the English chalk downs will remember how fascinating is the search for these little gems of the floral world. Not only are the plants themselves interesting, but the valleys abounding with clear springs, the turfy slopes and breezy downs, all combine to enhance the enthusiasm of the collector and make him feel that all nature is lovely. In Demerara the same result is produced by an entirely different scene. The coast is flat, and where sand-reefs mark out the shore of some past age they are covered with dense forest or scrubby bushes, which confine the area of observation to a few yards. Yet within this little space there may be

hundreds of species of trees, the limbs of each more or less occupied by epiphytal orchids and other plants, all compelling attention by exquisite forms and wonderful contrivances of root, leaf, and flower.

The dense forest is too dark for orchids, but on its edge and along the banks of the creeks they are often very plentiful. To procure a few plants for our gardens a party was formed early in the year, and one fine morning found us paddling on the dark waters of a tributary of the Demerara river.

Passing thickets of mangroves and low thorny bushes, we wind in and out among the forest trees which tower above us on either hand. The first

round of seasons for the year has just commenced, and many trees are dropping their leaves as the new buds begin to appear. A few here and there are colored, but the autumn tints of temperate climates are almost wanting. The change is so sudden that they have no time to put on the warm yellows, browns, and crimsons of deciduous trees. The forest giant dares not remain bare for any length of time for fear his neighbors should extend themselves over him, or that the thousand seeds lying dormant about his roots should raise an army of rivals. He must therefore work hard and let his autumn be followed immediately by his spring. He has no winter—no time of rest—but must work on all the year round, commencing a new task before the first is completed. The tree before us is almost bare—to-morrow it will have new leaves—next week its flowers will open—then will come a longer period for ripening the fruit which ends in August, and after that the second round that terminates at this time next year.

To make up for the loss of autumn tints we have a wealth of more delicate shades in the opening leaf-buds, which change hourly as they feel the sun's influence. For several weeks showers have been falling after a three months' drought, and now almost every tree is covered with new shoots, and these with limp foliage above the more rigid leaves of the last season. Almost every color except blue is represented, and the number of shades would puzzle the trained eye of an artist. Some are almost white or soft cream, others tinted with rose, a third class olive or almost yellow, and a fourth ruddy crimson. Here and there a tree is almost leafless but covered with flowers. The etabally and one of the Leguminosæ are decked with golden spikes, around which thousands of yellow butterflies are hovering, while great scrambling bignonias and dipladenias hang far above our heads and invite resplendent humming-birds to explore their glorious blossoms. Near at hand a leafless mimosa, its branches covered with brush-like flowers, is the centre of attraction to swarms of bees, which compel our attention by the noise and

bustle they are making. But where are the orchids? Only a trained eye can discern them, even now, when the foliage is less dense than at a later period. Our amateur collector can see nothing more than a confused tangle of bushes and tree trunks, festooned with bush-ropes. Even when his attention is called to an orchid perched in one of the upper forks, he vainly attempts to make it out. He tells the negro boatmen to stop paddling and "back water," but they only wonder what the "bucceras" are "humbugging" them for and still go on. As these plants are not very good and are decidedly hard to obtain, we let the men have their way and go on.

Presently, however, a fine *Oncidium altissimum* catches our eyes, and, wishing to procure such a handsome plant, the bateau is headed for the shore and we get out. On the fork of a tree a few feet above our heads is perched one of the largest orchids we have ever seen. A mass of aerial roots, bulbs and leaves, four feet through, is surmounted by a score of long whip-like flower-stems standing up ten feet beyond the leaves and gracefully arching over. The numerous butterfly-like yellow flowers perfume the air for some distance, and our collector goes into ecstasies at the sight.

"Now, Adonis Christmas, let us see you get that plant. Don't break it, or rub off the flowers against those bush-ropes."

The negro takes his cutlass and begins chopping away at some of the vines which hang in front, and presently is clasping the tree on a level with the orchid. We see him tug once at the plant and then slide down the tree rubbing his hands and swearing loudly.

"What is the matter? Why don't you get the plant?" says the collector.

"Too much antses—bite too bad," replies he, with an injured look, as he rubs his shining black skin.

"Oh, but we must get it, and if the negroes are afraid I'll go up myself," cries our friend.

Up he climbs, and is down again much faster than the negro. Standing on the bank he quickly strips off his coat and picks the great black ants

from his neck and hands, rubs the sore places, grumbling, and sorely discomfited. Looking up, we see the plant almost black with insects, which had evidently put themselves in battle array, and were prepared to fight for their home among the roots of the orchid.

Not yet vanquished, our collector cuts a long bamboo from a clump growing close by, and somewhat viciously commences to loosen the orchid from its perch by poking at it from below. But it is so interlaced with bush-ropes that nothing can be done without breaking the plant in pieces, which of course will spoil it as a fine specimen. Then the ants began to swarm down the stick, and presently a few bites on the hand make our friend drop it into the stream.

Reluctantly we are at last obliged to leave it alone, and proceed onward, hoping for better luck with the next plant. Paddling along, we think of this wonderful contrivance of nature to protect the orchid from noxious insects, and even, as in our case, from human despoilers. Can it be possible that the ants simply find a congenial home among the mass of aerial roots and are prepared to defend it to the last? or does not the plant itself invite them, and also take its part in the work? The mutual advantage is so obvious that we can hardly conceive it as the work of either one or the other alone, but of both combined.

Farther on we pass under many a fine plant of the same species, their panicles arching gracefully over, and their butterfly-like flowers most temptingly displayed. However, they are almost inaccessible, and we have to be content with admiring them from below. At last we come on one which can be reached from the bateau, and after chopping away its support and allowing it to soak in the stream to get rid of the ants, it is stowed away under the seats in the best manner possible, our collector continually keeping his eyes on the long flower-stems, and warning the boatmen not to crush them with their heels.

Now we come upon reaches where trees lean almost across the creek, and bush-ropes festoon them on either hand. Here *Brassias*, *Gongoras*, *Stanhopeas*,

and a wealth of small species are procured without much difficulty. Of these only the *Gongoras* provide themselves with ant garrisons, and have to be dipped to prevent our bateau becoming alive with these troublesome insects. It is the season for flowers. After the ripening of a long drought, the orchids produce their handsome and delicate blossoms on every hand, wherever sufficient light is obtainable. The flower-stems of the *Brassias* curve gracefully outward with a double row of primrose blossoms like a little procession of moths; the *Gongora* hangs its crimson grasshoppers on limp pendulous strings; the *Stanhopea eburnea* (called lady's slipper) pushes two or three large ivory-white flowers from below the leaves. Then there are the *Epidendrums* and *Brassavolas*, which are so plentiful that the bateau could be loaded with these alone. Like children, we gather the first we come to, and often throw them away a little later to make room for finer plants. Already our small craft begins to get crowded, and the boatmen are continually putting their feet on some of the choicest specimens in spite of the cautions and warnings of our collector.

But even now we do not find orchid collecting so very easy. Many a fine plant has to be left on account of its inaccessible position. Then, again, nests of the maribunta (the wasp of Guiana) often hang dangerously near to a coveted specimen, and warn off intruders. Sometimes these are not seen until the little insects are buzzing about our ears, and then there is nothing left but to get off as soon as possible. A nest which hangs in front of a fine *Brassia*, and effectually bars the way, is blown to bits by the gun of one of our party; then we secure the plant and paddle on before the homeless ones find out what is the matter. Sometimes lizards scamper away as a plant is grasped, and once a harmless snake glided across the hand of one of the negroes, making him cry out with fright. Another time a snake fell into the bateau, and made us all get out of its way until we found it was neither the dreaded labaria or rattler.

Our delays are so numerous that the boatmen begin to grumble. They can-



not understand what the "bucceras" want with the "parrer-sites," filling up the bateau and interfering with their comfort and movements. It is a long distance to our camping-ground, and night is coming on. Here all is swamp; there is not a dry spot for a dozen miles. We are therefore obliged to push on and leave the orchids alone for the present. Night soon comes, and although the moon helps us a little as we come into the open savannah, it is too far from full to enable us to distinguish the channel. In places the white water lilies almost choke the stream, reflecting the few rays of moonlight from their ivory petals. For miles on either side there is a wide lake, more or less choked with vegetation, only here and there broken by a few stunted shrubs or low trees which grow on the banks of the creek. By their aid we can generally find our way, but on several occasions are obliged to turn back after taking the wrong side. Now we get lost in the swamp, and the bateau is brought to a standstill by hummocks, the boatmen declaring they will lie down where they are and go no further. However, we manage at last to make them back out, and after a great deal of trouble again find ourselves in the stream. Finally, after a long spell of paddling, we arrive at our destination, put up our tarpaulin, light a fire, and after a good supper, lounge in our hammocks until, tired and weary, all drop off to sleep.

In the small hours of the morning we wake with a rattling din in our ears, and recognize at once that a tropical downpour of rain is coming. In a few moments it is upon us, and presently some water begins to drip into our hammocks. Owing to the darkness the tent was not drawn sufficiently tight, and the slope was also too little, so that it bulges with pools of water, which first drip through and then run down on us in streams. Then the hammock-ropes, which stretch from tree to tree, provide channels down which the rain percolates and soaks them at both ends. All are awake, feeling chilly and comfortless in the absence of the fire, which has been put out by the rain. Opening our umbrellas, we crouch down in the driest

spots and try to kindle a fire. Adonis goes out in the rain stark naked to find a few great logs, as the smaller brushwood is all soaked. After a lot of trouble we manage to get some pieces to kindle, and are soon enlivened by coffee and our pipes.

The rain still pours down, finding its way almost to our feet in little brooks which spread out into pools, leaving only a few inches here and there free from water. Outside all is dark, but the noise of the million great drops dashing on the canopy of foliage above our heads is almost deafening. At last the sun rises in all his glory; the rain is over, and we can move our cramped limbs. At the landing the bateau is half filled with water, and has to be baled out and mopped before we can use it. On the opposite shore of the creek and behind us rises the trackless forest with its wonderful trees, palms, and bush-ropes. Every bush alongside the stream is loaded with water ready to deluge the unwary at the slightest touch. One great leaf of a *Maranta* alone is enough to soak the sleeve that brushes against it, and any attempt to push through the dense assemblage of these plants means a thorough wetting in a few minutes.

Leaving, therefore, our excursions into the forest for a few hours, we take to the bateau, and proceed along the banks of the creek searching for those orchids which do not grow in its lower reaches. Thousands of *Brassavola angustata* and *Epidendrum nocturnum* decorate the trunks on either hand, their numbers making up for lack of individual grandeur. They are very pretty, with their white flowers arching over in great clusters, but our orchid hunter thinks little of them. Here and there a *Bifrenaria* or *Catasetum* is seen, and one of the former gives us some trouble to procure. It is attached to the stem of a small palm (*Bactris*), which grows in clumps and is so thickly set with needle-like spines as to be almost unapproachable. It is a veritable "touch-me-not," and it is only by a most careful chopping with the cutlass and lifting up with a stick that at last we get the orchid aboard.

Again moving onward we come to a narrow fringing line of trees, behind

which is a pretty savannah. With light on both sides this little natural plantation forms a congenial home for *Zygopetalum rostratum*. Extending up the trunks for several feet, at intervals pushing out a bunch of leaves and one or two flower stems, these orchids prevent that bareness which is so conspicuous generally in the dense forest. Their fine waxy-white flowers, tinged with crimson and striped with violet, alone reward us for our toilsome journey. At first we are so greedy that every plant is collected, but as one fine specimen after another comes into view it is seen that our bateau cannot hold half of them, so we have to be content with a few of the best.

Paddling a little farther we come into an open savannah, where the monotony of tall sedges is broken here and there by clumps and single specimens of the beautiful *eta* palm (*Mauritia flexuosa*). From below the crowns of some of these kings of the swamp depend bunches of green streamers which are soon recognized as the leaves of *Catasetum longifolium*. Of course we want a few of these for our collection, and notwithstanding the protests of the boatmen that it will be impossible to reach the trees, we resolve to try.

The first tree grows in the midst of a dense jungle of razor grass with a few shrubs, and can be seen very well from the creek. The ground is oozy but not covered with water, so we think it will be comparatively easy to get to the *eta* as it is only a hundred yards away. Landing therefore with Adonis, one of the party pushes his way into the dense thicket in what he supposes to be the right direction. The grasses and sedges are far above his head and he can see nothing, while the work of pushing through is most arduous. He dares not face the razor grass, but elbows himself along sideways, sometimes turning his back and bearing down everything before him by main force and weight. Soon he loses sight of the bateau and cannot see the palm, but still blunders on in the deep trench. Now he has gone far enough to reach the tree, but where is it? He changes his direction and pushes along for a few yards, first to the right and then to the left, but finds nothing. How

hot it is! The perspiration literally pours down his forehead, and even the negro begins to complain. At last he gives it up as a bad job and slowly returns to the bateau, finding his way easily on account of the displacement made in entering.

Where are the orchids? say we as our friend comes out looking crestfallen. On hearing that he cannot find the tree some of us begin to think we might do better. By standing up in the bateau it can be easily seen, so another of the party takes its bearings very carefully and says he will get to it by compass. He is soon at work making a new track, but after a much longer time than that spent in the first attempt is obliged to return unsuccessful. The compass was almost useless, as a very slight deviation from the line, which under the circumstances was unavoidable, led him away to one side.

By persevering we might probably have got to it at last, but having already waited long enough in the place without any shelter from the burning sun, we proceed onward. Now the swamp becomes more open, and yonder is another *eta* with the characteristic streamers of the orchid waving in the breeze. At first we hope to be able to paddle near enough, but even by the help of the negro boatmen, who get out and push us over the hummocks, we come to a standstill at some distance away. However, there is no question as to finding it this time, and Adonis steps overboard, slipping into mud, slime, and water, up to his middle, and sprawling flat in the water as he makes his first move. Two white men of the party follow, steadying themselves as best they can with the help of paddles. At first they wished to undress, but on account of the razor-grass this idea was abandoned.

Splashing, sprawling, slipping, and cutting their hands as they instinctively take hold of the sedge to save themselves, they at last arrive under the palm. Thirty feet above their heads are the large pseudo-bulbs, orange-scarlet flowers, and pendulous leaves of the coveted *Catasetum*. How are they to get it? Adonis climbs, and after several slips on account of his

slimy condition, gets near enough to grasp the orchid. Suddenly he comes down with a run holding a broken pseudo-bulb in his hand and crying, "A wood-slave! A wood slave!" Of course he got a scolding, first for getting frightened at a harmless lizard, and then for breaking the plant. However, there were several *Catasetums* on the tree, and it is determined that they must be obtained somehow.

Procuring an axe from the bateau Adonis is soon at work chopping at the palm trunk, his blows resounding almost as if they were striking an iron bar. At first little impression is made, but as the soft inner part of the trunk is reached every cut tells. Presently with a crash the great palm falls into the water, splashing us all over with mud and slime. Now for the orchids. Adonis cannot be trusted to remove them carefully, so the white men plunge their arms down into the water and feel for the pseudo-bulbs. After groping among the old leaf-stalks half a dozen good plants are obtained, one or two of them with fine spikes of flowers. In feeling for the orchids the collectors get covered with ants, and one of them has several of those large hairy spiders called tarantulas crawling about his neck. Fortunately they are brushed off before they have inflicted any of those venomous nips which are reported to be almost dangerous. The spoils are brought to the bateau and we proceed back to camp well pleased with the morning's work.

After breakfast we try to walk along the bank of the creek, but find it impossible to go far on account of the dense jungle. In the forest aback of our camp progress is comparatively easy, but there are no orchids to be obtained here. Far up in the treetops one or two may be seen, but they are practically unattainable, so it is useless thinking about them although we are desirous of getting a few specimens of the thick-leaved *Oncidium Lanceanum*. Even Adonis, who professes to be a good climber, has to admit that they are beyond his reach.

In the afternoon we again start up the creek. After an hour's paddling the stream narrows more and more until it runs through a tunnel of foliage,

and we have to be continually ducking our heads to avoid the tangle of bush-ropes and overhanging branches. Here there are no orchids, but now and again where there is a break, the light penetrates and allows a few plants to exist. In one such place we see a plant which is so desirable that in spite of all difficulties we are determined to secure it. Fastened to a bush-ropes thirty feet above our heads is an oval mass of roots crowned with leaves which we recognize as the "baboon's throat" (*Coryanthes macrantha*). Hanging downward is a pair of cup-like flowers, the colors of which shine brilliantly in the sunlight, almost fascinating in their loveliness and wonderful shapes.

Provided above all other orchids with a strong garrison of ants in its mass of aerial roots, the greatest caution is needed if we are not to be severely bitten. The bateau is, therefore, drawn up stream and Adonis set to climb a tree with his cutlass. From a branch extending over the creek, he reaches the bush rope above the plant and quickly chops it off. Down it falls, and as the mass of roots is wetted thousands of great black ants come out and float down the stream. Cutting a long stick, we push the whole plant under water, every air bubble bringing up a crowd of ants. They try to crawl along the stick, but by frequently dipping this under water we keep them out of the bateau.

At last the plant is well soaked and clear of its garrison, and we are able to take it from the water. It is now near sunset, and we return to camp very well pleased with our success so far. The tent has been put right, plenty of dry sticks brought together, and after a good meal we are prepared to spend a quiet evening. Lying in our hammocks we listen to the continual hum of nocturnal insects, and fortunately have no need to trouble about them as there are no mosquitoes in the neighborhood. Now and again an owl or a goat sucker flies across, uttering its weird cries, but otherwise the quiet is unbroken.

The negro boatmen keep up a continual chattering which they are prepared to lengthen out until the small hours of the morning if we do not

check them. They boast of their mighty achievements in hunting and fishing, and their rather shady transactions with different employers. "I'm a man that don't make fun," one of them says, as he gives an account of some of his experiences where he had played both cheat and bully. Another gives a story of his meeting an enormous snake, which according to his own statement he killed, but more probably got away from as soon as possible. In their own opinion they are superior to any other race: the Indian is a savage, the Hindoo a heathen, the Chinaman eats dogs, and as for the European the negro could beat him hollow if he had fair play.

After a good night's rest we proceed to walk across a pretty savannah where the rosy *Cleistes* is in full flower and is eagerly pounced upon. A little farther on we come to rising ground and presently white sand begins to crop out here and there between dense clumps of low bushes. Perched on these are many plants of the less showy kinds with here and there a specimen of *Paphinia cristata*, *Burlingtonia candida*, or *Senticaria Steelii*. On the open patches of sand are great numbers of *Catasetum discolor* and that large and showy species *Cyrtopodium Andersonii*. Like the epiphytes, many of these have ants' nests about the roots which give us trouble to dislodge before we can safely handle them. Wandering about over the *mourie*, as it is called, we get lost in the maze. One clump of bushes is so like another that we might search for hours without finding a way out. Fortunately the sand is loose and our footprints are well marked, so after a little difficulty we retrace our steps and get to the bateau heavily laden and almost worn out with the hot glare from sand-reef and savannah.

After a little rest the tent is taken down, the hammocks packed, and we commence our return journey down

the creek. The bateau is so loaded with plants that we have great difficulty in finding room to sit without crushing them. However, the greedy collector is not yet satisfied, but keeps his eyes on every likely bush and overhanging tree we pass. Only one new species, *Diacrium bicornutum*, rewarded his vigilance, and having collected a few specimens of this we proceed onward. Presently one after another began to feel painful nips about the ankles, and searching for the cause we find the bateau swarming with ants. Where do they come from? The orchids were well soaked and appeared quite free when packed. Those plants of *Diacrium* look suspicious. Yes, they are swarming with the little pests, although they have no great mass of roots to harbor them. We look a little closer and find that every pseudo-bulb is hollow, and into this natural shelter the ants find an entrance through a crack at the base. There they live and thrive, effectually guarding the plant in return for house accommodation.

Giving the plants a dip in the creek, which, however, does not dislodge the ants altogether, we proceed onward, the current floating us gently along without much paddling. As we have now a good collection, some fine plants of species already in the bateau are neglected, and the boatmen drive on as fast as possible. As we near the mouth of the creek, the tide running out makes the current so strong, that if we wanted to stop it would be almost impossible. Bend after bend is passed, the men at the bow and stern keeping the bateau well in the stream and away from the thorny bushes, until with a final rush we are out in the Demerara river, soon to reach Georgetown. Here the orchids will be placed on trees in our garden, some to live and thrive for years, others to die in uncongenial situations, and illustrate the survival of the fittest.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



## AN ANARCHIST MEETING IN SCOTLAND.

BY DAVID WATSON.

THE meeting was held in a hall situated right in the midst of a teeming industrial population. I arrived early and selected a place of vantage, whence I could scan the features of each fresh arrival. One by one they drop in, haggard and hungry-looking, low-browed, hollow-cheeked, fierce-eyed.

As we watch these haggard, wild-looking men assembling, we think involuntarily of Carlyle's lurid flame-pictures of Revolutionary Paris. We are reminded of his immortal description of the Procession of Deputies. Is that keen-looking, quick-moving individual, "with the face of dingy black-guardism wondrously irradiated with genius," the Camille Desmoulins of the coming revolution? Is that gaunt, atrabilious being destined to be its Robespierre? Is that other, that brawny giant, fated to play the part of a second Danton?

Still they come, in moleskin and fus-tian and mufflers galore—iron-workers, laborers, factory hands—the unmistakable proletariat of our country. Two hundred or so are now gathered. That they are not all Anarchists is evident from the humming debates that go on all around. The Socialists, who are at daggers drawn with the Anarchists, are here in force, for it is an open meeting. The Independent Labor Party is also represented. At length, the clock of a neighboring church strikes eight. Then a swarthy-visaged young man steps on to the platform. Is he going to speak? No; without a word of explanation, he begins to sing the "New Marseillaise":—

"Ye Sons of Freedom, wake! 'tis morning,  
'Tis time from slumber to arise;  
On high the reddened sun gives warning  
That day is here, the black night flies—  
That day is here, the black night flies,  
And will ye lie in sleep for ever?  
Shall tyrants always crush ye down?  
Lo! they have reaped and ye have sown:  
The time has come your bonds to sever.

*Chorus.* "To arms! To arms again!  
The red flag waves on high!  
March on, march on!  
With sword in hand, march on!  
March on to liberty!

"Long have ye heard your children weeping,  
For bread they cry in vain to you.  
Why do ye lie there dreaming, sleeping,  
When there is work and deeds to do?  
When there is work and deeds to do?  
Your lords and masters pile their plunder,  
They feast and prey and do not spare,  
But from your weary toil and care  
They wring the wealth at which ye wonder.

*Chorus.* "To arms," etc.

Then our Danton ascends the tribune, and, removing his briar-root from his lips, begins in stentorian tones to sing in French:—

"Que demande un républicain?  
La liberté du genre humain;  
Le pic dans les cachots,  
La torche dans les châteaux,  
Et la paix aux chaumières.  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
Et la paix aux chaumières,  
Vive le son du canon.

*Chorus.* "Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon.

"Que demande un républicain?  
Du fer, du plomb, aussi du pain.  
Du fer pour travailler,  
Du plomb pour sa venger  
Et du pain pour ses frères,  
Vive le son, vive le son,  
Et du pain pour ses frères,  
Vive le son du canon.

*Chorus.* "Dansons," etc.

The audience joined with tremendous energy in the chorus of both of these songs. Their familiarity with the French language amazed me. I have not given the songs in full. Some of the verses were too blasphemous to print here.

The songs ended, a pale faced, black-bearded, well-dressed man mounts the platform amid applause and harangues the meeting. He is the leading orator to-night—evidently a Cockney. We shall call him M. He has just been liberated, after doing eighteen months in prison "for the workman's cause," he says; "for inciting to murder," says the press. There is a studied self-restraint in his manner, due perhaps to a vivid recollection of his residence and occupation during the past eigh-

teen months. Occasionally he forgets himself in a wild burst of indignation against some real or imaginary wrong, but on the whole he is quiet, trenchant, determined. In that still dark eye of his the lightnings are sleeping. His oration is a stream of vitriol mingled with gall, burning and blistering as it goes. No authority, sacred or civil, divine or human, is spared. But the *bourgeoisie* fare worst. The aristocracy are hardly mentioned, the House of Lords is never referred to, but the vocabulary of scorn and abuse is exhausted and poured out, a sevenfold vial, on the doomed head of the detested capitalist. And, doubtless, herein the Anarchists are wise in their generation, for the great barrier to revolution in these islands is none other than the *bourgeoisie*, the prosperous middle classes.

"The name Anarchists," says our orator, "was never invented by us, but has been bestowed upon us by our enemies as a term of reproach, just as the names Whig, Tory, and Christian were originally bestowed. Yet we frankly adopt the title. It expresses our aims. Anarchy means no rule, or without rule, and that is our idea of society. There should be no rule or authority over men. Every man should have liberty to do as he likes. 'Call no man master,' said Jesus Christ, Himself an Anarchist. If Christ were on earth now, He would probably be arrested for not having any visible means of support."

Here is given an account of the Russian Nihilist, Michael Bakunin, the father of modern Anarchy. "Society," M. proceeds, "is wholly rotten and corrupt, just as the old Roman world was before the Christian era. Of every three pounds earned by the workman, two are stolen by those who work not. The life of the proletariat is not worth living. It is slavery and starvation. Too long have they endured dumbly, or intoxicated themselves spiritually or spirituously to forget their misery. We will wait no longer for a heaven of bliss hereafter. We are determined to have it now. We are resolved to have our share of the good things, and our only way of securing these is by the destruction of

society as presently constituted. There is no help for the working-classes until society is destroyed. When I was in prison (applause) they gave me a Bible to read. I am surprised they entrusted me with such a book—a book which describes how Jael killed Sisera and Ehad assassinated Egion—a book which preaches death to tyrants and tyranny. It is a book for Anarchists and Revolutionaries."

He ends his speech with a stirring appeal to his audience to throw in their lot with the sacred cause of Anarchy. Other two songs are sung, from which I quote the following verses:—

"Ye poor of wealthy England  
Who starve and sweat and freeze,  
By labor sore to fill the store  
Of those who live at ease;  
'Tis time you know your real friends,  
To face your real foe,  
And to fight for your right  
Till ye lay your masters low;  
Small hope for you of better days  
Till ye lay your masters low."

"We'll drive the robbers from our lands, our meadows, and our hills;  
We'll drive them from our warehouses, our workshops, and our mills;  
We'll make them fare upon their bonds, their bank-books, and their bills  
As we go marching to liberty."

Chorus.

"Hurrah! hurrah! in freedom's van are we;  
Hurrah! hurrah! we march to liberty,  
To the cities of the Commune and the glorious time to be,  
Carrying the red flag to victory."

Questions are now invited. One rises in the audience and asks—"Is Anarchy essentially atheistic?"

"No," is the reply; "there are Christian Anarchists, like Tolstoï, but we must admit that all our leaders are Atheists. Few men become Anarchists until they have been emancipated from all religion and superstition. Voltaire was no Atheist. He regarded the belief in the Divine Existence as so essential to the well-being of society that if God did not exist, he said it 'would be necessary to create Him.' We Anarchists, on the other hand, say with Bakunin, that 'if God exists it will be necessary to destroy Him,' so that there may be no being higher than man."

Second question: "Would you advise us to march away now, and blow up the principal public buildings?"

"No; we hope to bring about the revolution in a peaceable way; but if not, then in the way of Ravachol, Vailant, and Henri."

Third question: "After the destruction of society what do you propose to do?"

"That is not our present concern. We shall leave that to the future."

Here it becomes almost ludicrously apparent that Anarchy has no programme for the reconstruction of society—its only word is "Destroy."

Fourth question: "What methods do you recommend for furthering the aims of Anarchy?"

"We recommend two—a universal strike, and an anti-rent movement. Throw down your tools, pay no more rent, and the goal is won."

"How are these to be initiated?" cautiously inquires a hard-headed Aberdonian. No satisfactory answer is given to this question, M. going off again in general denunciation of society.

The suggestions strike one as being very much in the nature of an anticlimax. They sound somewhat disappointing after the glowing rhetoric and the blood-thirsty songs. Anarchy working peaceably and constitutionally for social regeneration is Anarchy no longer.

Another revolutionary song, "The Red Flag," and the meeting is over.

But what remains behind? If such things are said and sung in open meeting what may not be done in secret conclave? Do the various Anarchist groups exist for the express purpose of studying chemistry and manufacturing bombs? or do they meet simply to study Anarchist doctrines and encourage each other? Anarchy is professedly Atheistic, anti-Christian, and anti-social. It is the negation of all government, the destruction of society, the annihilation of all law and order. Therefore, we might add, it stands self-condemned. And so we might contemptuously dismiss it. But that would be folly. For, whatever may be uncertain, of this we are sure, that Anarchy, after all, is mainly a symptom—an alarming symptom. Just as a carbuncle proclaims disorder in the human body, so Anarchy proclaims some disorder in the body politic. The first thing needed is a careful diagnosis of the disease; the second, prompt and skilful treatment. The industrial classes of Great Britain are only awakening to a sense of their power. Once they fully realize it, will they abuse it? I do not believe they will. Great social changes may be at hand, but the great heart of the people is yet sound, and the working-classes in the main hate Anarchy with a perfect hatred.—*Good Words.*

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MRS. MARTIN'S COMPANY.

BY MISS JANE BARLOW.

MRS. MARTIN lived down a high-banked lane, which, as it led no whither in particular, was subject to little traffic, and which she occupied all by herself, though her cabin stood the middle one in a row of three. You could see at a glance that the left-hand dwelling was vacant, for the browned thatch had fallen in helplessly, and the rafters stuck up through it like the ribs of a stranded wreck. The other was less obviously deserted; still its plight could be easily perceived in weedy threshold and cobweb curtained window. It testified strongly to the lonesomeness of

the neighborhood that no child had yet enjoyed the bliss of sending a stone crash through the flawed greenish pane. Both of them had, in fact, been empty for many months. From the ruined one the Egan family had gone piecemeal, following each other westward in detachments, until even the wrinkled parents were settled in California, where they blinked by day at the strange fierce sunshine, and dreamed by night back again under the soft-shadowed skies of the old country. Soon after that, the O'Keefes had made a more abrupt flitting from next door,

departing on the same day, all together, except little Kate and Joe, whose death of the fever was what had "given their poor mother, the crathur, a turn like agin the place." Since then no new tenants had succeeded them in the row, which was, to be sure, out of the way, and out of repair, and not in any respect a desirable residence.

The loss of her neighbors was a very serious misfortune to Mrs. Martin, as she had long depended upon them for a variety of things, which she would have herself summed up in the term "company." She had been early widowed and left quite alone in the world, so that through most of the inexorable years which turned an eager-eyed girl into a regretful-looking little old woman, she had found herself obliged to seek much of her interest in life outside her own small domestic circle—all forlorn centre. This was practicable enough while she lived under one thatch with two large families, who were friendlily content that their solitary neighbor should take cognizance of their goings out and comings in. Upon occasion, indeed, she had unforebodingly grumbled that the young Egons and O'Keefes "had her moidhered wid the whillaballoo they would be risin' continyal." But when they were gone a terrible blank and silence filled up their place, as well might be, since her kind had thus suddenly receded far beyond her daily ken. A weary Irish mile intervened between her and the nearest cottages of Clonmacreevagh, and it was only "of a very odd while" her rheumatics had allowed her to hobble that far, even to Mass. Seldom or never now did she make her way at all down the windings of the lane, where the grass from its tall banks encroached monthly more and more upon the ancient ruts; and other passengers were hardly less infrequent. The lands about lay waste, or in sheep-walks, so that there was nothing to bring farm-carts and horses and men lumbering and plodding along it, and to attract anybody else what was there but a mournful little old woman in a dark cavernous kitchen, where the only bright objects were the fire-blink and the few bits of shining crockery on the dresser, which she had not often the

heart these times to polish up? So week out and week in, never a foot went past her door, as a rule with just one exception.

Michael O'Toole, a farmer on the townland, did her the kindness of letting his cart drive out of its way every Saturday and leave at her house the "loaves and male and grains of tay," which her lameness would have otherwise made it difficult for her to come by. This was, of course, a great convenience, and ensured her one weekly caller. But, unluckily for her, Tim Doran the carter was a man quite singularly devoid of conversational gifts, and so grimly unsociable besides, that her provisions might almost as well have been washed up by the sea, or conveyed to her by inarticulate ravens. If he possibly could, he would always dump down the parcels on the road before her door, and jog along hurriedly unaccosted; and though Mrs. Martin could generally prevent that by keeping a lookout for him, she never succeeded in attaining to the leisurely gossip after which she hungered. Beyond monosyllables Tim would not go, and the poor little wiles by which she sought to inveigle him into discourse failed of detaining him as signally as if they had been gossamer threads stretched across his road. She had so often tried, for instance, to lengthen his halt by telling him she thought "the horse was after pickin' up a stone," that at last he ceased even to glance at the beast's feet for verification, but merely grunted and said: "Oh, git along out of that, mare." Then the mud-splashed blue cart, and sorrel horse, and whity-brown jacket, would pass out of sight round the turn of the lane, and the chances were that she would not again set eyes on a human face, until they reappeared jogging from the opposite direction that day week.

In the long afternoons, which sometimes began for her before twelve o'clock if she got expeditiously through her "readin' up," the lag-foot hours seemed dismally empty, and during them she was especially prone to crown her sorrow with memories of her happier things: of the time when she need only slip out at her own door, and in at Mrs. Egan's or Mrs. O'Keefe's, if



she wanted plenty of company, and when "themselves or the childer would be runnin' in to her every minute of the day. If there was nothin' else," she mused, "the crathurs of hins and chuckens foostherin' about the place looked a thrifle gay like." Mrs. Martin herself kept no fowl, for "how would she get hobblin' after them, if they tuk to strayin' on her?" And she had attempted vainly to adopt the O'Keefes' cat, which became unsettled in its mind upon the departure of its late owners, and at length roamed desperately away into unknown regions. Thus, nowadays, when the little old woman gazed listlessly over her half-door, all she could see was the quiet green bank across the road, with perhaps a dingy white sheep inanely nibbling atop. Then she would sometimes feel at first as if it were only a dreary Sunday or holiday, when the silence and solitude being caused by her neighbors' absence at Mass would end on their return; but presently she would be stricken with the recollection that they were irrevocably gone, and that, watch as long as she might, she would never more hear their voices grow louder and clearer coming up the lane, preluding their appearance anon, a cheerful company, round the turn fast by.

One afternoon, however, her hopeless lookout did result in something pleasant. It was a Christmas Eve, and dull, chilly weather, overclouded with fleecy gray, thinned here and there into silvery dimness, a sheath from which a fiery rose might flush at sunset. She was just turning away with a shiver from the draughty door when she caught a glimpse of Father Gilmore's long coat flapping between the banks. It was a welcome sight, which she had missed through six tedious months and more, for his Reverence, after a severe illness in the spring, had been somehow provided with funds to go seek lost health abroad, and had fared southward upon that quest. His travels, indeed, seemed to have been inconceivably extended. When to Mrs. Martin's question: "And was your Riverence, now, anythin' as far as Paris?" he replied, with a touch of triumph, "A long step *further*," her

imagination recoiled from so wild a track, and she could only stare at him as if astonished to see no visible traces of such wanderings, except maybe a slight tawny tinge like the rust-wraith of many hot sunbeams, superimposed on the normal greenish hue of his well-worn cloth.

Father Gilmore spared her half an hour of delightful discourse, to which his own foreign adventures and the home news from Clonmacreevagh gave an animated flow. But when Mrs. Martin's turn came to give an account of herself the conversation fell into a minor key. And the theme that ran through all her despondence was the plaint that she did be terrible short of company. "She had middlin' good health, barrin' the rheumatiz, thanks be to God, but sure she did be cruel lonesome. It's lost she was there, wid niver sight nor sound of man or mortal from mornin' till night; she might as well be an ould wether left fallen in a gripe for all she seen or heard of anythin'." 'Deed now 'twas just the one way wid her as wid the waft of smoke there up her ould chimney that went fluttherin' out on the width of the air, and sorra another breath anywheres nigh it, since ever the crathurs quit. Many a mornin' she'd scarce the heart to be puttin' a light to her fire at all, she was that fretted, ay be-dad, she was so."

To these laments Father Gilmore listened with a patience made more difficult by his consciousness that he could suggest no remedy of the practically appropriate sort which is to general consolatory propositions as a close and cordial hearth-glow to the remote and mocking sunshine of a wintry sky. If you want to warm your cold hands those league-long flames some millions of miles away are so much less immediately to the purpose than your neighboring screed of ruddy coals. This drifted mistily through his mind, as for lack of a more satisfactory remark he said: "You wouldn't think of moving into the town?" But he was well aware that he had spoken foolishly, even before Mrs. Martin answered: "Ah, your Riverence, how would I, so to spake, be runnin' me head out from under me penny of rint?" For

her husband, a gamekeeper up at the Big House of the parish, had lost his life by accident at a shooting party, and the family had pensioned off his widow with five weekly shillings and her cabin rent free.

"True for you, Mrs. Martin," said Father Gilmore, standing up. "But sure, lonely or no, we're all under the protection of God Almighty, and I've brought you a little ornament for your room." Mrs. Martin's eyes sparkled at the last clause of his sentence, while he took out of his pocket a small parcel, and began to strip off its wrappages, which were many folds of bluish tissue-paper, with layers of gray-green dried grass between. "The man I got it from at Marseilles," he said, "told me a lot of them came from Smyrna, and I never stirred these papers that were on it, thinkin' I mightn't be able to do it up so well again. I only hope it's not broke on us." As the thin sheets and light grass-wisps fell off, the blast whistling under the door-sill whisked them about the uneven floor, and Mrs. Martin drew in her breath expectantly. At last the treasure was discovered in perfect preservation, an alabaster statuette of the Virgin, some two fingers high.

I do not know that it was a very fine work of art, but at worst you cannot easily make anything ugly out of alabaster. The Child lay placidly asleep, and the Mother looked young and happy and benignant. For a few moments Mrs. Martin's admiration was quite incoherent, and when she found words Father Gilmore sought to stem the tide of ecstatic gratitude by saying, "And where will you put it? Why, here's a niche looks as if it might have been made for it." The place he pointed to was a little recess beneath a tiny window-slit, formed partly by design, but enlarged by the chance falling out of a fragment from the stone-and-mud wall. A long ray, slanted from the clearing west, reached through the half-door, quivered across the dark room, and just touched the white figure as he set it down. Against the background of grimy wall it shone as if wrought of rosed snow.

"Bedad, then, it's there I'll keep her, and nowhere else," said the little

old woman, and he left her in rapt contemplation. As he trudged home he felt sure that his few francs had been well bestowed, and his conviction strengthened with each tedious twist of the deserted ways which lay between Mrs. Martin and her company. By the time he had gained his own house his uppermost thought was a regret that such a trifle had been all he could do for the poor ould dacint body—the Lord might pity her.

It was, however, by no means a trifle to the poor old body herself. For the first few days after her acquisition of the image it took up a wonderful deal of her time and thoughts. Even when she was not standing at gaze in front of it she but seldom lost it from her sight. Her eyes were continually turning toward the niche, whence it seemed strangely to dominate the room. Its clear whiteness made a mark for the feeblest gleam of ebbing daylight or fading embers; it was the last object to be muffled under bat's-wing gloom, and the first to creep back when morning glimmered in again. She dusted it superfluously many times a day, with a proud pleasure always somewhat dashed by the remembrance that she could exhibit it to no neighbors, who would say, with variations, "Ah! glory be among us, Mrs. Martin, ma'am, but that's rael iligant entirely. Och woman, dear, did you ever see the like of that now at all, at all?"

Still, the most marvellous piece of sculpture ever chiselled would probably betray deficiencies if adopted as one's sole companion in life; and Mrs. Martin's little statuette had obvious shortcomings when so regarded. As the winter wore on the weight of her solitude pressed more and more heavily. The bad weather increased her isolation. Some days there were of bitter frost and snow, and some of streaming rain, and many of wild wind. Once or twice Tim Doran brought her a double supply of provisions, and did not return for a fortnight, and then she felt indeed cut adrift. By and by her vague disconsolateness began to take shape in more definite terrors. She was beset with surmises of ill-disposed vagrants tramping that way to practise unforbidden on her wretched

life, and she crept trembling to and from the pool where she filled her water-can. Or ghostly fears overcame her, and she thought at night that she heard the little dead children keening in the deserted room next door, and that mysterious shadows went past the windows, and unseen hands rattled the latch. But through all her shifting mist of trouble the alabaster Virgin shone on her steadily with just a ray of consolation. Every night she said her Rosary before the niche, and almost always her devotions ended in a prayer of her own especial wishing and wording.

"Ah, Lady dear," she would say, "wouldn't you think now to be sendin' me a bit of company? me that's left as disolit as the ould top of Slieve Moyneran this great while back. Ah, wouldn't you then, me Lady? Sure if that's a thrue likeness of you at all, there's the look on you that it's plased you'd be to do a poor body e'er a good turn, ay, is there, bedad. And I couldn't tell you the comfort 'twould be to me, not if I was all night tellin'. Just a neighbor droppin' in now and agin, acushla, I wouldn't make bold to ax you for them to be livin' convenient alongside of me the way they was. Sure I know the roof's quare and bad, and 'twas small blame to them they quit; but to see an odd sight of one, Lady jewel, if it wouldn't go agin you to contrive that much. Ah, darlint, supposin' it was only a little ould poor ould wisp of a lone woman the same as meself, it's proud I'd be to behold her; or if it was Crazy Christy, that does be talkin' foolish, the crathur, troth, all's one, the sound of the voice spakin' 'ud be plisant to hear, no matter what ould blathers he tuk the notion to be gabbin'. For it's unnathural still and quiet here these times, Lady dear, wid sorra a livin' sowl comin' next or nigh me ever. But sure 'tis the lonesome house you kep' yourself, Lady dear, one while, and belike you'll remember it yet, for all you've got back your company agin, ay have you, glory be to God. And wid the help of the Lord it's slippin' over I'll be meself one of these days to them that's gone from me, and no fear but I'll have the grand company then. Only it's the

time between whiles does be woeful long and dhrary-like. So if you wouldn't think too bad, Lady honey, to send me the sight of a crathur—" Thus she rambled on piteously, but in answer seemed to come nothing more companionable than the wide-winged gusts of the night wind roving the great grass lands at the back of her cabin where the tiny window-slit peered out. And day followed day with not a step or voice.

It was on a mild-aired morning midway in February that Mrs. Martin, when dusting her precious image, noticed a vivid green speck dotted on the gray wall near its foot. Looking closer, she saw two atoms of leaves pricked up through the cracked mud, belonging no doubt to some seedling weed, she thought, and she would have brushed them away had not some other trifle just then diverted her attention. A few days afterward, when she happened again to take heed of them, they were crowning a slender shoot, fledged with other delicate leaflets, film-frail, and semi-transparent. She thought the little spray looked pretty and "off the common," and next morning she was pleased to see that it had crept a bit further on the dark wall. Thenceforward she watched its growth with a deep interest. It thrived apace. Every day showed a fresh unfolding of leaf-buds and lengthening of stalks, which seemed to climb with a purpose, as if moved by a living will. Their goal was indeed the narrow chink which let a wedge of light slant in just above the Virgin's glistening head, and in making for it they caught boldly at anything that offered tendril-hold. One morning the little old woman untwisted a coil of fairy cordage that was encircling the Virgin's feet, and often after this she had to disengage the figure from the first beginnings of wreathings and windings among which it would speedily have disappeared. As it was, they soon filled up the niche with a tangled greenery, and overflowed in long trails and festoons drooping to the floor. Never was there a carved shrine wrought with such intricate traceries. When the early-rising sun struck in through them, the floor was flecked with the wavering shadows of

the small fine leaves, while they themselves took a translucent vividness of hue that might have been drawn from wells of liquid chrysoprase and beryl; and amid the bower of golden-green steadily glimmered the white-stoled Virgin.

All this was the work of but a few weeks, scarcely stepping over the threshold of Spring. The little old woman watched its progress with pleasure and astonishment. She had never, she said, seen the like of any such a thing before. As the wonder grew, she felt more and more keenly the lack of some one to whom she might impart it. She did try to tell Tim Doran, but the opposite turf-bank would not have received the intelligence much more blankly, and could not have grunted with such discouraging indifference in reply. The man, she thought bitterly, was "as stupid as an ould blind cow. If you tould him you had the Queen of Egypt and the Lord Lieutenant sittin' in there colloquin' be the fire, he wouldn't throuble himself to take a look in at the door." However, no less stolid listeners were forthcoming. Father Gilmore was paying the penalty for his ill-timed return to northern climes in a series of bad colds, and the other neighbors never set foot up the lane.

At last she bethought her of communicating with Father Gilmore by a letter, which Tim Doran might carry, and she laboriously composed one in time for his next weekly call. Whether he would deliver it or not was a point which his manner left doubtful; but he actually did so. Mrs. Martin's letter was "scrawmed" on a bit of coarse brown paper, which, when I saw it some time ago, still smelt so pungently of tea, that I think it must have wrapped one of her parcels. The writing on it ran as follows:—

"Your Reverence. Hopin' this finds you in good health, thanks be to God. Plase your Reverence, the Quarest that ever you witnessed has got clamberin' inside on the wall. I dunno what at all to say to it; never the like of it I seen. But the creelin' of it and the crawlin' of it would terrify you. Makin' offers now and agin it does be to smother the Houly Virgin, but sure I'd be long sorry to let it do that bad thrick, after all the goodness of your Reverence. And I was thinkin' this long

while your Reverence might be maybe step-pin' our way yourself some day, for creepin' over all before it is every minute of time. Such a terrible quare thing I never heard tell of, and the sorra another sowl except meself have I about the place.

"Your obedient,

"MARY MARTIN."

This letter caused Father Gilmore considerable uneasiness, for it filled him with misgivings about the mental condition of the writer. Her account of "the Quarest that ever you witnessed," sounded, he feared, painfully like the hallucinations of a mind dis-tempered by over long solitude. "Indeed it's no way for the poor ould body to be left, if one could help it," he mused. Even in his meditations I am sure that Father Gilmore must have used his soft southern brogue—"I've thought many a time it was enough to drive her demented—and now there's some quare sort of delusion she's taken into her head, that's plain, goodness pity her. I'd have done right to go see after her before this, as I was intendin', only somethin' always happened to hinder me."

He was determined now against any further delay, and he set out that very afternoon to visit his afflicted parishioner. The expedition was rather formidable to him, as he had a natural shrinking from stormy scenes, and he fully expected that he would find poor little Mrs. Martin if not downright "raving in no small madness," at least laboring under some frightful delusion, in the shape, apparently, of a hideous monster infesting her abode. This prospect made him so nervously apprehensive that he was glad to fall in with a small youth, one Paddy Greer, who seemed inclined to accompany him upon his walk. All the way along, between the greening hedges of the lane, he remonstrated with himself for letting the gossoon share unwittingly in such an errand, yet he could not make up his mind to dismiss Paddy, or to feel otherwise than relieved by the continued bare-foot patter at his side.

But his relief was far greater when on reaching the cabin he saw its mistress in her little green plaid shawl and black skirt and white cap, standing at her door among the long westerling sunbeams, without any signs of excitement



or aberration in her demeanor; and his mind grew quite easy when he ascertained that the creeping thing indoors was no horrible phantasmal reptile, but only a twining tapestry of bright leaves and sprays, which trailed a fold of Spring's garment into the dark-cornered room. Still, satisfactorily as the matter had been cleared up from his former point of view, he could suggest nothing to lessen Mrs. Martin's wonder at the mysterious appearance of the creeper on her wall. His acquaintance with such things was slight, and he merely had an impression that the fashion of the delicately luxuriant foliage seemed unfamiliar to him. So he promised to return on the morrow with the national school-teacher, who was reputed a knowledgeable man about plants. Before that came to pass, however, Mrs. Martin had another visitor. For little Paddy ran home to his mother with the news that "the Widdy Martin was after showin' his Reverence a green affair she had stuck up on her wall, and that he said it was rale super-exthornary altogether, and he'd get Mr. Colclough to it." At that hearing the curiosity of Paddy's mother incited her to call without losing a moment at Mrs. Martin's house, where she inspected the marvellous growth as well as the falling twilight permitted, and admired the gracious-looking little image quite to its owner's content. Thus Mrs. Martin enjoyed a sociable cup of tea, and an enthralling gossip, which sent her to bed that evening in much better spirits than usual.

Next morning arrived Father Gilmore with the schoolmaster, who was unable to identify the strange creeper, but called its appearance a phenomenon, which seemed somehow to take the edge off the admission of ignorance. His failure only served to heighten a sense of awe and wonderment among several of the neighbors, who also looked in on her during the day. For the village rapidly filled with reports of "the big wrathe of green laves that was windin' itself round the Widdy Martin's grand image of the Blessed Virgin, and it inside on her wall, mind you, where 'twould be a surprisin' thing to see e'er a plant settlin' to grow at all." And about the same time they

discovered that the Widdy's house was "no such great way to spake of onst you turned down the lane; you could tramp it aisy in a little better than ten minutes or so from the corner, if you had a mind." In the days which followed numbers of them were so minded, vastly to the comfort of the little old woman, who welcomed them with unbounded joy, and as many cups of tea as she could by any means compass. She harbored no resentment on the score of their long and dreary defection. That was all ended at last. For as the spring weather mellowed into April, and the imprisoned creeper daily flung out profuser sprays and tendril-spirals, the fame of it spread far and wide over the townland, until its habitation became quite a place of resort. So many people now turned down the lane that they soon wore a track, which you could see distinctly if you looked along a stretch of its grass-grown surface. The Doctor came, and the District Inspector, and the Protestant clergyman. Even "higher-up Quality" arrived, and satin-coated steeds have been seen tossing their silver-crested blinkers at the little old woman's door under the supervision of grooms resplendently polished. Seldom or never in these times had she to weary through a long, lonely afternoon; more often she held a crowded reception, when the clack of tongues and clatter of thick-rimmed delft cups sounded cheerily in her kitchen. They scared away all her fears of tramps and ghosts; and she no longer ended her Rosary with mournful petitions for company. Her company had duly assembled.

Toward the beginning of June a fresh development of the marvel occurred, for then the creeper blossomed. Thickly clustered bunches of pale green buds broke swiftly into fantastic curvethroated bugles of a clear-glowing apricot color, which made gleams as of beaded light in the dark places where they unsheathed themselves. Mrs. Martin said it looked "like as if somebody was after tyin' knots in a ray of the sunshine." Just at this crisis a Professor from one of the Queen's Colleges, chancing to be in the neighborhood, was brought to pronounce upon

the case. As behooved a learned man, he gave it an ugly name, which we may ignorantly forget, and he said that it belonged to a species of plants, rare even in its far-off Oriental habitat, but totally unexampled beneath these northern skies.

However, soon after he had gone, leaving no luminous wake behind him, the little old woman made a brilliant discovery. It was on that same evening, while she was drinking tea with a few of her good gossips, for whom she entertained as strong a regard as did Madam Noah in the ancient Morality. Naturally enough, the "quareness" and general inscrutability of the strange creeper had been under discussion, when Mrs. Martin suddenly said: "Ah! women, dear, what talk have we then at all, at all? Sure now it's come clear in me own mind this instant minute that whatever it may be, 'twas the Virgin herself, Heaven bless her, set it growin' there wid itself, just o' purpose to be fetchin' me in me company. For, signs on it, ne'er a day there is since folk heard tell of it, that there doesn't be some comin' and goin' about the place, and makin' it plisant and gay like. And sorra a thing else is it brought them, except to be seein' the quare new plant; aye, bedad, 'twas them twistin' boughs on it streeled the whole lot along in here to me, same as if they were a manner of landin'-net. And sure wasn't I moidherin' her every night of me life to be sendin' me some company? 'Deed was I so, and be the same token ne'er a word of thanks have I thought of sayin' to her, after her takin' the throuble to conthrive it that-away, more shame for me, but I was that tuk up wid it all."

"Thru for you, Mrs. Martin, ma'am," said Mrs. Brennan; "aiten bread 's soon forgotten, as the sayin' is. Howane'er there's nothin' liker

than that that was the way of it as you say. What else 'ud be apt to make it go clamber all round the image of her, as if 'twas her belongin'? And didn't the gintleman tell you 'twas nothin' that grows be rights next or nigh this counthry? Ah, for sure 'tis from far enough it's come, if 'twas the likes of them sent it. And a kind thought it was too, glory be to God."

Mrs. Martin's theory gained almost unanimous approval, and was generally accepted by her neighbors, Father Gilmore sanctioning it with a half wistful assent. It had the effect of enhancing the interest taken in the flourishing creeper and the little withered dame, the pledge and recipient of so signal a favor from those who are still the recognized powers that be in such places as Clonmacreevagh. The idea gave a tinge of religious sentiment to the soon established custom of visiting Mrs. Martin, and on the weekly market-days you often might have supposed some kind of miniature *pattern* in progress at her cabin, so great was the resort thither of shawled and cloaked and big-basketed country wives. These guests seldom came empty handed—a couple of fresh eggs, or a roll of butter, or a cake of griddle-bread would be reserved for her at the bottom of the roomy creel. Other visitors were fain to carry off slips of the many trailing sprays, and would leave payment for them in silver coin, which sometimes had the comfortable portliness of half-crowns. But I do not believe that the little old woman valued these very highly, and I think most of them went in providing the strong black tea with which she loved to refresh her friends. And there was never an evening that she did not add to her Rosary: "And the Lord bless the kind heart of you then, Lady jewel, for sendin' me the bit of company."—*National Review*.

#### THE LABOR QUESTION IN AMERICA.

It would be a strange instance of the irony of fate if the labor question became first of all acute in the United States, but that is by no means outside the possibilities. The popular English

notion that there can be no such question in America, because there is land sufficient for all men, is though accurate as a theory entirely at variance with the facts. There are millions of

freeholders, no doubt some of them prosperous and all independent, though often careworn and overworked, but there are also millions who will not go on to the land, who prefer work for wages, and who in times of depression suffer terribly.) There has been such a time of depression for the past two years, and it may be doubted whether there is any country in the world where the "submerged tenth" endures more misery, aggravated no doubt by a special consciousness, than in the United States. All philanthropic Americans admit that the lot of the very poor in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other great cities, is worse than in London or Paris, and when trade falls off, as it has done lately, the misery extends to the country towns, and even to the villages. There are believed to be more than a million persons out of employ,—Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* says, four millions, but perhaps he counts those dependent on the workers,—and their lot is indeed pitiable. Positive starvation is infrequent, but their food is wretched, and as Dr. Alvan H. Doty, chief of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases affirms, unhealthy; their clothing is insufficient for winter; and their lodging often worse, especially in tenement houses, than the lodgings of the very poor in Paris or Berlin. The consequence is that the struggle for work is almost a warfare, that wages in certain departments can be and are driven down, and that the struggle between labor and capital assumes a certain aspect of ferocity. Socialism spreads fast, strikes multiply, and in the trades into which foreigners enter, the strikes constantly assume the aspect of petty civil wars. In the coal and iron mining districts, the respectable citizens called out to maintain order are attacked by the strikers hand to hand, and occasionally, before a compromise is arrived at, the list of the killed and wounded rivals that of some skirmish in a great war. Here and there the contest assumes even worse proportions. The silver-mine owners have suffered great losses from the fall in the value of that metal; there have been bitter disputes in Colorado over wages; and in one or two places—we write on the evidence

of letters before us—the strikers, unable to obtain supplies, have ravaged districts like banditti, and the citizens have been compelled to turn out in parties, many hundreds strong, to defend elementary order with rifles and revolvers.

The march of the miserable on Washington, of which we wrote some weeks ago, was only one evidence of the strain which exists, and although the march failed, the "armies" being defeated by the vast distances to be traversed, and the difficulty of obtaining food when crossing the hill ranges, the accounts now pouring into London indicate that the movement was a most serious social symptom. We have three accounts before us, one a collection of facts made by Mr. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews*, and though pictorial, not so exaggerative as his writing sometimes is; another in the *North American Review*, quiet and thoughtful, but at bottom hostile to the movement; and a third, scattered through a file of the *Outlook*, an admirably temperate and competent religious paper, intent, as too many religious papers are not, on putting all subjects under white light. They all agree that the movement was spontaneous, and arose in at least five States at once, that the five "armies," or rather regiments, for they never reached their expected strength, were composed of tramps and real workers out of employ, that they all put forward the same idea that the National Government could and must find them work, and that they all showed rare capacity of endurance. Professor Hourwick, of Chicago—will some American who knows the history of his State, explain the extraordinary divergence of American family names from the English and Irish types?—cross-examined three hundred of the marchers, and gives the following as the result. Two-thirds were English-speaking men, averaging thirty years old:—

"Of 262 industrials, 181 were skilled mechanics, representing 70 trades; 74 were unskilled, and 7 were tradesmen. The fourth were Union men. Of the skilled mechanics, 70 were Unionists, and 111 outside Unions. Their average wage when at work was—Unionists, 10s. per day; non-Unionist mechanics, 7s.; unskilled laborers, 6s.

"Of 115 questioned as to education, only 2

were badly educated. They averaged seven years of school life; 26 had attended high schools, business and professional colleges, academies, and universities.

"One half the non-Chicagoan industrials were married, and had left their families in search of work. One-fourth of 261 had been helped through the winter by charity. The average duration of lack of employment was five months. Two-thirds of them had saved enough to tide them over this period, but their savings were spent. Only five or six appeared to be of questionable character."

Superintendent Byrnes, of the New York Police, is much less favorable; but he seems to have made no personal inquiry, and the accounts all agree that, except as regards means of locomotion, the "armies" committed no outrages. They did steal trains, and we suspect pressure was used to obtain the loan of wagons; but their outrage ceased, as indeed is clear from the fact that the armies were not shot down. Americans are not scrupulous under such circumstances; and if the farmers of any district had been fairly roused, they, being most of them drilled and all armed, would have made short work of the intruders. The "armies," in fact, were mixed crowds kept in fair order by the leaders; horribly dirty; very ill clothed; scarcely fed; and of course without decent lodging, whom a common impulse, derived from misery, had started from the Pacific States and Ohio to try to march to Washington, and there,—well, we think, on a careful perusal of the evidence, that they meant to petition Congress, or coerce Congress, according to their strength. As far as we see, their leaders admit this, and at all events we are unable to believe in their innocence of any such design. As the affair turned out, they were quite quiet, and went to prison for trampling on grass not belonging to them more submissively than Oxford students would have done; but we fancy that the Government and the police were right, and that if they had gathered up the numbers they hoped, and if their demands had been refused, as they must have been refused, there would have been a very ugly rush on the Capitol. The leaders differed greatly, but one at least contemplated the possibility of bloodshed without shrinking, and a crowd which had travelled so far, desperate with

misery and disappointment, would not have been merciful. As it was, the Government had little trouble; but of the depth of the alarm there is ample evidence in the precautions taken, in the use of the United States troops, and in the sudden and surprised outcry of the entire Press of the Union.

And this brings us to the most serious and perplexing question of all, whether the citizens generally sympathized at all with the movement. Mr. Stead thinks they did; other, perhaps better, at all events more American, authorities, think they did not, but the evidence points to a mixed condition of feeling. In what we English call America, which means pretty much the six States of New England, plus New York, Pennsylvania, and Washington, it may be fairly said the movement was universally condemned, and would, if needful, have been trampled out by force. In the West there was more doubt, and in the Far West and on the Pacific slope, though the better class were hostile, there was among laborers much sympathy, the Knights of Labor even occasionally threatening the railway companies on their behalf. Three Governors, those of Colorado, Texas, and Kansas, were in favor of the marchers, even going the length of issuing proclamations, promising not to interfere with them, and, we take it, the whole body of "Populists," the farmers with a craze about State aid, were more or less inclined to wish the movement success. Indeed, a most formidable and significant feature in the affair was a certain resemblance between the demands of the five "Armies" and those of the Populists. Both make the extinction of "interest-bearing bonds" the central pivot of their demands, that is, they want the interest paid on a bond to be counted as part repayment of the principal,—one of the oddest compromises between repudiation and the Eighth Commandment we ever remember to have heard of. They would keep a contract as to principal, while repudiating it as to interest. The remaining Coxeyite idea was that the nation, considering itself at war with poverty, should borrow £100,000,000 sterling, lend the money to the depressed States without inter-



est, and order it to be spent in cutting or renewing good roads,—the old European Socialist scheme of relief by labor. The plan, except as a momentary device to meet some passing misery, such as the cotton famine brought upon Lancashire, is a mad one, if only because the roads, when made, can only be kept up by heavy taxation; but the eager and general way in which it was adopted points to a melancholy truth. America already wants a Poor-law, and may hereafter want one with the greatest urgency. Her possession of boundless land has in no degree preserved her from the European curse that a residuum of the population lives in extreme poverty, rendered more unbearable by the general diffusion of comfort. Her Republicanism has not saved her from the European necessity for an occasional use of regular troops in suppressing social outbreaks. And her institutions, as a whole, have no more solved the "social question,"—that is, have no more established equality of

comfort and opportunity among all men than have those of any European Monarchy. The success may come, though for ourselves—who believe that the poor will never cease out of the land—we do not think it will, but for the present the Great Republic presents the extremes of wealth and poverty; she is harassed by frequent and dangerous social conflicts, in which the rifle is more used than in Europe; and she works through a legislative mechanism which for delay and apparent inability to execute its own will, has few parallels among older States. She cannot get to the end of a currency trouble, or reform a tariff. England was just as slow, we entirely admit, over her Free-trade dispute, which occupied eight years, and is just as incompetent to overcome her currency muddle in India; but then the assumption is that a Republic can do what a Monarchy cannot. It does not seem so.—*The Spectator*.

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#### A VISIT TO COREA.

BY A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR.

THERE is hardly a country I have visited—and I have visited a good many—that is quaint and more interesting than Corea. To a superficial observer, or to the casual globe-trotter, the country and the people would have but little fascination, for neither is the scenery very grand, except in some remote districts, nor are the folks likely to enchant one with enticing little ways and a marvellous artistic capacity like their neighbors the Japanese. In fact the Corean people have no arts and no industries.

"What is the use of working and making money," said once a Corean to me, "if, when the work is done and the money made, this is taken away from you by the officials, and you are worn out for having done the work, and as poor as before, if, mind you, you are fortunate enough not to be exiled to a distant province by the angry magistrate who has enriched himself at your expense? Now," added the

Corean, looking earnestly into my face, "would you work under those circumstances?"

"I am hanged if I would," were the words which, to the best of my ability, I struggled hard to translate in the Corean language, to show my approval of his philosophic way of thinking.

There is no doubt that what the Corean said to me was perfectly true, and that the system of "squeezing" is carried on, on a very large scale, by the magistrates, just the same as in China, and it naturally has a very depressing effect on the people "squeezed."

It is really painful, when you first land in Corea, to notice the careworn, sad expression on everybody's face; there they lie about idle and pensive, doubtful as to what will happen to them to-morrow, all anxious for generations that a reform might take place in the mode of government, yet all for centuries too lazy to attempt to better

their position. Such is human nature! It is hard indeed to suffer, but it is nothing as compared with the trouble and worry of improving one's own standing; and no one better than the Koreans knows this.

They are born philosophers, and they make the best of what they have, or rather of what they have not. When you hear Koreans talk, the topic of the conversation is invariably "money;" if it is not "money," it is "food." If they have quarrels among themselves, what can the cause be but "cash;" and if you see a deadly fight in the streets, what could it be about if not for probably the equivalent of a farthing?

As we have dropped on to the subject of fighting, I must say that the lower classes in Korea are much given to it, and the slightest provocation—in money matters—is sufficient to make them come to blows. With one hand they catch hold of each other by the knot, in which the hair of all married men is tied on the top of the head, and while a violent process of head-shaking is followed by a shower of blows and scratches administered by the free hand, the lower extremities are kept busy distributing kicks which should land on the antagonist, but which occasionally, in fact often, reach some innocent passer-by, as the streets of Korean cities are seldom wide enough to let four people walk abreast.

Seoul, the capital of the Korean kingdom, is the only city where wider streets are found, and the main street, leading to the royal palace, is indeed immensely wide, so much so that two rows of smaller thatched houses and shops are built in the middle of the street itself, thus forming as it were three parallel streets of one street; but these houses are removed and pulled down twice or three times a year when his Majesty the King chooses to come out of his palace and goes in his state chair either to visit the tombs of his ancestors, some miles out of the town, or to meet the envoys of the Chinese Emperor, a short way out of the west gate of the capital, and at a place where a peculiar sort of triumphal arch, half built in masonry and half in lacquered wood, has been erected, close by an

artificial cut in the rocky hill, which, in honor of the Chinese messengers, goes by the name of the "Peking Pass." All the cities in Korea are walled, and the gates are opened at sunrise and closed with the setting sun. I well remember at Seoul how many times I have had to run so as not to be locked out of the town, and vivid before me is yet the picture of hundreds of men, women, and children, on foot or on tiny ponies, or leading laden bulls, scrambling to get in or out while the "big bell" in the centre of the town announced with its mournful sound that with the last rays of light the heavy wooden gates lined with iron would be again closed till the morning. How well I remember the hoarse voice of the gate-keepers shouting out, night after night, that time was up, and hurrying the weary travellers to enter the precincts of the royal city; then the huge iron padlocks and bolts were fastened, the gate-keepers retired to the adjoining house to continue the interrupted gambling which occupied their day, and a few rusty old spears standing in a row on a rack were left to take care of the safety of the town and of its inhabitants. With the sun every noise ceased, every good citizen retired to his house, and only an occasional leopard now and then crawled over the city wall and made peregrinations in the darkness over the capital.

The capital of Korea, Seoul, is situated about twenty-five miles inland, its port being Chemulpo, called Jinsen by the Japanese, and Jimg-Chiang by the Chinese.

Chemulpo hardly deserves the name of a Korean port, for though it is in Korea, there are but few Korean houses, the bulk of structures there being Japanese and Chinese. The little trade, consisting mostly of grain exportation, is carried on almost entirely by Japanese and Chinese, while the importation of cotton and a few miscellaneous articles is done by an American and a German merchant. The post-office is in the hands of the Japanese, the telegraphs are under the control of the Chinese, as well as the customs revenue, which is looked after by officials in the Chinese service. Chemulpo is a picturesque harbor, but the water too

shallow to allow very large ships to enter it. The tide, I was told, rises as much as twenty-eight feet and more.

The road between Chemulpo and the capital is not good, but being mostly through flat country, the Japanese, I remember, had brought over from Japan a few jinrickshaws, and were able to run them to Seoul, though one man was not sufficient to draw it, the road being too rough, and two and even three men had to be employed and run in a tandem, one man pushing the jinrickshaw at the back. Personally I always preferred to ride the tiny but sturdy native ponies, or walked the distance between the two towns; but the Japanese, who are far from being good horsemen, seem to prefer their own way of locomotion, the advantages of which, I am sorry to say, I was never able to understand, and far less appreciate. I have no doubt that a good many men are beasts; but one hardly likes to use them as beasts.

Let us return to Seoul. The town is prettily situated in a small valley surrounded by hills, and over these hills goes the wall of the city, a decidedly wonderful work of masonry and patience. Almost in the centre of the town is another high hill, Mount Nanzam, on the summit of which a signal station is placed, and from which, by means of burning fires, signals are transmitted to other similar stations on the tops of the higher peaks in Corea, and by this simple means a signal sent by the king from the Palace grounds is in a very short time telegraphed to any of the most distant provinces in the kingdom, and *vice versa*. Of course the drawback of the system is that messages can only be conveyed at night. It was a very pretty sight to watch the lights playing at dark on Nanzam, and to see the faint lights on the distant mountains answering or transmitting messages to farther regions. I always noticed that there were never more than five lights burning at one time.

One day I ascended the mountain, and it was interesting to notice the sacred trees which are to be found on its slopes, as well as everywhere else in Corea, especially on hilly ground. They are covered with hundreds of

rags left by different worshippers, and in other spots, where certain trees are supposed to be possessed by "the spirits of the mountains," piles of stones have been thrown by scared passers-by, for it is seldom that a native passes one of these places without throwing a stone and walking rapidly past for fear that the spirits might get in him and make his life one of misery and unhappiness. The Coreans are extremely superstitious. Here is a curious example.

One day I was sketching outside the East gate, and I was, as usual, surrounded by a large crowd, when a good-natured old man lifted up in his arms a pretty little child, on whose head he had placed his transparent horse-hair hat, and asked me whether I would like to paint him in the picture. I was tempted by the offer, and, having taken up a fresh panel, proceeded to dash off a sketch of my new model in his pretty red frock, his padded socks, and his extra-large hat, to the great amusement of the crowd, who eagerly watched every stroke of my brush, and went in ecstasy as they saw the likeness come out more and more plainly. I never had an audience so interested in anything I had done before. "Beautiful!" said one; "Very good!" exclaimed another; "Just life-like!" said they in a chorus, as I lifted up the picture to show it to them when . . . there was a sudden change of scene. A woman with staring eyes and as pale as death appeared on the doorstep of a house close by, and holding her forehead with her hand, as if a great calamity was to befall her, made a step forward.

"Where is my child?" cried she in a voice of anger and despair.

"Here he is," answered one of the crowd. "The foreigner is painting him."

There was a piercing yell and the pale woman looked such daggers at me that I nearly dropped the sketch, brushes, and palette out of my hands, then with another yell, even more piercing than the first, she made a dash into the crowd and tried to snatch the child away. However, she was not successful in her attempt, for my audience had got so interested in the picture

that they would not hear of letting the child go; but the unfortunate part of all this was, that the angry mother was pulling the child by the head and one arm trying to drag him away, while the people on the other side were pulling him as hard as they could by the other arm and the legs, so that the poor screaming mite was nearly torn to pieces, and no remonstrating on my side had any effect on this tug-of-war. Fortunately for the child the mother let go; but it was certainly not fortunate for the others, for following the little ways that women have, even in Corea, she proceeded to scratch the faces of all that were within reach, and I myself came within an inch of having my eyes scratched out of my head by this infuriated parent, when to my great relief they took her away. As she re-entered the door she shook her fist and thrust out her tongue at me.

Women, however, are not all like that in Corea; in fact, most of them are charming and often good-looking, though it is rarely that one has a chance of seeing them. They are kept almost in seclusion, and when they go out they cover their face with a white or a green hood, very similar in shape to the one worn by the women at Malta. Their dress is somewhat peculiar and deserves to be described. They wear huge trousers padded up inside with cotton wool, and socks similarly padded, which are fastened tight round the ankles to the trousers. Over these is a shortish skirt tied very high over the waist; and a tiny jacket, generally white, red, or green, completes the wardrobe of most Corean women, one peculiarity about this jacket being that it is so short that both breasts are left uncovered, which is a curious and most unpractical fashion, the climate of Corea being colder than that of Canada. The hair is very simply made up, plastered down and tied into a knot at the back of the head. A silver pin or two are sometimes worn in it as an ornament.

Young girls and old women often wear a curious fur cap. It has a hole in the centre and two long silk ribbons at the back. It has the shape of a section of a cone, and when smartly worn it is becoming. As for the men the

national dress is rather artistic-looking. When I visited Corea the whole kingdom was in mourning for the death of the Queen-dowager, therefore everybody had to wear white. Huge white trousers, a short jacket with long silk ribbons in front and twisted paper sandals, is the general attire in which one sees most people in the streets. The head dressing is what the Coreans attach more importance to. A headband is fastened tight round the hair, which has previously been tied into a knot on the top of the head, and a small silver or metal ball is attached at the end of this knot. Occasionally a tortoiseshell ornament is fastened to the hair over the forehead, and a curiously shaped and transparent horse-hair hat, reminding one of the Welsh hat, is invariably worn both in the house and out. Taking off one's hat when you enter a house in Corea is about the rudest thing one could do; just the same as in Japan it is considered polite to take off one's boots when entering a house. Again, decorations are worn by officials behind the ears, and are in the shape of a jade, gold or silver button attached to the headband. As I have already said it is only married men that wear their hair tied into a top knot, but this does not prevent ninety-nine out of a hundred persons, even boys of twelve or thirteen, from wearing the hair thus, for every one is practically married in Corea who is sound in mind and in body. One sees a few unmarried boys, and they wear a long thick pig-tail which gives them a very effeminate appearance. A ribbon is tied into a bow at the end of the pig-tail, and these bachelors enjoy all the privileges of women folks, such as being allowed to wear colored garments when the nation is in mourning and married men are compelled to wear white. Marriages are generally arranged by the parents, and I have often seen children who were husband and wife though the two did not live together until the age of puberty was reached; or, in other words, the marriage is only nominal for several years, and would only be what an "engagement" is to us in our country.

The children in Corea are extremely



quaint and pretty, especially when only a few years old. At New Year they are generally dressed up in brand-new frocks, and though, according to our ideas of taste, we should not give yellow sleeves to a bright red jacket, and wear this over a green frock, I must say that somehow or other it looks all right there, and relieves the monotony of the sempiternal white garments. The face of children is whitened with chalk, and the hair oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down and tied into one or two small pig-tails.

Coreans are not much given to washing, and less still to bathing. They wash their hands fairly often, and occasionally the face; the better people wash it almost daily. Corean houses are generally small, and the rooms of diminutive size. The most curious point about them is that the flooring is made of stone covered with oil paper, and that under the stone flooring there is a regular oven, called "Kau," in which a big fire is kept up day and night. Often, as the people sleep on the ground in their clothes, it happens that the floor gets so hot as to almost roast one. The Coreans seem to delight in undergoing this roasting process, and when well broiled on one side they turn on the other, and take it quite as a matter of course. I admired them for it, but was never able to imitate them. The houses, as a rule, have only one floor raised a few feet above the ground, and the rooms seldom measure more than twelve feet square. The roof is very heavy and sustained by a very strong beam, and the windows are of paper as in Japan.

The king's palace until lately was little better than the houses of other people, except that in the grounds he had a grand stone building which he calls the "summer Palace," but which he only inhabits on state occasions. A few years ago he commissioned a clever young Russian, a Mr. Seradin Sabatin, to build him a palace in European style. The young Russian, though, I believe, not a professional architect, did his very best, and turned him out a very solid and well-built villa à la Russe, and the king seemed much pleased with it, but at the same time commissioned a Frenchman to build

him another palace on a much larger scale, but which, however, never got beyond the basement, as the funds, which were expected to be sufficient to construct the whole building, were exhausted.

The palace grounds are rather pretty, and in a small pavilion on the lake the king spends some of his very few hours of leisure in summer.

When the king goes for a day out of the Palace grounds, it is a great event in Seoul: the troops are summoned up, and line each side of the road leading to the Palace. It is indeed a strange sight to see, in these days, soldiers in armor and carrying old-fashioned spears, and with their wide-awake black hats with a long red tassel hanging down on the shoulders; but stranger still they look in rainy weather, when a small umbrella is fastened over the hat. The cavalry soldiers still retain their old uniforms, while the infantry have a sort of semi-European costume which is quite comical to look at. The infantry have guns of all sorts, ages, and descriptions, from old flint locks to repeating breechloaders, and I have often thought of the difficulty of training soldiers, no two of them having similar guns. A couple of American army instructors were employed by the king to coach the soldiery in the art of war and teach them the use of foreign weapons, but, if I remember right, one of the greatest difficulties they had to contend with was the discipline, to which the easy-going Coreans would not lend themselves. They were brave enough when it came to fighting—especially in fighting their own way—but it was difficult to make them understand that when a man is a soldier he is no more a man, but a machine. "Why then not have machines altogether?" was pretty much what the soldiers thought when they were compelled to go through the, to them, apparently useless and tiresome drilling.

The target practice amused and interested them much, but it seldom took place, as the ammunition was found to be too great an expense; and though nearly each infantry soldier possessed a gun, he hardly ever had a chance of firing it, so much so that when a gun

had to be fired in the Capital the king invariably sent a message round to the few foreigners in the town requesting them not to be frightened or alarmed at the "report," for it was not a revolution that had burst out, but only a blank cartridge being fired for some purpose or other!

The Coreans, it must be understood, are lazy and depressed, but they are by no means stupid. I have come across people there who would be thought marvellously clever in any civilized country; and when they wish to learn anything, they are wonderfully quick at understanding even matters of which they have never heard before. Languages come easy to them, and their pronunciation of foreign tongues is infinitely better than that of their neigh-

bors the Chinese or the Japanese. I can give an instance of a Mr. Chang, who was appointed interpreter to Mr. C. R. Greathouse, the Vice-Minister of Home Affairs in Corea, and foreign adviser to the king, and who, in less than two months, learned English well enough to speak and understand perfectly. I have seen him learn by heart out of a dictionary as many as two hundred English words in a day, and, what is more, remember every one of them, including the spelling. Only once did I hear him make a comical mistake. He had not quite grasped the meaning of the word "twin," and, answering a question I had asked him, "Yes, sir," said he, "I have a *twin* brother who is three years older than I am."—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### THE NOVELIST IN SHAKSPEARE.\*

BY HALL CAINE.

Two years ago I was sailing off the north-east coast of Denmark. A thick mist enveloped the ship, and the captain slackened speed, saying he would go no farther, for the land must be somewhere thereabout. Presently the helpless void began to break. A dim shadow crept along our side to the west. The shadow took first the shape of a low mountain, then of broken cliffs, finally of ruined walls. "That's Elsinore," said the captain, and in a moment we were standing out to sea.

Will you think me very weak that I wanted to go down on my knees on the deck? The vapory shadow of the walls of Elsinore was like the ghost of Hamlet, of Shakspeare, coming down through the mists of three hundred years.

At my home in the Isle of Man, directly facing the window of the room in which I work, there is another castle, built by the Danes. They say it is precisely on the model of the Castle of Elsinore. It stands on an island rock, and looks back at the town and out on

the sea. I have seen this old castle every day for about a year, and I have never been neighbor to any inanimate thing that has had a stronger effect on my mind. It would be hard to say what that effect has been. I think its steadfastness has produced the most abiding impression. What our little town was like when the castle was built, no one knows. How many houses and streets have risen and fallen to ruins since then we cannot tell. But the castle remains. There it stands, and has stood for ten centuries, with its round tower against the sky. The sun rises on the face of it, and then it is gray; the sun sets at the back of it, and then it is black. On misty days it is only a ghostly white shape behind clouds of vapor; when storms are raging it is only a rock for the big seas to break over. But it is always there; it does not pass away; it dominates everything.

Is this too bold a figure to describe the position of Shakspeare in literature? It is three centuries since he first appeared, and where he stood then he is still standing. Other figures have arisen and disappeared. The great figures of his own time have

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\* An address delivered at the Shakspeare Birthday Dinner, April 23rd, 1894, Anderton's Hotel, London.

nearly all crumbled away. If they remain, it is only as ruins, haunted by the literary antiquary. But he is where he was, our beacon, our stronghold, and our greatest literary monument.

The festival we are here to celebrate is not a new one. After thirty-seven anniversaries, and as many speeches from the chair, it is manifestly difficult to say anything that shall be at once original and worthy to be remembered. I am satisfied that if there is any new thought on Shakspeare, it lies somewhere at the surface and needs no digging for. Therefore, I content myself with the idea that is nearest—the idea that is suggested by the daily occupations of my own life. I ask you to consider with me whether Shakspeare, who was the greatest of English dramatists, was not also the first of English novelists.

It will be necessary to clear the ground by some general definition of the novel and the drama. For this purpose I propose to take the well-known passage from the fifth book of "Meister's Apprenticeship."

"One evening a dispute arose among our friends about the novel and the drama, and which of them deserved the preference. They conversed together long upon the matter; and in fine, the following was nearly the result of their discussion: In the novel as well as in the drama it is human nature and human action that we see. . . . But in the novel it is chiefly *sentiments and events* that are exhibited; in the drama it is *characters and deeds*. The novel must go slowly forward, and the *sentiments of the hero, by some means or other, must restrain the tendency of the whole to unfold itself and to conclude*. The drama, on the other hand, must hasten, and the character of the hero must press forward to the end. . . . The novel-hero must be suffering, at least he *must not in a high degree be active*, in the dramatic one, we must look for *activity and deeds*."

I am not going to discuss this as a theory. I will ask you to accept it as a touchstone by which, to judge of Shakspeare's art, Goethe may be wrong. If so, the greater part of the world is

wrong with him. Pretty accurately he expresses the general feeling.

Now if we were asked by a foreigner to give an account of the origin of the English novel, I suppose we should say that, after various trial trips with Sir Philip Sidney, Defoe, and others, it began with Richardson and Fielding. In these two writers it leapt to a great maturity. But it was still very simple in structure; it was still epic, and told its tale precisely as you would tell a tale to a child, beginning "Once upon a time there lived a man."

Then came writers of various merit, and presently a great man, a mighty magician, a wonderful wizard—Walter Scott. Scott did more than write a group of the finest novels in the language; he enlarged the art of fiction. This he did by adding to the epic method the dramatic method. The tale did not begin, "Once upon a time there lived a man." It began, so to speak, "On a certain day, etc., etc., when the sun was dipping over the hill, etc., etc., a solitary horseman might have been seen, etc., etc." You know the way of it. This dropped you down into a story, precisely as a drama does, when the curtain rises and you sit and watch for the plot.

Such is the state of the English novel at the present hour. We have got no further than Scott. A novel, then, at its best, is now a drama written out full length, with scenery, and scene-shifting, and music, and the actors' dresses, and the actors' voices, all reproduced in words.

And, now, for a moment, I will ask you to hark back. Let us glance at the origin of the English drama. Its literal origin is lost somewhere in the mists of the past. We dip into its history at a notable point. It is the period immediately preceding the Elizabethan dramatists. There were plays founded on Italian tales of love, on Spanish voyages, on the death of Julius Cæsar, on a Scottish thane who killed his king, on a Danish prince who pretended to be mad, and on a young girl who pretended to be dead. These plays were very rough affairs, and a *harum scarum* lot of vagabonds had got tattered copies of them. They acted them in sheds, in the open yards

of inns, and in the penny enclosures at country fairs. Of course the great folks did not go to see them, or if they did they were careful to wear masks. The intellectual world, according to its wont, regarded these children of the imagination with great disdain. Bacon knew nothing about such nonsense. But every London 'prentice knew them by heart, and could tell their stories backward.

And then came along a group of young men of brilliant gifts, but not too much scholarship. One of them was a gravedigger, another had been a bricklayer, a third a butcher, and the ablest of the brotherhood was a country lad, son of a farmer, and nothing else in particular. These boys cast in their lot with the London 'prentice. They took the tattered copies of those old plays, one by one, and transfigured them, put character, and atmosphere, and politics, and religion into them. They had only been boys' stories before, but now they became real dramas. The 'prentices liked them just as much as ever, perhaps rather better, and the great multitude of the people found that they liked them no less. Theatres were then built; the tatterdemalion ragamuffins became a recognized profession, and the English drama was afoot.

But what were the conditions of its existence? They were very primitive. A piece of dramatic writing to be *anything* had to be *everything*. It must not only tell a story, it must criticise it. It must not only present a character, it must tell you if the character was good or bad. It must not only present a scene, it must describe it. These were necessities forced upon it by the state of its play-houses and the quality of its acting.

The stage, as I understand it, was an open space, probably in the middle of the auditorium. The audience sat about it, some of them on top of it. It appears as if the dress circle of those days was the square margin of the stage itself. Obviously two things that we now have there could not then be. There could not be scenes as we understand them, there could not be scenic illusion, and there could not be acting such as we now call impersonation. It

was impossible that the audience should ever forget that the actors were not the characters they represented; that Bottom was not the lion.

Do you recognize the path by which I am taking you? I ask you to realize two things: first, that the essential dramatic work was done to Shakspeare's hand. It is not merely that he found his plots provided for him, but that nearly everything that made the dramatic tug of incident or emotion was already fixed and settled in the imagination of his audience. And next, I ask you to realize that what the public of the time expected of Shakspeare, and what he gave them as his own peculiar contribution, was just that quality which we now call novelistic. Shakspeare had to provide what the theatre of his time did not give him. And the first thing he had to provide was scenery. Have you ever noticed the scenery in Shakspeare? He is always making his own scenery. He makes it as he goes along. In the course of every scene he tells you all about it. He is always making the atmosphere in which his dramatic action has to live. An artist of imagination ought never to be at a loss for Shakspeare's surroundings. For example, it is nearly impossible to go astray with the great scene of the ghost in the first act of Hamlet. You know what it is. It is twelve o'clock; the air is nipping and eager, there is some wind; the moon is out, but black clouds fly across it at intervals, and often it is hidden, and then it flashes forth.

"What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete  
steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

Again, in the same play, when the glare and glitter of the play scene is over and the lights are gone, and Hamlet is going to answer his mother's summons, to see the guilty King at his prayers, and finally to encounter the ghost for the second time, mark how Shakspeare prepares the imagination by making his atmosphere:—

"Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself  
breathes out  
Contagion to this world."



Then look at Othello coming into the bedchamber that is to be the death-chamber of his bride. The light has been left burning for him, and as he enters his first word tells us where he has come from. He has been walking to and fro under the sky, muttering aloud in his agony, blabbing his terrible secret :—

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!"

Then Macbeth. See him at the moment when he is contemplating the murder of Banquo. Like the ghost in Hamlet, he tells us precisely the time of night, and exactly what sort of night it is :—

"Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood :  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;  
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse."

Then King Lear. He tells us every detail of that great storm on the heath :—

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these?"

And then that loveliest passage, perhaps, in literature, where Lorenzo sits with Jessica in the moonlight and tells her about the stars :—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !

\* \* \*

Sit, Jessica ! Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

I will only mention one more instance, but it is the most important in all Shakspeare—I mean the dagger scene in Macbeth. Have you ever asked yourself what the dagger scene means? What dramatic business does it do? How does it help forward the action of the play? Don't think me a heretic if I say that that great scene does no dramatic business whatever, and does not help forward the action at all. You know what happens. The King has gone to bed, his grooms are drunk and asleep, the murder has been

planned and arranged. We are in the open courtyard of the castle ; Macbeth, torch in hand, is crossing it with a servant ; he encounters Banquo and his son going to bed. The night is very dark, the moon has gone down, and there are no stars. Banquo and Fleance go off, and Macbeth dismisses the servant :—

"Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed."

Macbeth is left alone in the courtyard under the moonless and starless sky. He is waiting for the bell that is to be his signal to proceed—his assurance that all is ready and waiting—that he may go and find Duncan and stab him in his sleep. There is a dead pause. The dramatic action comes to a stop. The bell is a mere mechanical device to bridge the space. Shakspeare is doing what Goethe says the novelist must always be doing—he is holding the action back. Why? *Because the imagination of the spectator is not yet ready ; it has to be prepared for what is to come ; it has to be put into touch with what is now happening.* We are not going to witness the gross act of that murder, but we are to realize it by anticipation. *We are also to realize the whole horror of the crime in the mind of the man who is to commit it.*

You know what happens. A dagger appears to Macbeth. It seems to float in the air before him. There are goutts of blood on it, and it seems to go before him, to lead him on. As suddenly as it appeared it vanishes.

"There's no such thing :  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep ; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,  
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design  
Moves like a ghost. . . .  
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

With the ringing of the bell the play, which has been at a dead stand, begins again. Macbeth goes out.

Lady Macbeth enters. Macbeth returns. Then comes the crash.

In this mighty scene there is no drama. There is nothing but atmosphere. Shakspeare is painting the scenery and *doing the actor's business*.

This brings me to my second point. I want to ask you whether you have considered the supernatural in Shakspeare. Have you noticed the essential difference between the supernatural in Shakspeare and in any of his great contemporaries—Webster, for example? The difference is the difference between the method of the drama and the method of the novel. The ghosts in Shakspeare are all, without exception, novelists', not dramatists' agents and instruments. They are all subjective creations. A ghost in Shakspeare exists for and in the central character. It is rarely seen by any one else. The ghost in "Hamlet," for example, though seen by Hamlet's friends at first, is not so much the ghost of Hamlet's father as the ghost of Hamlet himself.

Take first the ghost in "Julius Cæsar." We are in the camp in the tent of Brutus. Everybody is gone save the boy, and Brutus is alone. The boy plays sleepy music. Brutus has been reading. He turns down the page and puts the book aside. He falls to thinking. The taper burns badly. It grows very dark. Then a shadow comes in. He thinks his eyes are weak and this an illusion. It is the ghost of Cæsar :

"How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?"

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me :—Art thou anything?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some  
devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to  
stare?

Speak to me : what art thou?"

And the ghost answers :

"Thy evil spirit, Brutus."

Then take Macbeth. Consider the ghost of Banquo in the banqueting scene. Is that a great scene? Assuredly it is. But wherein lies its greatness? In the force of its drama, in the tug of its incident? I think not. Its strength lies in its over-

whelming revelation of the workings of the soul of a guilty man—in short, in its great qualities as analytical fiction. What happens? Macbeth is King. We are in a room of state in the palace. A banquet is spread. Lords and attendants enter. Lady Macbeth takes her seat of state. Macbeth does not sit down. He intends to play the humble host and wait upon his guests. His chair is empty. In the midst of the feast a man comes to a side door. There is blood on his face. He tells Macbeth that at his order he has killed Banquo. Lady Macbeth calls to the King to sit down with his guests. He steps forward, looks round and sees the tables full. No, they say, here's a place reserved, and point to the King's empty chair. Macbeth looks at the chair and thinks he sees Banquo sitting in it. Banquo is dead. This must be Banquo's ghost. His locks are gory; he is shaking his head at Macbeth.

"Which of you have done this?  
What, my good lord?"

\* \* \*  
Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look!"

The ghost disappears. Macbeth is his own man again. He calls for wine, and is about to drink to the general joy of the whole table,

"And to our dear friend, Banquo, whom we  
miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we  
thirst,  
And all to all."

But the ghost rises again and glares upon him. The banquet is broken up. The lords go home, and Lady Macbeth says, "You lack the season of all natures—sleep." And he answers :—

"Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-  
abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :  
We are yet but young indeed."

That's all! Nothing happens. Nothing comes of the scene. It begins with nothing; it ends with nothing; it leads to nothing, unless it is the next visit to the witches. There is absolutely no drama in it. But if there is no drama, there is something else; there is great fiction. It is great novel-writing, the very greatest novel-writ-

ing. The dramatist is looking into the very soul of Macbeth.

Then take Hamlet. One of the greatest scenes in "Hamlet," if not quite the greatest, is the closet scene. But is it dramatic? No more dramatic than the banquet scene in "Macbeth." Let us sketch the play. A young prince has newly returned from the university. He finds that his father (the King) has died suddenly and unexpectedly, and that his mother (the Queen) has married his uncle and succeeded to the crown. The two facts puzzle and trouble him. He begins to brood over them, and does not know what to understand. In his room, among his books—so I follow the author's mental processes—the prince begins to suspect foul play. He fancies a spirit appears to him, the spirit of his father. The spirit tells him that his father has been murdered by his uncle. It describes the murder. He vows to be revenged. The spirit justifies the vow. All this at night and before the glow-worm pales its light in the morning. When day comes, and as day follows day, he begins to doubt. This has been an evil dream, a morbid fancy put into his head by evil powers. He will have more relevant evidence. So he conceives of a trap to catch the King if the King is guilty. He calls it the mouse-trap. It is a play whereof one incident comes very near to what the ghost told him of the murder of his father. He has the play performed before the King, and he watches the King's face. The King shows uneasiness. At the critical moment he pretends to be ill and leaves the entertainment. Hamlet is sure now; he will take the word of the ghost for a thousand pounds. But why doesn't he go on? Why doesn't he kill the King? Why? Because Shakspeare is doing what the novelist must do—he is holding the action back. The play is waiting. What is it waiting for? It is waiting for Shakspeare the novelist. We have to be told what is going on in Hamlet's own mind—a thing that has very little to do with the dramatic action of the moment. The Queen sends for Hamlet to her closet. He goes to her, passing through the open courtyard under the stars, and past the

chapel where the guilty man is alone, kneeling at his prayers :—

"Oh, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven."

When he reaches the Queen's chamber he speaks daggers to her. That will not help his revenge. He is only unpacking his heart with words. In the midst of his outburst he stops suddenly and glares at vacancy. The Queen looks at him and thinks he is mad. But something has appeared to him. It is the ghost. It has come to chide him for letting his opportunities go by, and wasting himself in the very rags of passion.

"Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
Th' important acting of your dread command?"

And the ghost answers :—

"Do not forget : this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

Well, what comes of this tremendous, this magnificent scene? Nothing comes of it. Nothing, at least, that is on the main lines of the interest. The catastrophe is worked out by an accident in the course of the scene. Polonius is killed, Ophelia dies, Laertes comes home, Laertes kills Hamlet, and Hamlet kills the King. But so far as concerns the great current of interest flowing from the ghost's revelation of the crime, the scene comes to a most impotent conclusion. The King has decided to ship Hamlet to England, and Hamlet is willing to be shipped off :—

"I must to England."

He is thinking how he will defeat the schemes of his two false friends. That's all. But the murder of his father, the ghost's message, his vow of revenge, where are they? Regarded from the point of pure drama, the management of plot is almost enough to justify the worst criticisms of the French critics.

Nevertheless, this colossal, this marvellous, this miraculous piece of imaginative art is not thrown away. It has helped us to "turn our eyes into the very soul" of Hamlet. And there we have Shakspeare the novelist. Shakspeare the dramatist may have been at fault, but Shakspeare the novelist has been transcendent.

I wish it were possible to speak of Othello, and show how Iago, who really does nothing of himself, is the novelist's machine to reveal the mind of the Moor. Iago is the ghost in "Othello." The only vital incident in which he touches the actual is the incident of the handkerchief. Try to believe that I speak with profound reverence when I say that as a dramatic episode nothing in the world could be more primitive than that. Watch it. Desdemona takes the handkerchief out for Othello's headache; Othello pushes it aside and lets it drop; Emilia picks it up; Iago snatches it from her and throws it in at the window of Cassio's lodging; Cassio gives it to his mistress; and then Iago brings Othello to see the mistress wearing it. Could anything be more artificial as a material structure? That is the story of the handkerchief from the point of Shakspeare the dramatist. But look how different it is from the point of Shakspeare the novelist. Othello had that handkerchief from his mother. A superstitious reverence attaches to it. He gives it to his wife as the dearest thing he possesses. Suddenly he realizes that she prizes it so little that it is lying in the very mud. Then all his soul rises. Moreover, his superstitions are up in arms. Thus, as a spiritual agent, the handkerchief is sublime. As a material agent it is next thing to ridiculous. And the difference is the difference between Shakspeare the novelist and Shakspeare the dramatist. Thus, I say that, however great Shakspeare may be in the qualities that are essentially of the drama, he is yet greater in the qualities that are essentially of the novel.

But there is a yet more practical consideration, without which it would not have been worth while to go delving for the novelist in the dramatist. I believe the fact that the novelist was in Shakspeare, and in the other Elizabethan dramatists, was the very sheet-anchor of dramatic literature. In the days when the author was everything—author, scene-painter, and half actor as well—the drama was free. Is it free now? I'm afraid it has been sold into slavery to the upholsterer and the milliner. The productions of the modern

stage are magnificent. We owe the actors a great debt for the magnificent realizations of Shakspearean plays, but is it not possible that we are paying too dear for them? One of the necessities of a magnificent production is, that a piece shall have a long run. Is that favorable to the growth of the drama? Assuredly it would not foster another Webster. The world would have no room for his two hundred plays. Even Shakspeare himself, with his shorter tale of thirty odd plays, would keep two theatres going for nearly twenty years if each ran two or three hundred nights. Some of his contemporaries, under like conditions, would want a career lasting a century. And if you consider it on its most matter-of-fact basis, the Elizabethan drama in mere bulk could not exist on the Victorian stage. We lament the decay of the English drama since the golden days, but if we had it back we could not entertain it. Our altered conditions, notwithstanding our many theatres, give too little accommodation.

Another of the effects of a magnificent production is that of increasing the risk of failure. Surely anything that does that is injurious to the growth of art. Art lives and thrives in an atmosphere of absolute independence of material things. Every responsibility with which you load it is a shackle that interferes with its growth and with its liberty of action. Now, is it not conceivable that we should have more of the native drama if the risk of trying examples of it were not so great? Do you answer that no great play is ever lost to the stage; that the actors know their business; that it would be weakness to bewail the great unacted? That is not my point. I am putting in no plea for the army of would-be dramatists, with dramas in their tail-pockets. I am rather urging the cause of the tried, acknowledged, or successful dramatist. Is he a free man? Assuredly he is not. Could he give us of his very best, apart from all considerations that are not artistic? Indeed no. And what are the chief trammels to the exercise of his gift? I think they are two. First, the enormous and increasing material cost of a dramatic production; and, second (I say it with all def-



erence, all respect to an honorable profession), the domination of the actor in the theatre.

As to the first point. Surely the actor as well as the author would find his account in a much simpler condition of the stage. The terrors of bankruptcy would not so frequently beset him. A year and a half ago I lunched with a well-known dramatist on the eve of the production of a piece that is now very famous.

"Is it going to be a popular success?" I asked.

"I don't know; I don't think so," he answered.

"Then, I suppose," I said, "that when a dramatist has reached your position on the stage he can do what he likes."

"By no means," he replied. "I have to think of the Box Office perpetually. The production of a play is a costly thing nowadays, and the running of a company is expensive. I am never allowed to forget that. There lies the difference between a dramatist and a novelist. The novelist loses nothing but his labor, his publisher loses nothing but his printer's bill. That is risk enough for a work of art. But the dramatist has to remember his manager's leases and contracts. The novelist can think of himself first. The dramatist must think of himself last."

"That's bad," I said. "Don't you think it must have an evil effect on the drama as a literature?"

"Assuredly," he said. "It is one of the penalties we pay for our present condition."

I must not attempt to saddle our friend with any responsibility for my conclusion, which is, that if magnificent stage appointments are drags on dramatic activity, we are paying vastly too dear for them. What are we doing? We are taking the productions of the stage carpenter instead of the productions of Mr. Pinero, the productions of the milliner instead of the productions of Mr. Jones.

As to the second point. That the actor is now the dominant figure in the theatre will hardly be questioned. Has it always been so? I think not. It could not have been so in England

in the days of Shakspeare, or in Spain in the days of Calderon, or in France in the days of Molière. The author was then the master of the play-house. And the author ought to be the master of the play-house still. That position is his birthright. He has always held it when the drama has been at its best. He will hold it again before the drama comes by its own. He lost his supremacy in England about the time of Garrick. That was the moment when actors were turning back to Shakspeare with new lights. They were not going to be reciters any longer; they were going to be impersonators. Has the rule of the actor been entirely good for the theatre? I believe it has been very good for the art of acting. I doubt if there can ever have been such acting as the past hundred years have produced. But has it been so good for the literature of the drama? I think not. I don't say that the interests of actor and author conflict, but I do say they are not identical. At all events, the best days of the drama were those in which Shakspeare did actor's work as well as scene-painter's; when, in short, he was the novelist as well as the dramatist.

But what would Shakspeare be if he were living now? Would he be dramatist or novelist? Most certainly he would be both. In his dramas we should miss his splendid touches of scene, his all-permeating atmosphere—Mr. Hawes Craven would do a good deal of that for him. We should also miss some of his introspective touches—Mr. Irving would help him to dispense with them. We should miss his ghosts altogether.

He would accommodate himself to our time, just as he did to his own. Obviously there never lived a saner and more business-like person than Shakspeare. He ran his head against no hard walls of life, no stubborn facts of his time. All art is of the nature of a compromise, and some of Shakspeare's compromises appear to have been sufficiently liberal. If he were living now I think he would write melodramas for the Adelphi. Why not? He wrote the play scene in "Hamlet." He would write fairy comedy for the Gaiety. Why not? He wrote "Midsum-

mer's Night's Dream." He would write farcical comedy for the Vaudeville. Why not? He wrote the "Comedy of Errors." He would write another "Much Ado" for the Lyceum, and another "Henry" for Drury Lane.

Shakspeare would, of course, be a dramatist, but it is hardly conceivable that he would not be a novelist also. He would want his say on the great questions of life, and he would find that these are not usually discussed on the stage in our day. He would find that the only place where we do not utterly fight shy of the greater life problems is the novel. I should be sorry to see the theatre turned into a dissecting-room. I want to see it kept as a play-house for the people. Let it be a breezy, wholesome play-house. But that isn't to say that it need be a general play-ground. The spirit of our own time seems determined to make it so. Aren't we gravitating toward the music-hall? I don't complain that we are not discussing incest with Ibsen in "Ghosts;" I don't complain that we are not exhibiting the neurotic woman with the clever ladies who are now besieging the libraries; but I do complain that on the stage of to-day we fight shy of nearly all great passions. They trouble us too much; we don't want to feel deeply. We dine just before we go to the theatre. That material fact is not altogether a hope-

ful sign for the higher drama. And so strong passions, banished from the stage, have taken refuge in the novel. Shakspeare would find his account there. I don't say that Shakspeare would be a Zola, but there would be the Zola in him. I don't say that he would be a Tolstoi, but there would be the Tolstoi in him too. The serious issues which he put into Macbeth, and Othello, and Lear, because there was no other vehicle, and because the temper of his time was favorable to great passions on the stage, he would put into great novels if he were living now.

But why do I say if he were living now? He is living now. There is no one so much alive. I have talked of the supernatural in Shakspeare. The most supernatural thing in Shakspeare is Shakspeare himself. I have spoken of the ghosts of Shakspeare. Shakspeare's own ghost is constantly with us. It is helping us to write our plays and our stories. It is helping us to edit our newspapers. No need to think of a visible presence. We feel the spirit that is so much more potent. And if the mind goes back to the bodily figure of the man as he walked the world, we feel that we know it. The sweet, strong, cheerful Englishman, the greatest of our countrymen, fond of good company, of liberal giving, of generous living, of troops of friends—he is with us still.—*New Review*.

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#### AN ALPINE JOURNAL.

BY W. M. CONWAY.

June 1, 1894.

THE assembling of a party together from various places is always a troublesome process, however completely preliminary arrangements have been made. Mr. E. A. FitzGerald was to come from Florence. His guides, J. B. Aymonod (M N O we call him) and Louis Cassel (one of Whymper's companions in the Andes), were due from Valtournanche. Zurbriggen, my old Himalayan companion, was to arrive from Macugnaga; and I was come from England with the two Gurkhas, Amar Sing Thapa and Karbir, who likewise had been with

me in the Himalayas, and who were again allowed to accompany me by the kind permission of their commanding officer, Colonel Gaselee of the Fifth Gurkha Rifles.

The date fixed for our rendezvous at Turin was the 1st of June, and by 8 A.M. we were all together in my room, surrounded by a chaos of unpacked baggage, consisting largely (as usual) of unnecessary things. The number of our party was raised to eight by the addition of FitzGerald's excellent polyglot servant, a blend of every European nationality.

Our appearance in the streets of Turin was always an occasion for the assemblage of a crowd, so that we had no encouragement to delay. By two o'clock we were already in the Cuneo train, where, with the usual lack of foresight of travellers, however experienced, we found that we had carefully reserved ourselves the two window-seats on the sunny side. The afternoon was hot, and we were fairly roasted. Smoke came in at the windows and so blackened us that there was presently little to choose between us and the Gurkhas in the matter of color. We passed through the fertile Piedmontese plain, by fields bright with poppies, and with blue hills all around, fading up into the soft clouds that follow rainy weather. Here and there through a valley opening we had glimpses of snowy peaks, which we could not identify. Patches of snow lingered low on their flanks, but for the most part the snow line had already mounted to within 1000 feet of its summer level.

The hours dragged themselves slowly along, each marked by the passing of some town, with a great old brick fortress in its midst, round towers at the angles, and the walls pierced at regular intervals with holes for scaffold-poles. The castle of Turin, which every one knows, is typical of mediæval Piedmontese fortresses. At Cuneo we waited for an hour. Energetic persons would have utilized the time to see such sights as the place may afford; we more wisely dined, and then smoked our cigarettes on the rampart, looking toward the foot-hills of the Ligurian Alps.

In due season we started on again by another train for Limone. It was timed to accomplish the intervening twenty miles in two hours, and it is only fair to say that this official estimate of its speed was justified by the result. It was a friendly sort of a train; dogs ran beside it for a mile or so; people shouted from its windows to their friends in the fields; the guard was obliging enough to go off at one station into the neighboring village to buy us a couple of so-called Virginia cigars, which were always amusing to light though less satisfactory to smoke.

The train wound up a charming valley, and crept through a series of tunnels of which some are corkscrew in form, after the St. Gothard manner. The slopes on both sides were richly wooded, and sometimes dyed scarlet with dead birches. The stream of clear water babbled below in graceful curves and the old road wound beside it. At last we reached Limone, where we halted for the night at a simple inn. The railway is in active construction above Limone, and is destined to be carried through a long tunnel and down to the Mediterranean at Ventimiglia.

June 2.

Our idea was to start at 5 o'clock this morning. In fact we started at 7.30, and then only with a struggle, for the luggage had to be divided into two portions—one to go on our backs and those of our men, the other to go round with the polyglot James and meet us at Casteldelfino. One is liable to carry what will not be needed, and to send away the most necessary things. After going a quarter of a mile we recollected that the camera and field-glasses had been left behind, and simultaneously the breathless James was observed hurrying after us for needful keys we were carrying off. The road before us was broad and excellent. We marched briskly up it, cutting off the zigzags so boldly that we ultimately lost the road altogether, and found ourselves contentedly advancing up a wrong valley. Sentries turned us back, and we then discovered that the whole country-side is covered with fortified places, from the very sight of which civilian eyes are debarred. Without permissions from high authorities it is impossible to go anywhere in this part of the Maritime Alps. We ultimately reached the proper road once more, and hastened along it to catch up with our companions. It was a gay kind of a morning, and every one we met seemed to be gay. There were carters driving their teams with loads of bricks for railway bridges, and cracking their whips as they went. A man came running down the hill with a hand-cart, so balanced by a friend seated on its back edge that the weight of him in the shafts was almost counterpoised.

The vehicle ran itself down the hill, and the carter's feet only touched the ground every ten yards or so. It must have been as good as a glissade.

Thus, in what should have been an hour's walk, but really took nearly two, we reached the mouth of the tunnel, which goes under the Colle di Tenda, and is some two kilometres long. We sat down to cool before entering its cold shadows, where water drips from the vault in a continual shower. When we started in, all with one consent began to shout and sing, and the same effect was produced upon others that followed. The hollow place rang with

"Oh, Jean Baptiste,  
Why have you greased  
My little dog's nose with tar?"

and the like classic ditties; and the Gurkhas, not to be outdone, raked up reminiscences of 'Ta-ra ra boom-de-ay,' which they had picked up from Roudesh in Kashmir. The instinct of man to cry aloud from out of his darkness, physical or moral, may perhaps point to an origin of church music; and the stone vaults of Gothic churches may have had something to do with its development.

The tunnel was sixty-two lamps long, and we ultimately passed the lot and made our exit through the iron doors at the end. Some workmen, blasting an apparently aimless hole and chucking the stuff down into the stream, were the first beings we saw in the daylight. They directed us to the neighboring Albergo del Traforo, where we hoped to find the man who was to get for us permission to climb in the neighboring hills. He was not in, so Zurbriggen went up the road to the first military post to inquire for him, and, by the help of the telephone, succeeded in bringing him down. We presented letters from our friends of the Italian Alpine Club in Turin, and these, with some help from St. Maurice (what he had to do with it I could not make out, but he was in it somehow), apparently put a better complexion on our prospects. Having nothing more to do for the time, we ordered a meal, though we were not a bit hungry, and

afterward resigned ourselves to being bored.

This occupation was interrupted by the coming of a man under the patronage of St. Maurice who was to work the oracle for us. He, Zurbriggen, and I started off to walk up the hill and interview the military authorities about our *permesso*. We were armed with letters from the presidents of various Alpine clubs, with *visé* passports and other documents. In addition, a letter had been written on our behalf from the President of the Royal Geographical Society to the Italian Embassy in London, and this had been communicated to the War Office in Rome. We had every reason to expect a favorable result. We climbed about 500 feet to a house occupied by soldiers, where we had to stop while a telephonic communication was held with the upper regions. I only heard the near end of the conversation: "An English gentleman with his guide." "Wants to see the colonel." "Has letters for the colonel." "One English gentleman." "English." "His guide, his domestic." "On foot"—and so forth. Ultimately we were told the colonel was out; we must wait. We waited an hour. The captain then rang us up. We might come on, provided that the man under the patronage of St. Maurice came with us. We climbed 1000 feet or more, and entered cloudland. We were close to the fort on the col. A ghostly captain emerged from the mist. The colonel had sent him to see our letters, and to assure us that we were undoubtedly most respectable persons, but that, etc. Our letters were read, and the captain went off with them to the colonel, while we sat down for half an hour and threw stones at our ice-axes. The clouds rolled and played about us, and opened occasional glimpses toward but never to the southern sea. The captain returned to tell us that they would not give us permission to go anywhere in the neighborhood, except back through the tunnel or down to Tenda. We might go to Monte Clapier, or elsewhere in that direction, but this fortified circle of the hills was closed to all the world. He continued to assure us of his distinguished con-



sideration, and then down we went, followed by three soldiers to watch us off the premises.

I see I have forgotten to say what we came to the Colle di Tenda for. This pass is chosen as a convenient eastern limit to the Maritime Alps. East of it the Apennines are by some considered to commence. As a matter of fact they do not; the two ranges overlap one another for a certain distance—the one sinking eastward, the other, parallel to and south of it, sinking westward. But for practical purposes the Alps may be counted as starting from the Tenda Pass, and the first peak of the range is the Rocca dell'Abisso. It is a trifling hump, but it is number one, and so we wanted to climb it. Unfortunately it commands a view of all the forts. A mule-path has been made up to it, and a sentry sits on the top. Monte Clapier, which comes next to it, is the first real peak, and to this we had now to turn our attention.

June 3.

To start at 4 A.M. for a mountain is one thing—to start at that hour for a tunnel is quite another. There is nothing to awake one in a monotonous tramp in the dark. FitzGerald carries no knapsack, but fills his large pockets with things. It takes him some time to get up a momentum, but when that is accomplished all he has to do is to follow his pockets. Hungry, for we had not breakfasted; sleepy, for our night had been short; and footsore, we reached the station at Limone, entered the train, and went to sleep. A moment later and we awakened at Borgo S. Dalmazzo. We found our way to an inn through a gathering crowd. The *gens d'armes* marked us down as suspicious characters, and three of them marched in and accosted the guides. Satisfied for the moment, they retreated, but soon returned and took Louis Cassel into custody for having no passport. He was ultimately released, and we were enabled to finish our breakfast in the dirtiest sort of a *café*. In the corner of the room was a life-size marble statue of a mostly nude man, wearing the sort of crown with many points that instantly suggests the Old Testament, and gesturing in a

vague manner, with a lot of fingers broken off at different joints. He was standing on a pile of apparently decapitated heads of children.

Zurbriggen and I sallied forth into the town, and found our way to a church where a confirmation was going on. "It must be at least six years," said he, "since a confirmation was held here; you can see that by the age of the children." White-hooded girls filled the north side of the nave; round-headed, specially cropped boys filled, and over-filled, the other. There were at least three boys to two girls. "That is as it happens," said Zurbriggen, "in our valley last year there were twenty-two boys born and eleven girls; sometimes there are as few as three girls." The church was dressed in red, and with its silver altar and the mitred personage before it, with his brodered cloak lined with green and held back to show the lining by two red-robed assistants, made an impressive picture. The bishop began his address: "It is unfortunately six years since a confirmation was held in this place"—one to Zurbriggen.

The diligence was at last ready to start, and off it rolled, groaning with all of us and two more men. I sat on the backless front seat, and slept the two and a half hours of the way. At Entracque I awoke. Had the valley been specially beautiful or interesting I should not have slept. No one sleeps through an eloquent sermon. The fame of us had unfortunately spread to this remote inn. It procured for us good treatment, good provisions, and an exorbitant bill. When the cool of the afternoon came we started on foot, intending to sleep at the Monighet Chalets; but before we had gone 100 yards the way was blocked before us by soldiers, who had followed us up from St. Dalmazzo. We showed our papers, and they were satisfied at last, and then gave us information that was useful. On all these occasions we were most politely received by our interlocutors; but let it be understood that they rise from the ground on all sides, and that no climber can hope to reach ground which they are not willing he should reach.

At last we got off, and made our way up a stony mule-path for three

hours, following a wild valley and its branch to a wilder cirque among the hills, where we pitched our little tent by a lake, and found a place of shelter under a rock for our followers. A grassy talus sloped up from the calm black lake to rocky walls seamed with *coulours*, down which fell waterfalls from under beds of snow. The end of the lake rested against a wall of rock, over which an ice-fall once descended. Above that peeped crests and summits deeply snow-covered, and tipped with rose by the setting sun. As the pink passed up to the cirrus above, the Gurkhas pitched the tent among newly opened flowers—yellow pansies, white violets, cowslips, and the forget-me-not—through which are transmigrating, perhaps, the souls of those in all ages who have loved mountains. The night came quickly on. Warm airs enveloped us, and a gentle drift of high mist from the south roofed in the sky.

June 4.

At 4.15 A.M. we started to climb the Argentiera. The light of dawn was in the north as we passed round the lake and zigzagged up the cliff beyond it. The surface was blacker than ever, the waterfall that leaps toward it, as from the rock's heart, looked grand in the vague morning shadows. All the paths in this country are horrible to follow, for they are made of loose stones that never bind, and they form the track of streamlets from the snow. In an hour and a half we were at the top of the cliff and the far-off Piedmontese plain was before us, enframed by hills of striking form, all deeply enveloped in snow. As we approached our breakfast-place we saw close at hand, and little disturbed by our presence, a herd of chamois. They are seldom shot in this district, for it is a royal preserve. "They feed here like so many sheep," said Zurbriggen. Truth to tell, the sight of them failed to stir me, but it put the guides into a state of wildest enthusiasm. We had to descend three hundred feet to the unoccupied alp, near some ponds, and then crossing the flat, an ascent up steep grass slopes led us toward our col. It was a dull side valley that reached up before us, with a wall of rocks on our left and rock

slopes on our right. The only fine sight was the range of hills behind us, all white with belated snow. It soon became clear that the Argentiera in its present condition could not be climbed. Avalanches were pouring off it on all sides, and its rock walls were heavy with snow ready to fall. We were not sorry, being as yet out of condition a hard day's work presented little attraction. Accordingly we halted often. We sat on the grass among green lichen-covered rocks, with the rock-walls about us, the avalanches booming, and a fresh air stroking our hot faces, a deep blue sky overhead, in which the heavenly powers were spinning cirrus webs. Falling waters sang to us their eternal mountain song, how that all winter long the frost had bound them in his prison, but now the sun had come and set them free—they were off to the sweet fields and the bright villages, off to Venice and the sea.

From the alp to the col should take about two hours' steady walking; how many hours we took will not be revealed. The snow was knee-deep for the last half mile, and avalanches fell across the track. I toiled after Zurbriggen. "I can keep easily ahead of you uphill," he said, "but not down hill." "That is because you are heavy," I replied. "Well, if I'm heavy I'm not fat; but then, fat does not weigh much either, for you see fat is drink, but flesh is good meat, and that weighs well."

We sat by the shepherd's hut on the col for some time and watched the avalanches falling down the *coulour* and *débris* fan which we ought to have ascended. Its foot is close to the col. Our descent led again over avalanche tracks, but no falling snow came near us. We had one or two rotten and almost perilously steep slopes to negotiate, and then we could glissade. In an hour we were at the Gias Laedrot, and the other face of the Argentiera was before us, with its steep *coulour* and the remarkable peaks at its head. One of these has a vertical face, and is formed of light-colored limestone, splashed with a stripe of red, just like Gusherbrum. FitzGerald photographed it and I took him. Presently we were off again, following a good mule-

path which led us to a corner where we saw plumb down into the luxuriant Valdieri and looked on to the roof of the large hotel of the Baths, planted at the foot of steep woods leading up to fine mountain sides where shadowed grassy deeps and gullies were mingled with sunlit knees and elbows of rock. We zigzagged down toward it, and a chamois darted away from our very feet and ran down as though making for the high road. The hotel was not yet opened, and no accommodation was to be had, but there is a small detachment of soldiers beside it and little Pinte for them which supplied us with wine, coffee, a table, and chairs. I hoped we might replenish our failing stock of tobacco here, and inquired of the man if he had any cigars? "I'm sorry, sir," he answered, "but *io mastico*, and so don't require them." We sat outside the dirty little place, took our meal, and did our writing. Thus the day closed, with a slight gathering of clouds overhead and low down on the hill-sides.

No; it did not so close. The *gens d'armes* had been watching us, and after dinner they closed. They demanded "papers," and we gave them a lot, but they found them poor stuff. My passport they regarded as made for Monsieur Kimberley; besides, as it was *visé* for France, it was useless for Italy. We finally produced a copy of the *Piedmontese Gazette*, giving, under the heading of "Sport," an account of our doings. This satisfied them. "That," they said, "is really a good paper, and worth all the rest of your letters and papers put together. Keep it carefully, and always show it to *gens d'armes*. It will be worth your while."

After this excitement we went for a short walk, and only then discovered the marvellous picturesque charms of the place—the walks in the woods, the view from the bridge, the hot spring in the hillside. Lovers of natural beauty should take note of the Bagni di Valdieri. The clouds thickened overhead, but M N O bade us have no care. "I have rheumatism in one leg, but it is at rest now. The weather will be fine." He was a true prophet. We retired to our tent before dark, but the coffee we had drunk, and a per-

ambulating watchman with a lantern, kept sleep away.

June 5.

To-day we were to have crossed by a col to Vinadio, where we should certainly have been arrested, but fortune willed otherwise. It was eight o'clock before we lazily started. When one starts early one always hurries to gain all possible benefit from the shade, but a late start renders such haste unnecessary, so we dawdled from the very beginning. The road up the valley was alive with soldiers carrying straw-stuffed mattresses. They went for all the world like Bulti coolies, sitting down every time the corporal's back was turned. I said to him, "You have a job on hand this morning with these lazy men." "Oh, no!" he replied, "*fa divertimento*." In an hour and a quarter we reached the second King's hunting path, zigzagging up the hill to the south, and we turned up it. The flowers everywhere were delightful, and of such numerous varieties, all fresh and young, not a faded blossom among them. A few feet up the zigzags and we overlooked the beautiful old lake basin, flat and green, in which the King's hunting-box is built—a square of buildings like an oriental *serai*. A waterfall brightened the end of the lawn, and a fine cirque of peaks surrounded this charming retreat. Thenceforward we plodded upward, till we came to where the path divides, no such division being shown on the map. Since the Fall, everybody goes wrong on these occasions; we went to the left instead of to the right. We accordingly reached, after toiling up a variety of snow-slopes, of which one was rotten and avalanchy, a corniced col, which the barometer showed to be the right height, and where we contentedly sat down. The compass indicated north unexpectedly far to the right, and the lake we looked for was not in view. Still, the map is in many places so inaccurate that this did not unsettle us.

On calling for the provisions we found that the men had devoured all the meat at breakfast, and that the day was to be a bread-and-butter one. FitzGerald and I secretly purloined the end of a *salumi* in revenge. It was

easily secreted, but the straits to which we were put to eat it secretly made its possession a doubtful blessing. The view from our perch was rather fine, as all such views must be, but none of the great peaks were in sight. Viso and Argentiera were hidden, but away to the west we looked over a series of white ranges apparently following one another like ocean waves washing southward, with winter snow a foam drifting down their backs.

The descent led us down 1000 feet of steep snow wall. We started an avalanche before we had gone far, but its only effect was to clear the way before us to the level floor of the cirque, at the head of the valley below us. We bent round leftward, and the mouth of the valley opened before us. In a moment we recognized the hills beyond. They were the same we had seen in the morning! We were going fast toward the Valdieri once more, and the side valley we were in was the Val di Valrossa.\* In fact, we had gone up one side valley, crossed an intermediate rib, and were descending another side valley. It was too late to retrace our steps, and we had nothing to do but return to the Baths, and spend a second night there. At first I was minded to be annoyed, but a moment's reflection convinced me that we had had a delightful day, and that in fact one expedition was really as good as another. There was no chance now of being arrested, and that was really a loss.

Coming to a grassy flat, we lay in the sun, and were in a mood to praise everything. The air was delightful: flowers saluted us from every chink of rock; the tempered sun shone abroad over everything, and everywhere water was spurting and hurrying—crystal clear—over the grass and the rocks, and raising the streams to unusual flood. When we reached the valley we found the river broad and full, of a

deep indigo color in the low falling afternoon light. Where the water bent at the top of a large waterfall the sun struck through the body of it, and lit it up, from within, a shimmering green light such as every one remembers who has seen Niagara. As the evening came on the Baths were reached, and our tent set up in its old position. The wind now rose to a gale, and howled all night long among the trees; but our tent was well pitched, and we slept a perfect sleep till dawn next day.

June 6.

One of the rules of our journey was never to make two attempts at any expedition. Accordingly we had to start this morning round by the valley to our next climb. By all accounts we should be allowed to do nothing at Vinadio, and the route from Vinadio to Prazzo did not appear to be interesting. Accordingly we determined to make direct for Prazzo by the quickest valley route, and thence cross the Pelvo d'Elva to Casteldelfino.

We started down the valley at six o'clock on a lovely morning. A mile ahead its bed was filled with a boiling white mist silvered by the sunshine. The river, still crystal clear and over full, kept us company as we advanced down one of the loveliest dales it has ever been my delight to follow. Great fallen rocks diversified the wayside; the hills were broken by rock and grass slopes into light and shadow; all things growing looked so young and fresh; the turns of the way yielded new pictures from moment to moment. Then we plunged beneath the mist. It was opaque here, transparent there; it curled and twisted about us, now revealing in magic frames the most delightful glimpses of crags and peaks. Thus it is that Nature sometimes comes to the help of man. In almost every view there is some part which, if isolated, possesses those elements of balance and composition in line, or in light and shade, which make it an artistic unity. The trained eye finds these out for itself, and bounds them by its field of attention. But sometimes Nature is amiable and supplies the frame, when even the dullest detects the charm.

\* Our actual expedition was this. We had started correctly up the King's path; then we diverged to the left into the Val Miana, instead of bending round to the col we intended to cross. The col we crossed was at the head of the Val Miana. We might still have crossed from the head of the Val di Valrossa to the Lago Soprano della Sella by an easy pass if we had found out our mistake in time.



An hour's walk or so along the road we reached a little copse for all the world such as one sees in Dürer's engravings as background to the "Holy Family." We could not but halt awhile under its shadow and let the clock go round as it pleased. Presently we came to the opening of a side valley at S. Anna, where on the one side a gorgeous waterfall came down between picturesque houses, and on the other the King's hunting-box stood among trees on a grassy flat. The valley opened somewhat, and became more luxuriant. Soft clouds gathered overhead, and cast upon the hills a splendid purple mantle. Where the En-tracque valley joined there was an open area, endowed with a charm of spaciousness and wealth which only the lower Italian valleys possess. We plodded for a mile or so over a dusty flat, and re-entered Valdieri, where we lunched and hired a carriage to take us and the packs to S. Dalmazzo, whither the guides preceded us on foot.

After lunch the inevitable *gendarme* appeared, clad in all the glory of a cocked hat, and armed to the teeth with a revolver, sword, and what-not. He had, as all of them have, excellent manners. He knew our names and all about us, where we had been, what we had done, and only desired to be satisfied as to our identity. That accomplished, he sat and talked with us; told us how French troops were massed this year on the frontier, and how that accounted for their own unusual activity. They had already, he said, caught five French officers this spring sketching their forts. They were naturally, therefore, on the *qui vive*. Then he launched out in praise of the Baths of Valdieri. They were re-opened by Carlo Alberto, but the Romans had first found them, when they were on the way to conquer France and the world. Those were great days. The Romans bathed wherever they found baths; that was why they were so great. Water makes men strong. Thus far the big bath-house had not paid well. The company that built it failed. Now a hotel-keeper from S. Remo had taken it. He was a brave man, and would do well. We were going to Monte Viso, he heard; Monte

Viso was a fine mountain, far finer than the hills about there. He himself had climbed some hills. There was an Englishman last year at Valdieri, who climbed hills and took photographs. He enjoyed himself greatly. Assuredly he would return, and so probably would we. With that he shook hands with us, refused our cigars and wine (he drank nothing, and only smoked cigarettes), and was gone. FitzGerald then lifted his pocket off the second chair he had placed beside him to support it, we climbed into our crazy vehicle, and drove away.

The tram took us from S. Dalmazzo to Cuneo, and a steam tram thence to Dronero, an exceptionally picturesque place with an old machicolated bridge of two high wide arches, spanning a gorge cut into the valley floor. The river curls round, and the houses are brighter round the edge of the bending gorge, with a cirque of hills behind them. In the market-place a *gendarme* accosted Zurbriggen. "You are one of Signor Conway's party; we know all about you, where you have been and where you are going—there is nothing that we don't know." We took our places in a tumble-down diligence which started from the "Inn of the Iron Arm of Giacomina Rittatore." An hour's drive brought us to S. Damiano, as the evening lights were gathering, and heavy rain was beginning to fall.

June 7.

At last, after good food freshly and well cooked, we had a long night in bed. We were early roused by a noise in the open space without. It was the monthly market-day. The stalls were setting up, goods unpacking, and a multitude of country folk gathering. Cows, goats, and sheep were in abundance, and presently sales went briskly forward, with all the gay chatter, the meeting of friends, the greetings and haggings suitable to such occasions. Companies of soldiers marched from time to time through the crowd; baggage trains, mules, men on horseback and with led horses followed. It was an animated scene.

By eight o'clock our men marched away leaving us to follow them with the baggage at a later hour. The

morning was devoted to writing and the pleasure of idleness. We wandered among the market-folk and noticed the strongly modelled and solemn faces of the men. Two met one another just in front of me, old men, like as brothers; they gazed steadfastly at one another and remained thus, apparently unconscious that the fitful wind had carried both their hats aloft together, and that all the crowd were laughing.

Before leaving the inn we inspected its great old *sala*, hung with huge seventeenth-century pictures, and sparsely furnished with what once were fine chairs and settees. In their tattered and forlorn condition they looked like stiff-backed aristocrats fallen upon evil days, but clinging desperately to the remembrance of their former glory.

The valley above S. Damiano is beautiful with a rare loveliness. *Débris* from the hill-sides once filled the floor across and made a wide flat area. Through the deep bed of conglomerate thus formed the river has again cut a gorge, within which it gracefully winds. In long green or wooded slopes the mountains spread down on either side to the fertile valley floor, villages are planted on the edge of the lower ravine, the sides of which are precipitous with birch trees growing on their ledges, now and then a waterfall leaping down over them. The floor of the ravine again is flat, with grass lawns of wonderful verdure, contained by the loops of the clear and hurrying waters. As we drove along, gazing at the series of beautiful pictures thus revealed to us, we turned a corner, and a long tendril of wild rose in full blossom reached out from the rocks on our right and arched the picture in. So entranced were we that an ice-axe, my companion for eighteen summers, leaped out of the carriage, and I did not miss it till we reached the trysting place, where our men awaited us. Aymonod went back a mile or so to look for it. He met some peasants and asked them if they had seen such a thing in the way. "Yes," they answered; "lying in the middle of the road." "Why did you not pick it up, then?" "Oh! why should we? It was not ours." And the next men we met said the same. "We saw it and left it; it was not

ours." It lay where it fell till Aymonod found and brought it safely back.

We walked slowly up zigzags through the village of Stroppo and round the cirque of grass slopes above it all the gay afternoon. No meadows could be sweeter than the meadows of Stroppo in early June, carpeted with flowers, here in masses of white, higher up dashed all across with gentian blue. We passed an old church, then another. Four of them stand in a row along a steep mountain arm. The views developed on all sides down into the entrancing valley, and then away eastward over the Piedmontese plain, sparkling with dots of light where the sun shone on white house walls, strewn here and there with purple cloud-shadows, and bounded far away by blue Apennines over which a long wave of delicate cloud poured from the south, to melt into violet mist upon the plain.

In about two hours we rounded a col in the far side of the Stroppo basin and the similar and equally beautiful cirque of Elma opened before us, with the mass of the Pelvo beyond, and the col we were to cross on our right. A bare precipitous buttress of rock plunged down at our feet to invisible depths, an admirable contrast to the rounded green slopes and woods beyond. The Pelvo was clad in purple shadows and mysterious draperies of cloud and rain, through which the sun drove radiant shafts of light.

Thenceforward our way led us sometimes across green slopes rich in flowers, sometimes through woods of larch or birch, where the ground was as green and soft beneath the trees as on the open hill. The simple inn at Elma received us at an early hour, and the excellent host worked hard to make us comfortable. The coffee that he produced seemed worth a journey from London.

June 8.

At four o'clock I started with Zurbruggen and the Gurkhas. FitzGerald followed with his guides at six. Our path circled and zigzagged round the fair hillside. In the south the Maritime Alps were widely spread within the purple loveliness of early morning, a high mist ranging like a roof far above them. The Gurkhas were con-

stant in their praise of the quantity and excellence of the grass. "It is not thus in our country. There the valleys are flat and green below between walls of barren mountains, but here the grass climbs all the hills." In two hours we passed a body of soldiers drilling, and so came to our col where we halted for breakfast and looked across to Monte Viso rising near at hand to the north. It is a poor-looking mountain from this side, not grand in form nor imposing in mass. Its toothed crest was combing some soft clouds that drifted over it. Presently there was a change and a puff of cloud seemed to come smoking off the peak. "That," I said to Karbir, "must be the smoke of your fairies' kitchen." He remembered the fancies of the men who live near the Roof of the World and was grave.

A suspicious lieutenant soon came to interview us and would have it that we were French; at length we allayed his suspicions. A long, undulating ridge led from our pass (the Colle della Biorcca) to the foot of the Pelvo d'Elma. Peak, ridge, and pass stood to one another as do the Dent Blanche, the Wandfluh, and the Col d'Herens, and the ascent of the peak is made by routes similar to those up the Dent Blanche. The analogy is a close one even to details. We walked leisurely in an hour to the foot of the peak, where we saw some gray hares among the *débris*. Bearing to the left, we scrambled into the first *couloirs* of the *arête* and proceeded to climb it. It was easy at first, but presently steepened till we reached a point which for some time mocked our efforts. The rock was smooth, hard, and ledgeless. Above us it curled over our heads. Zurbriggen climbed as far as he could to the left, then getting his back to the rock he curled round, for a moment facing and overhanging me, and so threw himself to the other side of the gully where he caught for an instant on the surface of all his person. One struggle, as of a man swimming, carried him up just far enough to enable him to catch on to a ledge by which he hauled himself up to a firm position. This was as difficult a bit of scrambling as I have seen accomplished. We now worked

to the right, to the *arête*, by which we completed the ascent in two hours from the foot of the peak. FitzGerald, who followed us at an interval of an hour and a half, ascended by the *arête* all the way. The ordinary and lazy route from the foot of the peak is to traverse the whole width of the face of the mountain to the left and thus to reach the high S.W. shoulder whence an easy ridge leads to the top. That was the way we came down.

The view that spread around us, as we sat by the stone man on the top, was superb. It is well known to be one of the finest views in the Southern Alps. The Piedmontese plain spread abroad at our feet, incredibly soft and faintly varied in tone. The wave of cloud still poured over the passes of the Apennines to melt into haze beyond them. Silver ribbons of river wound through the violet flat. A few strips of cumulus cloud voyaged lazily in the sky. Near at hand were the rich and verdant valleys and the hills, green on the south, bare on their northern slopes. From the Argentiera peaks to the Viso the higher mountains encircled with a bold outline the richly colored valley area at our feet. We remained for an hour drinking in the beauty of the scene.

The descent would, as a rule, be easy enough, but the mass of winter snow remaining caused difficulties of its own. One very steep and treacherous slope of snow had to be descended straight down. It was not long, but it seemed perilous enough, and I was glad to be off it. In an hour from the top we were lying again by our baggage on a bed of gentians. There FitzGerald joined us in due course, and all started on together. Casteldelfino was visible far, far below. We did not trouble about the widely zigzagging path, but struck an almost straight line down the hill. We came to grass slopes so smooth and steep that all we had to do was to set our feet firmly together and shoot down. Karbir raced his little round cap, which rolled like a wheel on its own account. A path presently caught us, and led to a grass *arête* dotted with trees and shrubs and a very garden for flowers—rich especially in an *orchis*, which was in full blossom

among large white Christmas roses. Nothing is lovelier, and few things rarer, than a steep, wooded grass *arête*. Down it we went—first one side, then the other, then along its crest—with a twinkling change of views, this way and that, inexpressibly charming. Thus we struck the top of a groove, down which logs of wood are thrown for quicker passage to the valley. Its floor was covered with old pine needles; trees arched it over; its edges were embroidered with flowers. We shot ourselves down this straight descent with

exhilarating swiftness. It landed us breathless and excited, within a few hundred feet of the river. A bridge led across to the village of Posterle, whence we reached Casteldelfino in about an hour from the pass. With utter lack of foresight, I drank a litre of cold milk at once. Before long I was in a fever, and it was late the following day before I was well enough to quit my bed. Thus we pay for follies, but they are sometimes worth the price. — *Contemporary Review*.

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### SLEEPLESSNESS.

BY A. SYMONS ECCLES.

If the question be asked, what is the characteristic feature of the present day? surely the answer of the majority must be Restlessness. Whatever phase of civilized life presents itself, social, political, or commercial, the same condition of kaleidoscopic unrest bewilders the observer, who seeks in vain, even in the regions of theology and science, for evidences of freedom from the prevailing sign of the times.

Doubtless there are some who would explain away the existence of this restlessness, which they cannot deny, by airily repeating the pronouncement so often made that we are living to-day in the great era of transition; but while it is true that the present is markedly a period of change, it is equally correct to attribute this transitional state of affairs to the restless activity which has followed the development of rapid and easy means of communication between the various human communities scattered over the globe.

Racial peculiarities, local customs, and even national prejudices are undergoing effacement before the irresistible forces which civilized man has brought to bear on time and space, and just as these influences affect communities, so must they also modify the habits and methods of individuals.

Progress, activity, and competition, naturally resulting from the increasing facilities for locomotion and inter-

change of thought and knowledge of passing events throughout the world, are no doubt fraught with value both to the community and to the individual so long as they can be kept within reasonable bounds; but unfortunately it is not always possible to control their growth and development within healthy limits, so that too rapid progress leads to degeneration, over-activity begets unrest, and excess of competition ends in decay. Thus to the demands of unduly rapid progress and excessive competition must be attributed the morbid restlessness of individuals so frequently met with at the present time; and the results of this unrestfulness are so serious and increasingly common, that a brief consideration of the most prominent and perhaps the earliest evil effect of over-activity may not be without interest.

It is not necessary to quote statistics, if they were available, in support of the fact, probably within the knowledge of all, that sleeplessness is one of the commonest complaints of the present day, and employing the term in its widest sense to embrace defects in the quantity and the quality of sleep, it may be alleged that by far the greater number of sufferers from insomnia could trace the initial disturbance of the sleep function to the prolongation of mental strain or bodily fatigue, induced by over-activity in the pursuit of business or pleasure, interfering



with the proper rhythm of rest and work.

A regularly recurring period of sleep is necessary to the health of mind and body in every individual, varying in amount with the age, and to some extent in quality with the idiosyncrasy of the individual; for it is well known that whereas babies require sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, children about twelve, and young people eight, as age increases the number of hours decreases, and often after the age of sixty, five or six hours' sound sleep suffice to maintain health.

Most young persons sleep more soundly than people of riper age; but many individuals at all ages exhibit personal idiosyncrasy in regard to the nature of their sleep, some being easily aroused, while others are blessed with very profound sleep. An interesting fact in regard to the quality of sleep in almost all healthy individuals may here be cited, as it has a distinct bearing upon the disturbance of the sleep function in many cases of insomnia. At first sleep is much heavier than in the later hours of rest. For one or two hours the somnolence increases rapidly in depth, then gradually becomes lighter toward the usual hour for waking. This condition is emphasized in certain cases of sleeplessness, the sufferers from partial insomnia often complaining that sleep is obtained for one or two hours, but that it is followed after this short period by absolute wakefulness, not infrequently accompanied by intolerable restlessness.

In order to appreciate the commoner causes of sleeplessness it is necessary to refer to the most recently adopted views in regard to the production of sleep and the conditions on which its proper quantity and quality depend.

Formerly sleep was believed to be dependent on a state of comparative bloodlessness of the brain, and by the condition of the circulation of the blood through that organ the character and duration of sleep was held to be modified. This view is still regarded as correct by physiologists of the present day; but since physiological chemistry has thrown more light on the processes of repair and waste it has been shown that in addition to the part played by

the blood circulating through the brain, inducing wakefulness or sleep according to the increase or decrease in the rapidity of the circulation and the variation in the size of the blood-vessels, the actual chemical condition of the brain-cells also serves to determine the existence of sleep and wakefulness.

As the formation of clinkers in a furnace reduces the fierceness of the flames and interferes with the activity of combustion, so the accumulation of fatigue products within the brain-cells, formed during the waking hours, tends to induce unconsciousness by reducing the activity of chemical action and interchange between the blood, the vehicle of nourishment, and the brain-cell needing replenishment.

The healthy alternation of work and rest is thus provided; for the very existence of waste material generated during the activity of the brain-cell tends to interfere with the absorption by the brain tissue from the blood of the pabulum necessary to energetic action; but if from any cause the brain is unduly stimulated, whether by emotion, thought, or external impressions on the one hand, or by acceleration of the blood current and increased blood supply through the cerebral vessels, then the supervention of sleep will be delayed and possibly prevented for a prolonged period. In this connection the introduction of exciting drugs into the circulation from without, or the absorption of irritating poisons formed under conditions of disordered digestion, or in consequence of bodily fatigue, must be remembered as fruitful sources of insomnia.

There are, of course, certain diseases in which sleeplessness is one of the most painful symptoms; however, it is not the purpose of the writer to discuss conditions which can only be dealt with by experts according to the necessities of each individual case, but rather to sketch sufficiently some of the causes of insomnia more or less susceptible of modification by attention to certain phenomena associated with the sleep function.

Interference with rhythmical habit of work and rest is probably one of the commonest causes of disordered or defective sleep, and for this reason the

over-activity, hurry, and restlessness of the present time may be held responsible for the majority of cases of insomnia so commonly met with. Those who are fortunate in occupying positions in which regularity of habits is seldom infringed, rarely suffer from sleeplessness save as a concomitant of acute disease or as the result of mental worry. Those, however, who lead irregular lives, either in the rush of a London season or in the undue prolongation of mental work and bodily fatigue, which in too many cases are associated with disregard of all physiological conditions favorable to healthy sleep, afford the most distressing examples of the evil effects resulting from defective quality or quantity of the sleep necessary to health.

"Oh gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids  
down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, . . .  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?"

Henry IV., 2nd Part, Act 3, Sc. 1.

It is not difficult to answer the apostrophe of the King if enquiry is made into the habits of the sea-boy and the savage, comparing them with those of the politician and the plutocrat; and unless the rhythm of rest and work is more closely observed by the classes whence most cases of insomnia are derived, there is little prospect that sleeplessness will not continue to be one of the most common complaints of the times in which we live.

If it is remembered that the sleep function depends on the non-stimulation of the exhausted brain-cell on the one hand, and the less energetic cerebral circulation on the other, how can sleeplessness be avoided by those who seek rest immediately after a period of prolonged study or intellectual work? When the head is hot and the feet are cold, when probably the processes of digestion and assimilation of food have been damaged by the hasty return to work from a hurried meal, and the blood which should have been filling the vessels of the abdomen is called to flood the arteries of the jaded brain in

order to wash away the waste products of activity and supply the oxygen necessary to the prolonged activity of the brain-cell? Then, in addition to the dilated vessels and rapid passage of the stimulating blood through the brain, in themselves conditions prohibiting mental repose, the imperfect digestion has resulted in the formation of poisonous matters, which, being absorbed into the blood, irritate the over-tired brain and keep the sleepless victim tossing in tortured gloom through the long-drawn hours of horrible wakefulness.

How shall sleep woo the fair lady who spends the morning in crowded shops, who wastes the time for exercise in the fatigue of "trying on" and "fitting;" entertains a large luncheon party, drives over the West of London paying calls, hastens home to dress for a dinner party, thence to the opera house, stifled in the heat of an ill-ventilated box, and on again to a ball at which one supper does not suffice to support the weary body, and too many "refreshments" are demanded by the tired mind? Home to bed in broad daylight to sleep? Not so; the over-excited brain, unduly stimulated circulation, the aching limbs, and the exhausted nerves, alone render sleep well-nigh impossible, and how shall the mental repose, the bodily rest, and the external quiet essential to the induction of sleep be secured after reading the contents of the late post letters to the accompaniment of the shrill chirp of the London sparrows on the window-sill and the jarring rattle of the milk-cart on the street below?

Doubtless to the young and healthy, disregard for the conditions conducive, and in many cases necessary, to sleep may continue for a time; but worry, excitement, physical pain, or an attack of some febrile complaint supervenes, and the penalty paid too often is not merely temporary derangement of the sleep function, ceasing with its exciting cause, but nature takes her revenge for past neglect, and sleeplessness becomes habitual. Probably to no malady have so many evil consequences been attributed as have lately been ascribed to influenza. Physicians and patients have conspired, not without reason, to hold this complaint respon-

sible for the many nervous troubles apparently resulting therefrom; but close enquiry often elicits the fact that the habits, circumstances, or mode of life have been such as to favor the onset of the acute malady in the first instance and to predispose the victim to the after consequences, in so many cases apparently out of all proportion to the acute disease which immediately preceded them.

Not the least serious nor uncommon post-influenzal trouble is defective sleep, so that since the recent epidemics of influenza, insomnia appears to be a more frequent complaint than before. For the relief of disordered sleep the sufferer in almost every case is ready and willing to have recourse to any, or many in turn, of the numerous drugs known as soporifics, with the unfortunate result that not a few fall victims to the baneful consequences of habitual drugging. It is so much easier to obtain artificial sleep by taking narcotics than to woo healthy sleep by attention to physiological conditions which favor it; albeit the sleep so obtained is far more refreshing, and amply repays the observance of any irksome restrictions enforced in order to secure it.

The production of sleep depending mainly on two great factors, viz., the inactive state of the brain itself, and the comparatively small quantity of blood circulating through its vessels, another important influence must not be ignored. Recent research has led to the conclusion that certain materials are formed in the body during sleep which after a time stimulate the brain-cells and produce wakefulness, while exactly the reverse process occurs during the time in which the individual is awake, so that after a period of wakefulness a storage of sleep-inducing matters is effected, which, when sufficiently accumulated, tend to drowsiness.

This being the case it is easy to understand the existence of rhythm in wakefulness and sleep; but if this process, the manufacture of soporific material, is disturbed by the introduction of stimulating influences, whether psychical or physical, especially if such antagonism occurs at or about the close of the waking period, it is not difficult to upset the rhythmical alternation of

vigil and sleep on which health depends. Sleep is postponed, the activity of the brain and circulation is increased, the circumstances of ordinary life compel undue prolongation of wakeful hours, with the inevitable reduction of the normal period for repose, until, under the a rhythmical conditions so induced, the habit of sleep is lost, and the individual is no longer able to obtain rest, even when the circumstances initially the cause of insomnia have ceased to exist. A vicious condition of affairs such as this cannot be successfully combated by the abuse of narcotics, neither will the temporary use of soporific drugs be useful in re-establishing physiological rhythm without recourse to the less artificial aids to the inducement of sleep indicated by nature herself.

In order that a habit of sleeplessness should be broken, the sufferer must employ the hours of wakefulness in preparing for the timely advent of "nature's soft nurse."

A certain amount of mental work as free from worry and excitement as possible may be performed in some cases wherein nervous exhaustion has not assumed serious characters; this work, however, must be limited to the earlier hours of the day, and no occupation demanding sustained effort of mind must be undertaken for some hours before sleep is desired. The meals taken must be light and easy of digestion, and every precaution should be observed against taxing the powers of assimilation by such mischievous practices as eating hurriedly when fatigued, or attempting mental work or physical labor directly after taking food.

"After dinner sit awhile, after supper walk a mile," is an adage which holds as good to-day as at the time when it was first enunciated. Moderate exercise, involving a certain measure of healthy tiredness, will favor the production of non-stimulating waste-product and the elimination of irritating substances from the body which accumulate when muscular activity is neglected.

An evening walk will often conduce to that condition of mental repose and bodily fatigue which is essential to the onset of sleep.

The circulation is affected by exercise so that the tension in the blood-vessels of the brain is reduced, the blood current being in a certain sense diverted from the internal organs into the limbs and over the surface, thus providing for the dilatation of the vessels which occurs during sleep and promoting the warmth conducive to somnolence, while at the same time the manufacture of carbonic acid, a soporific substance, is increased. Many persons find themselves dropping off to sleep when they sit down in a crowded room, this being due to the reduction of the supply of oxygen and to the augmentation of carbonic acid gas in the air breathed by many in a confined space. Our domestic pets teach us a lesson in the attitudes adopted by them when seeking repose; dogs curl themselves up and bury their noses between their limbs, and the writer has frequently observed that the favorite attitude adopted by cats is one in which they almost appear to be sitting on their heads, the face being buried in the fur of the chest and the nose thrust between the front limbs. Here both warmth and a limited supply of oxygen are provided for, and in view of the habits taught by instinct, it may often be found useful to keep the windows of a bedroom closed during the time sleep is desired, provided there is fair ventilation through the chimney and the usual crevices of modern ill-fitting doors and windows.

Work, food, and exercise being duly regulated and a non-stimulating atmosphere, with sufficient warmth, both bodily and aerial, being provided, there remain still other conditions provocative to sleep, if not actually essential.

Quietude is decidedly important; but monotonous sounds, steady and prolonged, are more conducive to repose than complete silence enduring for a time to be broken by sudden noise. The dull roar of a busy thoroughfare more readily conduces to sleep than the deep silence of an unfrequented street, disturbed by the rare passage of a belated cab.

Many sufferers from that form of sleeplessness which is characterized by loss of the power to go to sleep until some time has passed after retirement

to bed, complain in injured tones that whereas they go to their rooms sleepy and quite expecting a good night, as soon as they get into bed all drowsiness is lost, and they feel as if their "eyelids were propped open" with wakefulness, the wildest brain activity replacing the previous somnolence. The cause of this may be sought for in the sudden change of bodily posture from the erect position maintained during the passage upstairs and while exchanging day for night clothes, to the recumbent attitude adopted when lying in bed. To a certain extent the stimulating effect of the cooler garment or bed-clothing may come into play, but this may have been provided for by warming the night-dress and bed sheets; still, sleep is banished. This is notably so when there is bloodlessness or enfeebled circulation. The brain, which in the erect position has been kept on short commons (both by reason of the feeble heart action, which has to work against the force of gravity, and because of the lack of tone in the muscular coat of blood-vessels in debilitated persons), as soon as the recumbent position is adopted, becomes flooded with the blood so much more readily finding its way through the lax blood-channels of the brain, now almost on a level with the heart, which no longer has to pump up hill. The head begins to throb, singing in the ears and marked wakefulness ensue, so that the very position in which bodily rest is generally most easily obtained, is the most inimical to sleep.

A sufferer from partial insomnia, involving great loss of sleep in the earlier hours of the night, once confessed to her physician that she dated her want of sleep from the time when she ceased to say her prayers before retiring to rest, and was immediately recommended to resume her religious duties in the usual attitude just before lying down. The result was declared by the patient to have been most happy, and no doubt the mental repose engendered, coupled with the fact that the transition from the erect to the horizontal position was rendered more gradual by the interposition of the usual reverential attitude of the bended knee and bowed head, conduces to the tranquillity of heart



action and slowness of circulation necessary to sleep. In many cases, however, the assumption of the recumbent attitude, even when effected gradually, is followed by wakefulness, but the application of warmth to the extremities will help to equalize circulation, and a meal of gruel or a cup of hot soup, by inducing the determination of blood to the organs of digestion, will greatly aid the supervention of sleep. The effect of the hot fluid may be maintained by applying warmth externally to the stomach, indeed, it is quite hopeless to seek sleep if the surface of the abdomen is cold, a condition frequently overlooked in the substitution of night clothing for that of the day.

It has already been noted that sleep is at first heavy and gradually becomes lighter as the usual hour of waking is approached. Now in some cases of insomnia refreshing sleep is obtained for a brief period, which is followed by most wearisome wakefulness. This condition may sometimes be overcome by taking a light meal after the first sleep, the blood supply being drawn from the brain to the belly, and at the same time the blood itself is replenished by substances formed in the process of digestion, which have a soporific effect; that this is probably the case is

illustrated by the ease with which animals and some human beings fall asleep after a heavy meal.

Monotonous sounds, sights, or other sensory impressions will sometimes induce somnolence, as evidenced by the effect of lullabies on restless infants, the results of massage and the influence of hypnotism; but these last methods of inducing sleep are only useful under medical supervision, and in cases selected for their employment under the conditions of personal observation by experts, whose choice of the treatment applicable can only be made by judicious appropriation of remedies to the individual needs of each sufferer. Within the limits of this article it is not possible to discuss the interesting phenomena of disordered sleep afforded by dreams, somnambulism, and other abnormal states associated therewith. The object of the writer has been rather to warn those who in the plenitude of healthy vigor may be tempted to tamper with due alternation of work and rest, and to try, though very imperfectly, to sketch the conditions under which "sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye" may "steal me awhile from mine own company."—*National Review*.

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#### REFORMED "PUBLICS."

For many years the Temperance question has been one of the most hopeless and depressing in the whole field of politics. Those who are capable of noting the facts of human nature, and are not led away by fanatical dreams as to the infinite possibilities of coercion contained in an Act of Parliament, have felt that the problem has passed out of the region of reason and common-sense. It has become the happy hunting-ground of blind enthusiasm on the one hand, and on the other of sordid self-interest. Don Quixote has been tilting at Mammon, and the noise and confusion of the fight have been so great that plain men have been able to do nothing but throw up their hands in despair and stand idly aside. Some indeed, like the Knight in the "Morte

d'Arthur," who, when he saw a snake and a lion fighting in the Forest Perilous, helped the lion "because he was the more natural beast," have tried to assist Don Quixote as the more natural of the combatants, but with little success. The Knight of the Brazen Teakettle has pushed them aside with ignominy if they would not shout "Total prohibition" as loudly as himself. At last, however, and thanks mainly to two men—the Bishop of Chester and Mr. Chamberlain—it looks as if moderate and reasonable people were to have what the Americans call a "show" on the Temperance question. Under the auspices of the two men named above, joined by the Duke of Westminster, Lord Thring, and a number of other moderate people of all parties

and creeds, an Association has been formed not to abolish the sale and purchase of liquor, not, that is, to prevent that being done which it is notorious is desired by a majority of the people of this country, but instead to promote the reform of public-houses. This Association is to be called the Public-house Reform Association, and by every means in its power it is to put down the evils of drunkenness. The formation of this body will be, we feel sure, for thousands of persons throughout the United Kingdom, a veritable ray of hope. It will give them what they have been longing for for years,—a body which can be joined by those who wish to do something to allay the curse of drink on just, reasonable, and practical lines.

The Public-house Reform Association wisely moves on the line of common agreement. There is one thing on which the whole country, brewers and publicans, distillers and bar-tenders, as well as the mass of the people, agree. That is the prevention of drunkenness. At this point comes the outbreak of disagreement. The Temperance fanatic says, "Stop drunkenness by stopping all drinking by law," and at once comes into contact with the opinion of moderate men. The Public-house Reform Association stops short of this controversy. It says in effect, "If you cannot agree as to how drunkenness can be best stopped, at any rate you can take one plain, practical step; you can so arrange your legislation, that under no circumstances can it be to the pecuniary interest of A, B, or C to induce D, E, or F to take not only more liquor than is good for them but any liquor at all. You can arrange, that is, that the uninfluenced desire alone shall cause the consumption of intoxicants." Surely whatever else may be done, this is a step worth taking. We know that in the case of every commodity an enormous stimulant is given to consumption by what may be termed the hypnotic suggestions set in motion by the keenness of competition. The man who is very eager to sell, whose happiness in life largely depends upon his ability to sell, will be certain to sell more than the man who is entirely indifferent to the

sale of the commodity which he dispenses. This is the main fact which is recognized by the Public-house Reform Association. Their whole scheme is based upon the principle that the proper way to restrict the consumption of a commodity is to arrange that no one shall be interested in pushing it. Here then is the keystone of the Association. The details may be shortly stated. They have evidently been well thought out, and are the outcome of practical experience, not of mere theorizing. The plan is to apply to England, Scotland, and Ireland, but with very considerable modifications, what is known in Sweden and Norway as the Gothenburg System. Everything depends upon stopping every possible form of profit from the sale of liquor. To begin with, it is proposed that there shall be a public company or Trust created, to whom the monopoly of the sale of intoxicants shall be intrusted within a given area. This company will of course require capital to buy up the existing public-houses, but on this capital only a fixed low rate of interest will be paid,—we presume 3 per cent., the municipal rate. The Trust, therefore, will have no interest in stimulating the sale of liquor, for its shareholders will never be able to get more than their 3 per cent. The possibility of a Trust ever being placed in a position which would render it necessary for it to work up the sales in order to reach the 3 per cent. limit need not, as Mr. Chamberlain incidentally showed, be taken into account. "I assume," he said, "that the marketable value is the true value of this property, but that, as we are going to take it compulsorily, it would be perfectly fair to give something beyond the marketable value, and I will put it at the usual percentage of 10 per cent. Then I assume—and I am sure it is a very moderate assumption—that upon the existing capital invested on these houses, at least 10 per cent. of profit is annually made. On the average, I believe it is considerably above that, but I take it at 10 per cent. on the increased capital which would have to be raised to pay the market value plus the 10 per cent. The profit, under these circumstances would be 9 per cent. Suppose

that by the plan we reduce the consumption by one-third, that will reduce the profit to 6 per cent., but to that profit of 6 per cent. you must add the enormous saving, which every business man can appreciate, which will result from halving the number of houses, thereby halving the cost, the rent, rates and taxes, on capital and on stock in other ways, and above all, the cost of management and administration." There need then be no fear that the Trusts will ever have to trade under ordinary conditions in order to get their minimum percentage? It is on the other hand, practically certain that there will be a considerable surplus in spite of the efforts of the Trust not to stimulate the sale of liquor. How is the surplus to be disposed of? Clearly in some way which will make it no one's interest that the surplus shall be as large as possible. This principle at once rules out relief of the rates. If the surplus went to the Borough fund in any shape or form, or to objects which would otherwise be provided for by the rates, the town would have an interest in a large surplus, and so in increasing the sales. It has been proposed that the surplus should go to the providing of public parks, or to hospitals and infirmaries; but it appears to us that there might be danger in this. The Trust officials, in their enthusiasm for open spaces, or the cure of disease, might so manage affairs that their surplus should be a large one. We would rather enact that the surplus, after management expenses and 3 per cent. on the capital, should go to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. No one is likely to tempt A to take another glass of whisky in order that the Debt shall be *pro tanto* reduced. This plan will secure the managers and stockholders of the Trust against running the concern on business lines. Next, it will be arranged, not merely that the salesman shall have no interest in selling spirits and beer, but that he shall have a direct interest in diverting the money of the public into non-alcoholic channels. The salesman, that is, will be given a fixed salary and no commission on intoxicants. On non-intoxicants, however, he will be allowed a handsome

commission. Thus the man behind the bar, though he will sell the sober man his beer if asked to do so, will try to tempt him to spend his twopence on ginger-beer, coffee, or tea, rather than on a glass of bitter. In this way every inducement for stimulating the sale of intoxicants will be done away with. The artisan in the public-house will drink as does the rich man in his club, uninfluenced by the exertions of a person who is anxious to make a profit on his orders.

The best way of making clear the proposed scheme is to take a concrete instance. A is a Borough. It is proposed to form a Public Trust in this Borough, with Parliamentary powers to acquire by compulsory purchase (full compensation, of course, being given), all the licensed houses in the town. Of course, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, it will follow from this that if these licenses are so acquired, the licensing authority will be forbidden to issue any other licenses, unless, it may be, under exceptional circumstances, and then they must issue them to the Company which possesses the rest, so that the Company or Trust will have an absolute monopoly within its district. Next, the Trust will be subject to all the existing laws in regard to hours and police conditions. They will hold a monopoly, but a monopoly strictly regulated by law. The practical result of the formation of such a Trust was well worked out by Mr. Chamberlain. He asked his audience to consider what the result of eliminating personal gain from the pursuit of any trade must of necessity be. "I will take an instance. Take Chester, with a population of forty thousand. I believe there are two hundred and twenty licenses there. You have two hundred and twenty men who by the necessity of the case must be intelligent, and you have them pushing to the very utmost the business which they are conducting, and they are doing it under the pressure of the most tremendous competition, in which the weakest must go to the wall. Is it not absolutely certain that the presence of these men must go far to account for the proportion of drinking and drunkenness in Chester? And if, instead of

these two hundred and twenty commission agents for drink, you had a number of men, not one of whom had any interest in the matter, to whom it was absolutely indifferent whether he sold a pint or whether he sold a barrel, is it not obvious that this must be immediately followed by a great advance in the direction of the diminution of drinking?" We may be sanguine, but we confess that the proposal of the Association seems to us full of promise. It has one great practical fact to rely upon. A similar system was tried some thirty years ago in a great town in Sweden. It succeeded, and the system spread thence over the whole of the country. Next it invaded Norway, and now the towns of both countries are under a scheme of liquor sale from which the element of personal gain is eliminated. Mark, too, that no one on the spot declares the system a failure, and that whatever else people want altered in Sweden, no one wants to go back to the old state of things. That is a hard fact. Before we leave the subject, a word of praise must be bestowed on the two men who have brought the subject to the front. It is very greatly to Mr. Chamberlain's

credit that, through good report and evil, he has stuck to his advocacy of the Gothenburg system. Politicians do not, as a rule, care to stick to schemes which seem to be making no headway, especially schemes which raise the ire of the liquor interest. Yet this is what Mr. Chamberlain has done. Even more credit is due to the Bishop of Chester. He has shown practical ability of a high order in his treatment of the subject. His enthusiasm has enlisted help and support in the most unexpected quarters, and his fund of sound common-sense has made it impossible for the opponents of the scheme to raise the cry of "Faddists!" and "Cranks!" If any two men can carry the scheme to a successful issue, it is these two. They are lucky in having the help of the ablest and most experienced Parliamentary draftsman of the present generation. The Bill will want careful handling if it is to become a water-tight Act. In securing this, the help and encouragement of Lord Thring will be of enormous importance. Bills supervised by him are in little danger of being laughed out of Parliament as impracticable and chimerical.—*The Spectator*.

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#### ONE OF THE CLOTH.

Do you happen to know Cavesson of the Native Police, a big burly man with a marvellous command of language and a voice strong enough to stop a steam-roller? If you do, and are intimate with him, you might restrain him from spreading scandalous reports about my character, and also refute his statements that I did my best to ruin his career by foolish practical joking. I promise you that I am entirely innocent, and you may show him this story as a proof. He will most likely not believe you, and, very probably, bid you mind your own business; but in your friend's interests you will not mind that.

I had met him several times before, but this was the first occasion in his official capacity. Was I to be blamed therefore if I failed to appreciate the might, majesty and dominion of the

law in the person of one with whom I had disrespectfully skylarked in days gone by? He was, in fact, a man of two lives, in the one as reckless and impulsive as in the other he was clear-headed and determined. So when one night-fall toward the end of summer he rode up to the station accompanied by a dozen or so of his black troopers, I forgot his second capacity and rushed out to offer him a demonstrative welcome. In place of the bluff, hearty man I expected I found a morose Inspector of Police wrapped in an impenetrable blanket of officialdom.

After delivering some orders to his sergeant, he dismounted and preceded me into the house. I placed refreshment and myself at his disposal, and, while doing so, gave utterance to some idiotic joke, which I couldn't help feeling at the time was out of place. He



was in no humor for jesting, and said sternly: "Perhaps you are not aware that at this very moment you and your women-folk are in most imminent danger, and that you might all have had your throats cut before I could possibly have reached you."

I was serious in a moment. "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Simply this, that after being reviled by Parliament and the Press for what they call my criminal delay, I have chased the Centipede half way across this colony and now have him boxed up in the Punch Bowl Gully behind your house. By this time, but for the night, he and his gang would have been in my hands."

For a moment I sat dazed. The news was so unexpected that I could hardly realize the extent of our late danger. Centipede, the desperado whose atrocities had for months past been the horror of the Colonies, was a public nightmare. And when I remembered my women folk and reflected that the Punch Bowl Gully was not five miles distant from the homestead, my feelings may be better imagined than described. "What do you propose doing, Cavesson?" I said at last.

"Speak lower; there is nothing to be gained by frightening the women. This is my plan. The gang, being unaware that I am so close upon their heels, will lie by for a day to spell their horses. I shall billet myself on you to-night; and to-morrow, with my own men and as many of yours as will volunteer, I shall enter the gully and exterminate every mother's son who offers resistance."

"Do you think they'll show fight?"

"If you knew that capture meant Jack Ketch and the lime-pit, would you?"

I looked round my comfortable home while he entered upon detailed particulars of certain episodes in the Centipede's career. "Great Heaven!" I said. "What a risk I've run, and how grateful I should be to you!"

"Don't mention it, old man! You see, your risk is my gain, and if I can collar them it will be the turning-point in my fortunes. By the way, can you spare a man to show my boys a pad-

dock where they can put our horses? It'll be a daylight start in the morning."

We walked down to the hut to give the necessary instructions, and while strolling back I noticed a small dust-cloud breaking across the plain. Presently it formed itself into a horseman galloping furiously toward us. From his actions in the saddle he was evidently no experienced rider. Pulling up in a smother of dust before the veranda, he tumbled headlong to the ground, and then for the first time I noticed his profession.

Imagine, seated in a most undignified attitude, very limp and with a living fear of death in his face, a young curate of the Church of England, possibly twenty-three years of age and clad in full but extremely dusty canonicals, his straw-colored hair plastered on his forehead, one shoe missing, and his hat, well jammed back on his head, showing two bullet-holes in it.

When he had recovered sufficiently he rose and explained, in a most shamefaced manner, the reason of his being in such condition. His name, he said, was Augustus Randell, and he had only been three months out from home. He occupied the position of curate to the vicar of Mulga Flat, from whence, that morning, he had started on a visit to the surrounding stations. He was the bearer of a letter of introduction to myself, and was on his way to deliver it when his trouble happened. Passing the entrance to a gully in the ranges a number of men had rushed out, bailed him up, and taken everything he possessed. Then, crowning indignity of all, they had forced him to dance a saraband in his shirt. He blushed painfully as he narrated the last circumstance, and almost forgot to mention that, when they permitted him to depart, a volley was fired and two bullets pierced his hat.

"Never mind, Padre," said Cavesson, hugely pleased, as we escorted the victim into the house; "they were mad when they let you get away to give the alarm. But we'll have rare vengeance to-morrow. We'll hew Agag in pieces, take my word for it!"

"But surely you'll never be able to

cope with such a band of desperate men. They're most determined, I assure you."

"They'll have to be if they want to get away this time. They're between the devil and the deep sea, Parson, and must fight or go under."

I took his Reverence to a room, and when later he reappeared, washed and brushed up, he was by no means a bad-looking little fellow. The effects of his awful fright still lingered in his eyes and, though he tried hard not to let us see it, he was very averse to being left alone even for a minute.

The life of a bush-parson is strange and hard. And when you reflect that he is constantly travelling from place to place in the back blocks through the roughest country, living like a black fellow, enduring superhuman hardships and necessarily consorting with the lowest of a low community, you will gather some idea of its nature. He is generally underpaid, may sometimes be well spoken of, though much more often abused; nevertheless, regardless of all, he works, fights, and struggles on with no present thought of himself, laboring only for the reward his belief promises him hereafter. There are exceptions of course, as there always must be, but I am convinced that the majority are such men as I describe.

Before dinner Cavesson and myself were closeted together busily arranging our plan of action for the morrow. While we were thus engaged, Randell went out among the men and, on his return, informed us that he intended holding a short service at nine o'clock. Out of respect to the cloth, if for no other reason, my entire household attended, and his influence among the men must have been extraordinary, for not one of them was absent. I have reason to remember that service, and, as long as Cavesson continues to abuse me, I shall go on doing so. Even now I can see the little crowd of faces turned toward the preacher and can hear the soft tones of his voice just raised above the murmur of the wind outside. His address was to the point, but, as I thought, unduly protracted. When it was over we returned to the house, and

in view of our early start on the morrow were soon all in bed and asleep.

Long before daylight we were about, and, while eating our breakfast, I sent one of my men to run up the horses. The parson surprised us by announcing his intention of returning to the township, and, so soon as the meal was over, secured his horse which for safety he had left in the yard all night, and rode away.

We waited for the appearance of our nags till Cavesson began to grumble at the delay. Half an hour went by, an hour, two hours; by this time half the station was out looking for them, but the animals were nowhere to be found. Then I decided that all available hands should be sent to run in some spare horses from a distant paddock. Before this was completed dusk was falling, and the Inspector's wrath was indescribable. He told me he was ruined, that he would be accused of conniving at the gang's escape, that it was all my fault, and so on, and so on.

While we were at dinner the mail arrived and brought, among other things, a large brown paper parcel to which was pinned a letter. It was written in a neat clerical hand and was to the following purport:

DEAR SIR, — I cannot thank you enough for the hospitality which last evening you so kindly showed to my unworthy self. It will, I hope, live in my memory for many days to come. For reasons which will now be obvious I was compelled to assume, for the time, a profession that, as Inspector Cavesson will agree, is widely different from my own. It may interest you to know that, while your little community were attending my impromptu service my own men were removing your horses to the Waterfall Gully in the ranges, where I have no doubt you will find them if you have not done so already. This was the only plan I could think of to prevent my being forced to burden the Government with my society. And if, as you so ably put it last evening, all is fair in love and war, why not in bush-ranging?

With kind remembrances to Mr. Inspector Cavesson, I will ask you to believe me to be, very gratefully yours, the CENTIPEDE.

P.S. Might I beg you to forward the accompanying parcel to my obliging friend Mr. Randell, whom you will find tied to a leopard tree on the eastern slope of the Punch Bowl Gully?

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## "VIA DOLOROSA ATLANTICA."

*R.M.S. "Gigantic." Wednesday.*—We are lying snug and steady in the Alexandra Dock; the time is half-past nine in the evening. We should have left Liverpool at four. Outside the library in which I write you hear steps walking up and down the deck with reverberations of a seaside pier in August. Inside, under the golden electric light, business men (good business men, I've no doubt, but ridiculous to a degree in Margate yachting caps) are frowning and writing, rustling flimsy paper, to catch the ten o'clock mail-bag. They are travellers for the great Anglo-American firms; they cross the Atlantic three or four times a year and call the stewards by their Christian names.

No one seems to know why we don't start; some say it's the tide's wrong, and some that it's too rough for us to cross the bar. The real reason I understand to be an accident to an American vessel, blown by the gale across the dock gates and at present barring our exit. Anyway, we are still as a rock against the quay side, while the booming wind that has swept the face of heaven clean and freshened to a joyous twinkling every February star, wreathes its thin shrill lips through our rigging with a high hooting cry, "Come outside, you great coward, and I'll show you!"

We are all aboard, down to the last steerage passenger, with his high cheek-bones and worn fur cap, his flat, light-haired, freckled wife, tied up in a scarlet shawl; his rough, red, mottled-faced child, stamping about in a yellow fur coat, like a young Eskimo. When I strolled on shore before dinner, down the long dock-shed, flickering with gas and pungent with cases of onions, I met a youthful son of Erin staggering toward the New World with his bundle and flushed skin-full of whisky. He challenged us to fight, of course, "Who's the next? Come on, both of ye!" and was assisted up the gangway by the dock policeman and a ragged compatriot selling the *Evening Mail*.

Downstairs—I beg pardon—below, my stout little steward wipes his pol-

ished dome of a forehead and advises me to go to bed now, before we get outside. In his trim white jacket he regards me benevolently, and his eyes twinkle at my assurance that I am a fearsome sailor, as though he had heard it often before. I suppose he must; he has been voyaging between Liverpool and New York for seventeen years. Seventeen years! Why, he should know every wave and every seagull by sight.

As I sink between the rough and pleasant country-inn sheets of my berth I hear the lap of the water, the throbbing of a pump, and a drowsy voice from the next cabin that murmurs, "What a lot of bolts . . . and rivets . . . spring mattress . . . George?"

*Thursday.*—Still in the Alexandra Dock. A sailor, who tells me no one is allowed ashore, looks up at the shrill rigging and doesn't think the ranting, snoring gale is anyway abated. I go down to breakfast to the splendid gilded saloon (with an entirely unnecessary lurching, sailor-like walk), and find a type-written menu, a hand's length, crammed with every English and American delicacy. "Clam chowder, corn cakes, buckwheat, hominy and cranberry jelly" make me feel as though Bartholdi's statue were already in sight.

On deck the day is windy-brilliant. The sky is Eton blue, and through the haze the white gulls circle tempestuously. The surface of the dock is occasionally lashed into wreaths of skurrying mist. Near me two business men in yachting caps, to whom nothing in the voyage or in nature are noticeable, talk earnestly and gustily. I hear, "stall-fed cattle . . . went right down to the bank, sir, and got it . . . if that had been all the money he had in the world, he couldn't 'a been tighter."

Now it's 11.30 by the dock clock, and we're gradually lurching away from the Alexandra quay side. We pass the dock gates and out into the leaping river. Against the bright sunlight the houses and shore of New Brighton look black as a silhouette. The last I see of the Lancashire coast is the long dun sand-hills, patched with

ragged grass blown into shapeless hummocks by the wind. Then, like sticks, the masts of a wreck. All round the hurricane deck tarpaulins are stretched; they *flap-flap, flap!* monotonously; they rumble with the dull thump of loosely stretched drums. As the *Gigantic* is still steady, passengers promenade briskly, and as they pass me in my deck-chair, I hear scraps of their conversation. A stout woman with a pinched waist, a brown ulster and a cap pinned over her streaming hair, asks, "Has she any money *at all?*" Her companion, a wizened little man, dried up and brittle, in a shrunk covert-coat, answers disagreeably, "Seventy pounds a year." Droll, these fleeting scraps of conversation. I remember at South Kensington Station, only the other day, two men passing me with heavy important tread while waiting for the train. "If I survive my wife," says one to the other solemnly, "as I hope I *shall.*" *Cætera desunt*, for the train came in. But what a glimpse into a household!

All the early afternoon we get fairy views of the beautiful Welsh coast. Holyhead and its lighthouse look clear and sharp as in a water-color drawing. From my deck-chair I begin to notice the beginning of acquaintanceships and flirtations. One of the most obvious is that of an elderly golden-haired lady, with deep-set twinkling eyes and the highly artificial figure of a dressmaker's mantle-hand, who walks the planks sharply with one of the travellers in yachting caps. He is the type of "handsome swell" of a third-rate comic paper in its seaside summer number; he wears a serge suit, and, with his hands plunged in his jacket pockets and his sturdy *bourgeois* legs planted briskly down one after the other, he regards his companion with that fatuous air of the irresistible who has had much success among barmaids. The husband of the golden-haired lady sits playing poker in the smoking-room, where the company looks like that of the commercial parlor of a Manchester hotel, and the atmosphere resembles a blue fog.

As the *Gigantic* turns toward Queens-town the trembling and throbbing approach something more definite in the

way of movement. I make up my mind to get shaved while I can. The barber, who is curled up asleep in his little shop, operates upon me deftly and informs me this is the one hundred and eighty-fifth time he has crossed the Atlantic. He charges a shilling for the shave and says I sha'n't get done in New York for that money. Then he turns with a low bow to the most important man on board, our Member of Parliament, who sits on the Captain's right in the saloon. If the poor gentleman's well enough he will be called on to preside at the concert that always takes place the last night. Indeed, he has the air, as he strolls about in his fur coat, of already considering his neat and appropriate remarks as chairman, or at least one of the many important social and political problems of the day. Possibly, however, I do him an injustice, and he is only wondering whether he is going to be sick.

Dinner is announced by a couple of sailor-boys marching about playing bugles. I find those bugles very trying in mid-Atlantic; they are tooted just outside my cabin door, and they seem to say: "Get up and come into the saloon, my boy. There you'll find meat and rich sauces and puddings and wine." Even Sam, the steward, admits they sometimes have boots thrown at them. At dinner I observe the morose feeling growing stronger; my hair has a tendency to rise off my forehead, the *menu* seems absurdly, outrageously, disgustingly long. I am next rather a handsome girl who can't understand why I don't talk to her. She asks me to pass the salt, and when I do it in dreary silence she says, "Thank you *very much,*" and looks me straight in the eyes. The table steward bends over me with the *menu* and presses more food on me. His voice sounds muffled as though it came from a telephone. I rise with a frown, I sway gently from side to side, the joints in my legs don't feel sufficient to meet the upward and downward movements of the deck. The talk and the laughter, the rattle of knives and forks grow fainter. I find myself in a narrow passage with a brass rail on one side and a limp fire-hose on the other. I say



aloud fretfully, "I want cabin 125." In despair I open a door, any door: it's a bathroom. Fortunately I meet a boy carrying linen, from whom I demand Sam, my steward Sam. He says, "Sam is at plates, mister." That means Sam is assisting to wash-up. At last, cabin 125. The curtains, the coats, my dressing-gown are swinging from side to side. I throw my clothes off me as though they were all shirts of Nessus. I fall asleep, dully, heavily, like a drunken tramp under a haystack.

At one in the morning I wake to absolute silence and stillness. We are at Queenstown. I discover Sam has been in and fastened a tin arrangement, very like the *tronc pour les pauvres* outside a Catholic church, on to the edge of the berth. *Très commode, ça.* At three I wake again and find we are leaving Queenstown. Sam, who looks in upon me, replies to my inquiries as to whether it isn't very rough, "Well, the wind's been here before us."

*Friday.*—Sam opens the portholes, and, leaning one fat hand on the edge of my berth, asks how I am. In a strangled voice I reply that I am wretched. His consolation is that he will see me again presently. The bugles blow for breakfast; I hear the water going into the bath, loud voices, somebody who whistles the "Pinafore." The sea gushes into the glass cap of the portholes and gushes out again; gushes in and gushes out. A basket-work chair advances from the other side of the cabin, meets a port-manteau, and retires. My tooth-brush rattles in the glass, bottles fall. I doze.

Sam comes in carrying a little basin of chicken-broth and some crackers. He says it's half-past eleven. I stare at him stupidly when he mentions crackers. I think of a Christmas party and my dear small nephews and nieces. But crackers are only pallid-looking biscuits, to escape from which I put my head under the clothes. Sam sighs and says he will see me again presently. Surely I told him to take away the chicken-broth? I know I tried to. Doze.

The bugles blow for lunch—for dinner. The "Pinafore" whistler sings

the curate's song in the next cabin as he blithely dresses. The sea gushes and hisses in and out of the portholes; the curtains of my berth sway over my face and brush it. I ring the electric bell for Sam to come and close the portholes and shut out that horrible gushing sea. The boy comes in and says Sam is at plates. I try to throw into my glance an order to close the portholes. Far down under the bed-clothes a strange voice says "portholes." The boy looks at me alarmed and says: "Sam will see me presently."

In the middle of the night I wake with a baked, parched thirst. I ring the bell and a strange man enters in a dark flannel shirt. By my directions he gives me an effervescent drink. He makes it too strong and it fizzes over my face and hair deliciously. He says it is two o'clock, and blowing pretty hard. I look at my watch and find it's twenty past three. That's the worst of going west; the nights are all the longer. I hear the sea boiling up into the portholes like a witch's cauldron. I slide from side to side in my berth and have to grip the edge to prevent myself from falling out. "Yes," says the strange man, "she's rolling."

*Saturday.*—As I follow the motion of the ship, I cannot help thinking of a country road that climbs and dips and falls, turns corners, rumbles and bumps over ruts and unmended spaces; stops for a minute or two to let the horse-power breathe and then dashes on again wildly, whip-bethwacked. I fancy myself in a shaky, weak old chaise; I am driving from Devizes to Marlborough over the downs; the road is very bad, there are huge stones and long raw places. As we sway and slide along, I build up beside our path Wiltshire farmhouses and villages. We stop for one trembling, suspended moment opposite a Cold Harbor I know. There is a damp-stained blue paper in the parlor, blue horsemen are leaping blue fences, some of them are cut in half by the corner china-closets. Outside a horn blows; it is that rackety young Pike with his tandem. Chalker, the farmer, enters to look at me, with his little eyes and long teeth. No, it's Sam, steadying himself with the door-handle, and young Pike's horn is the

bugle for breakfast. Sam has an orange stuck on a fork, the skin and the white all cut away, the juice dripping. "Dare I?" Sam opens the portholes and says, "It's a nasty morning again." The sea boils up into the portholes like milk into a saucepan.

I notice that the voices in the corridor and from the neighboring cabins are stronger, more cheerful. Sam says all his gentlemen are up with the exception of one next door, who spends the day making noises, each more complicated than the last. Sam says he wouldn't be so bad if he didn't think himself so well and eat so much. Why doesn't he imitate me? Yesterday I broke a biscuit in half. To-day I suck an orange.

All day long I doze, doze confusedly. There are times in ocean voyages, I am sure, when these great ships strike and roll over marine monsters taking their ease near the surface. Often and often I felt the *Gigantic* strike something, struggle for a few moments with a body, vast and pulpy; either cut its way through it, or rise above and along it, and then go free again through the unresisting waves. Frequently I was sure I heard screams and dolorous cries of anguish. It was just as though we had run over some one in the street. Perhaps these vessels that are lost and never heard of again (the *City of Boston*, for instance, which they suppose destroyed by an iceberg) are in reality smashed and devoured by the revolt and combination of outraged furious monsters who have borne the mutilation and death of their nearest and dearest long enough.

Sam visits me later in the interminable day with milk and lime water; to strengthen the stomach, he says. No use, my good Sam; *je ne puis pas le retenir*. Steps, bugles, voices, the man who sings "Ta-ra-ra-boom de ay" while he gets ready for dinner, the man who comes down late from the smoking-room and undresses noisily.

*Sunday.*—Sam suggests I should see the doctor. The doctor comes rolling and lurching into my cabin after the half-past ten Church of England service in the saloon. He, too, has had seventeen years of voyaging to and fro; it took him two months, he says,

to get over his sea-sickness, so I can scarcely complain of my three days. He is an Irishman of the jovial type of Charles Lever's doctors, with a brogue one might cut with a silver knife. He demands my tongue, and when, with an immense effort, I show it to him, "Oi wish oi'd got wan so clane," says he, regretfully. He orders me milk and lime water and a visit on deck, neither of which prescriptions I have the faintest idea of obeying. He tumbles out of my cabin like an amateur actor pretending to be extremely drunk, and I fall again to intermittent dozing.

In the afternoon I am seized with a passionate desire to see the face of this restless, storm-lashed Atlantic. I begin by sitting up in my berth for the first time for three days. My head feels full of molten, swimming, clanging lead; my legs, on the other hand, as I dangle them impotently over the side of my berth, are as pieces of string. I fall on my knees, grown leaden now instead of my head (which feels light and bobbing as a cork), and with the help of the basket-work chair which slides to my aid, drag myself like a shot rabbit to the opposite berth below the portholes. How high above me it seems, and now how low! Up I clamber and look out through the gushing, boiling porthole. Waves, green and curling; hollows, slabs, terraces, troughs of water, broken and tumbling. White ridges and manes, and vast deep pits where the sea appears clean sliced into polished sides of the richest verd-antique. Not a ship, nor a bird; only the low gray sky, with its masses of slowly shifting cloud; only the grandiose, breaking seas. Tempestuous as the seascape is, its very silence strikes me as ominous. It is like watching a man in a fit of dumb, inarticulate rage. It reminds me of seeing people dance, through a window, when you don't hear the music.

In the evening Sam persuades me to sit in the basket-work chair while he makes my bed. I sit in it in a limp heap, like Irving in the last act of *Louis XI*. Sam entertains me, meanwhile, with stories of vessels which break their machinery when (just as we are) three days out; the rest of the voyage is made laboriously under sail,

and lasts three weeks. Also he tells me of suicides (they had one for each of their first five voyages) and burials, not at all uncommon. He winds up with an account of a commercial gentleman in the next cabin who had *deliriums tremens* all last voyage and required a strait waistcoat, Sam, and three supernumeraries to keep him quiet.

I wake at six in the morning to find a strange man on his knees moving his hands mysteriously over the floor. He says he is searching for my boots to clean them. He describes it as a nasty morning again and bitterly cold.

*Monday afternoon.*—However Sam managed to get me up on deck, I don't know. To me it was like stumbling about inside a kaleidoscope, every object going through a constant shifting and wondrous sea-change. I have a recollection of his holding me by the arm and sliding me into a deck-chair. Now, he says, the deck-steward will see after me. When he leaves me I feel as though I have lost my only friend on board, and that I am about to shed the bitterest tears of my life. I open my eyes and see a sailor in a sou'-wester dropping a thermometer overboard and pulling it up again to examine the temperature of the water. That is, I believe, to discover whether there be icebergs in the neighborhood.

Then comes to me the deck-steward. He produces the *menu* from his inside jacket-pocket and holds it under my nose. I look at it blankly and drearily. I see beef and mutton and things fricasséed. Then I look at him and his dumb entreating eye. My white lips murmur something inarticulate; neither of us speaks, but, thank heaven, he understands me and goes.

Healthy, hearty people walk sturdily up and down the deck, talking and laughing. I get hideous whiffs of their tobacco, and the end of my deck-chair is occasionally knocked in a way that moves me to blind fury. If I had a gun handy, there are two young men I should certainly shoot. They wear Norfolk jackets and flannel trousers, they appear to enjoy the cold and the motion, the wind envelopes me with occasional clouds of the horrible mixture they are puffing at. I try to at-

tract the attention of the captain, who is walking up and down with a pretty girl, assuring her he will get her to New York on Thursday afternoon; I have an idea that he will put those two young men in irons if I ask him to, properly.

The deck is so bitterly cold that, to avoid being frozen and affecting the thermometer which the man in the sou'-wester pulls up and down and examines carefully every half hour, I drag myself miserably into the library. The library (owing perhaps to the quantity of light literature it contains) is even more unsteady than the deck. I close my eyes and listen to two American girls chaff a fat young Dutchman in a yachting cap and a reach-me-down mackintosh with capes. He amuses them so much that they carry him off down to the saloon for afternoon tea.

I feel that if I don't speedily get below again I shall disgrace myself and my good friend Sam. I have a vision as I lurch along cabin-ward of leaping brass handrails and a long twining fire-hose, twisting like an empty snake. Fortunately, Sam is sitting in the passage amusing himself with a highly colored American comic paper. I fall shuddering into his arms; he undresses me like a child and puts me back into the familiar berth. He looks at me mournfully, and says he will see me again presently.

*Tuesday.*—Nothing but shipwreck will induce me to rise, and even then I shall insist on being the last person to leave the vessel. The doctor looks at me and says to Sam, "F'what shall we do to get um on deck? Shall we put powder under um?"

All day long I lie and read, not unpleasantly. I have "Half Hours of the best American Authors," which I took out of the library before we started, and Hardy's "Return of the Native," bought at Crewe. What years ago it seems since we left London in the special, since I jumped out at Crewe and bought the book. How like a dream it seems to recall the two French people sitting opposite in the luncheon car, the woman with her vivacious monkey face, cunning and shrewd, but not unpleasant; the man, handsome and sulky, with his common

hands and thick legs. I set her down as a *trapézienne*, and he as the strong man who stands below steadying the rope, watching her gyrations with affected palpitations of terror. She read "Belle-maman" when she was not quarrelling with him, and he had a crumpled copy of "Gil Blas." And the American ladies, in diamond earrings and tight sealskin jackets, chattering of the London shops and hotels while the pleasant English landscape slid past, with the ploughing teams on the brown uplands, the solitary figures trudging along the roads, the broad fields greenly shimmering with the winter wheat. And the wind in Liverpool, yelling through the docks, and the first sight of the *Gigantic*; and the sheaf of kindly telegrams waiting in the box in the saloon; and the steward, looking in his Eton jacket like a huge schoolboy, marking off our places for dinner and handing us each a number. How far off they all seem to me now tumbling in mid-Atlantic, how far off and yet how clear.

*Wednesday.*—As I stand looking at the sea, with a faint, wavering smile, a gentleman in a heavy ulster and a cap says cheerfully, "You've had a very bad time, haven't you?" He introduces himself as the man who suffered so much in the next cabin. His face is plaster-white and tightly drawn; his eyebrows have gone up into his hair; his eyes are criss-crossed with a tangle of premature wrinkles. Really, if I looked like that, I should conceive it my duty to remain in my berth till I improved.

As I haven't been shaved since last Thursday, I tumble below (I am rapidly getting my sea-legs now) with a sort of sham hearty "Come aboard, sir!" air, down into the barber's shop. There I find our Member of Parliament, who addresses me remarks of the courteous-foolish order. He appears to be one of those gentlemen (not altogether uncommon in the House of Commons) who mistake dulness for weight, and slowness of speech for evidence of sagacity. Like Mr. Chick, he believes in making an effort when on board ship; he never gives way, he says; he forces himself to get up on deck; he forces himself down into the

saloon to eat. Which, being interpreted, simply means he isn't seasick; for if any man tells me the trouble can be overcome by mere strength of will, I have no hesitation in proclaiming him liar, of the second or self-deceived order.

When I am in the barber's chair, facing me in the glass I find a thin, white old man, with a short, dark beard, a stubby mustache, a blank, hollow eye, a wrinkled forehead. When I turn my head I see who it is; the object does the same; he mimics all my gestures; he gets shaved, just as I do. When I look up at the barber for an explanation of the phenomenon, he says in a guttural German-American tone, "Well, I never tink I see you again. You look pretty sick, mein goodness!"

In the afternoon, as the day grows finer, I venture down into the saloon for a cup of tea. The sun blazes in upon the gilding, lavish as a Lord Mayor's barge. There is a group round the piano, practising for the concert. A young man in a light suit and a dull penny-reading baritone moans through "In Days of Old when Knights were Bold." He goes through the song three times, and each time misses the high note by half a tone. He doesn't seem to have a notion he's flat, though the lady accompanying him hits the right note significantly. There are good people, I believe, who will sing flat in heaven without any idea that they are spoiling the general harmony.

But, after all, how absurd it seems to complain of three or four days' seasickness when one remembers what people must have suffered in the old days of sailing vessels and paddle steamers; how unmanly, when on the *Gigantic* one is surrounded with every attention and comfort, even luxury, and when one knows that in other parts of the ship the old, the sickly, the badly clothed and badly fed are suffering a thousand times more, without a single comfort or attention to alleviate their misery. I stood upon the narrow bridge that runs above the part of the ship given over to the steerage passengers, and looked down upon them, grouped about in the chilly dusk and



in the light that fell from their saloon-door. Bare-headed women, wrapped in shawls like factory girls, came and went busily with tin pannikins; gaunt men like drovers stood about talking and quarrelling; children tied up in shawls ran backward and forward, screamed at by their mothers as they stand screaming at their frowzy White-chapel doors. A cook came out in his white jacket and threw a paper of sawdust over the side. The wind carried the sawdust back like a cloud among the women and children, and I saw a mother cover her child's eyes quickly with her hands, caring nothing for herself, anxious only to protect her child. In front of the door an old woman was sitting on a tin box, uncared for and unnoticed. The light fell on her face, ravaged by care, and age, and sickness. It was, perhaps, the first time she had ventured out to take the air since leaving Liverpool, and she sat there, like a weather-beaten statue, out of which time and trouble had gradually worn all semblance to joy, to life, and even hope. Age, and exile, and sickness, every human misery seemed to beat its bat-wings round that impassive suffering face. Later in the evening when again I looked down from the bridge, she was still sitting there, alone.

*Thursday.—Land-ho!* It's half-past eleven, and Fire Island is in sight. I look out of the library window and see a long, low, sandy shore, just like the last I saw of Lancashire, only that it is patched and painted with snow. I see a lighthouse, from whence they will telegraph our arrival to New York, and a wreck, heaped broken among the sand-dunes. We don't go very fast because of the fog; we keep blowing our great horn like a Triton, but we expect to be at the quay-side at five o'clock. Lunch is really rather a pleasant meal on board these huge Atlantic liners. The Member of Parliament hopes with a conciliatory smile I am "none the worse for my resurrection." He regards me as he regards every one else on board—as a constituent, a possible voter, some one to be won over by the irresistible charm of his manner. The pretty American girl opposite remarks pointedly, "It's vurry strange how folk turn up on board at

the last moment whom one hasn't noticed before." That's said partly for fear that I should flatter myself I had been noticed, and partly in revenge for a smile I couldn't help our first evening at some rather startling Americanism of hers. The table steward talks to me in the low cooing voice one uses to an invalid; he calls me by my name (no one says "sir" on the *Gigantic*), and brings me the *menu* every two minutes. My handsome neighbor gives me an account of her sufferings (nothing to mine), and presses on me a *lemon soufflé* she and her companion have had specially made. They seem to travel in considerable luxury, for their last act before leaving Liverpool was the purchase of a number of chickens for their private consumption *en route*.

How fast the last hours on board fly in compensation for others so torturingly slow. Here's Staten Island and New York Harbor; here's the *George P. Flick*, a ferry boat ornamented with a large gilt eagle, lumbering alongside, and bringing a Customs House officer in a peaked cap. He reminds me I have a fan and a silver box to smuggle. I dispose them about my person with considerable trepidation, and go down into the saloon to sign a paper declaring I have nothing dutiable in my luggage. No more I have; they are both in my pockets. I regard with interest the Customs House officer, the first American I have seen on native soil, and can scarcely answer his questions for staring. He is a handsome weary man, exactly like one of Leech's Volunteer officers of 1860, and he writes rapidly, holding the pen between the first and second fingers.

There's Bartholdi's gigantic statue at last, and there are the piers and swing of Brooklyn Bridge. Sam has fastened up all my luggage, and we shake hands heartily. I shall never forget him and the oranges he brought me, stuck on a fork.

As I go down the gangway a crowd of faces look up at me from the dock. A twinkling Irishman darts at me with a telegraph form and a pencil; he leaves them with me with a sweet, wistful smile, and rushes away after others. My luggage is all waiting for me under

my initial in the huge shed ; I have to open every trunk and bag, and watch large dirty hands play over my clean linen. Sam comes to shake hands with me again, and gets me an Irishman and a truck to take my luggage to a fly. An Irishman opens the door, an Irishman drives me ; the first shop I see is Michael Feeney's saloon bar.

I drive jolting over tramway lines, under elevated railways, between piles of snow as high as the early walls of Rome. I see an unmistakable Irish policeman, in a helmet with a turned-down brim, regarding with admiration a colored lady sauntering through the slush of the sidewalk in goloshes. We

are nearly smashed by a cable-car slinking along, ringing a funereal clanging bell. I see a disused lamp-post, with a dark red letter-box fastened to it ; next, a tall, black, electric light pole. On the lamp-post I read, on one side, *Fifth Avenue* ; on the other *East 26th Street*. On the top of a huge building there's a huge sky-sign, "Admiral Cigarettes, Opera Lights." On the face of it three large clocks tell the time in London, New York, and Denver. As we jolt past, up Fifth Avenue, I read on a board, "Oh, mamie, won't you take your honey boy to see Peter F. Dailey in 'A Country Sport?'" This is New York.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

SWINBURNE is a fanatic in his tirades against smoking. One day at the Arts Club, after going from room to room in the vain hope of finding a clear atmosphere to write in, the poet fiercely delivered himself of the following : "James the First was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward. But I love him, I worship him, because he slit the throat of that blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking."

It is intended to celebrate on April 25, 1895, the third centenary of the death of Torquato Tasso. A new life of the poet is being written for the occasion by Professor Angelo Solerti, and is to be published early next year by Messrs. Loescher & Co., of Rome and Turin. This book will embody the valuable matter contained in some five hundred documents, hitherto unpublished, and will be illustrated with photogravures of all the portraits of which copies can be obtained, besides other interesting memorials. Professor Solerti is also preparing a critical edition of the minor poems of Tasso, of which two volumes have been already published by Messrs. Zanichelli, of Bologna. Professor Solerti appeals to the English literary world for such assistance as it may be in the power of any individuals or public bodies to give him. Five portraits that are known to have existed in Italy in the last century cannot now be traced. Any communications on the subject will be gratefully received by Professor Angelo Solerti, 22, Via dell'Indipendenza, Bologna.

HENRIK IBSEN, who is now sixty-seven years of age, was an apothecary's clerk in Skien, Norway, when he wrote his first play.

"THE Swinburne of the canteen" is what Conan Doyle calls Rudyard Kipling. It would be interesting to know what Swinburne thinks of the profane association of his name.

AUTHORS have some claim to put in a word in regard to the communications which have been addressed to the London publishers by the two largest circulating libraries. The proposal is that, owing to an increase in the demand for, and the supply of, new novels—both arguments are used—the libraries shall be charged by the publishers no more than four shillings a volume, with the usual trade reductions, bringing down the net price to three shillings and sixpence. This is a bare third of the published price, and, as there is no guarantee that Messrs. Mudie or Messrs. Smith will increase their purchases, there will be only too plausible a pretext for the publishers to cut down the prices which they pay to the unfortunate producer of fiction, who will thus in many instances be punished for his popularity.

THE libraries further demand, under the guise of "suggestion," that the publishers shall undertake not to bring out a cheap edition of any novel within twelve months of its original publication. This again is clearly a stipulation which will tell severely against authors who think more of securing a wider

audience by means of a cheap edition than they do of the pecuniary result of their work ; and it cannot be said to be in the interest of the public who buy books instead of hiring them, a public whom it is clearly every publisher's interest to encourage.—*London Athenæum*.

RUSKIN began to write "books" at six years of age. His first dated poem was written a month before he reached the age of seven. His first appearance in print was in *The Magazine of Architecture*, in 1834, when he was fifteen. Macaulay wrote a compendium of "Universal History" and three cantos of a poem in imitation of Scott when he was only seven years old. Mrs. Browning read Homer, in the original, when she was ten years of age.

THE Norwegian authors have formed an Authors' Club. The object is not sociability, but economic work. They want to influence the publishers, demand higher pay, and arbitrate difficulties that arise between the author and the publisher.

If Zola is the most popular novelist in France, Daudet is not far behind him—to judge by statistics of book-sales. Zola's books are rated at an average of 90,000 copies, but Daudet follows with 80,000. Octave Feuillet comes next with an average of 50,000 copies.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE has been offered and has accepted the Lowell Lectureship at Boston this autumn. His subject will be "Modern English Literature."

MAX O'RELL's forthcoming book on the colonies, entitled "La Maison John Bull et Cie," will be issued in September by M. Calmann Lévy, Paris ; Messrs. Warne & Co., London ; and Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. The English edition will be illustrated.

LONDON *Truth* says : "The public may be divided into three classes : Those who read and remember ; they are few. Those who read and forget ; they are many. Those who do not read ; they are most. The original writer of to-day belongs to the first, and he writes for the others."

THE *British Weekly*, which is the Jeremiah of English journalism, sends forth this note of lamentation : "When our children look back, they will measure the deep degradation of literature at this hour by the popularity of Mr. Lewis Morris and Mrs. Ward."

JEAN INGELow spends her winters in the south of France, where she has a cottage overlooking the Mediterranean. Her London house is in Kensington, and stands with its crown of ivy in the midst of a spacious garden, half hidden among trees.

HENRY JAMES has abandoned novel-writing for the more remunerative writing of plays.

ONLY two novelists of great note, Charles Reade and R. D. Blackmore, are on the roll at Oxford. Cambridge has six, among whom are Sterne and Thackeray.

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### MISCELLANY.

PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH : RAILWAY MEN.—Of all men who face death in this world of ours, the railway man is perhaps the most generally in peril. He is daily at work in all weathers, and runs risks which no amount of foresight on his part can minimize. He is the victim of accidents caused by circumstances over which he has no control. Take an instance. We start in excellent trim, as we did the other day from Aylesbury. The train is running pretty fast : a sudden explosion is heard—not an alarming one. The train rapidly pulls up. The guard alights, passengers put their heads out of the windows. Something is burning in the "six-foot," and when the people inquire what is the matter, they are informed that what they see burning is the body of the engine-driver, who has been blown off backward. The gauge-glass of the boiler had burst and scalded him ; his clothes had somehow caught fire, and he was even then face to face with death, in a moment, unprepared ! The fireman escaped injury and was able to stop the train. But if he also had been injured ! Picture the awful consequences !

But we are not going to think of accidents. We are upon the engine now, running at a regular pace, keeping a bright look-out. And here we notice how all the attention of our engine-men is directed to their business. Engine-men don't chatter to each other on duty. They have too much to do in watching the signals, the steam-pressure, the gauges, and the fire. The fireman is, perhaps, humming a tune as he brushes the dust from the foot-plate. The driver, with his hand upon the regulator, listens, standing sideways, his head turned slightly, so that he can see out of the round glass in front. Suddenly the loco-

tive lurches, the driver is thrown upon his fireman, and both off the engine as it rolls down the embankment, followed by two trucks! A piece of timber had fallen from the preceding "goods" train, and had shot the engine off the road.

Now, what like are these men who thus—and in many other ways—face death almost daily? Who are these heroes of the foot-plate who receive no Victoria Cross for valor, and who are seldom even thanked for preserving hundreds of lives in the course of every year? "Oh, yes, there is no danger. We came along all right all the way." But, my innocent friend, you did not know that at one portion of your trip only three inches extended between you and certain destruction! The footboard of a badly shunted carriage had been "shaved" by the engine, and a strip of wood cut away so that a collision was avoided. Had the driver slackened speed for one minute, the shock would have caused an accident; but he cut through the obstruction, and by his presence of mind saved the lives of his passengers. That is the kind of man the engineer is: ready, resourceful, brave. Brought up in the "shops" where the engines he loves are constructed, the driver knows his business and his value. From cleaner to fireman, he rises, and his rise is not rapid. His training is a hard one, almost in the fire-box, where he runs nightly risk of suffocation; or if, when tired, he sleeps in it, he may be burned to a cinder by a careless fire-lighter. But if he survive accident, he begins to "clean;" and there are methods in that operation. In these days he also faces death, for locomotives will collide in the "stables;" and between the buffers of two such engines the young cleaner is sometimes crushed. Indeed, we believe more deaths are caused in this way to lads than in any other. But our cleaner becomes a fireman, and is taught "firing." There is a proper way to put on coal, and a correct method of handling a shovel, though the spectator does not think so; and there is a time for firing, too; not too much to blow and waste the steam, nor too little to permit steam to fail, nor in such a way as to "choke" combustion. These points he must learn upon shunting and slow goods trains. He learns signals, points, and how to manage and "humor" an engine. When he has learned and practised this work, oiling and many other tasks, he gets a "fast goods," and goes rushing through the country. Then comes the firing for the slow pas-

senger trains, after about, perhaps, four years on the goods traffic, on trains which so many people term "luggage" trains. The fireman is then happier; he is on the road to promotion, and perhaps matrimony; a condition for the wife not invariably a "bed of roses."

But the driver stage arrives, perhaps, and then life is worth living! Straining his eyes through fog and darkness, the driver rushes on through the night or through the day, without any thought of self. His mind is fixed upon his train, upon his work. Ears and eyes are intent upon sounds and signals, upon passing trains, and upon the track. Why, you may ask, need the men be thus so attentive to sounds and sights? Surely it is not their business to watch a passing train! No; but it may prove their destruction or their safety. There are many occasions upon which the careful engine-men have noticed that a train is too short, as they deemed it; or that a certain train had not passed at the proper time and place. On the former occasion the engine-driver looked out as the short train—a "goods" passed. "There ain't wagons enough on, Bill; look for the 'monkey face'!"\* It wasn't visible from the engine. "Then some's broke away, you may depend," was the conclusion the driver of the passenger train came to. He accordingly checked his train, and ran easy until he sighted a red light. Then he pulled up, and found that the "goods" had separated, owing to one wagon having left the rails. It had in time pulled other wagons off, and the wreckage somewhat impeded the "down" line. Had not the passing driver noticed the unusually small number of wagons in the passing train, he would have "pitched in," and a bad "accident" would have resulted.

The risks which engine-men run are legion, and almost entirely unknown to the general public. A man may be listening for the "beat" or a "cutting" axle, a grain of sand in the crank, or a heated "squealing" axle-box. He puts his head over the engine, and looking back, leans over to listen. He forgets the bridge, or does not see the approaching "goods" train. In the first case, he may be killed instantly by the contact with the bridge supports; or in the second, stunned, or less seriously injured, by a projecting crate or some smaller consignment of goods. The training of the engine-man fits him for his

\* This term is used to describe the three red lights at the tail of a goods train, thus \*.\*.\*.



position. We have already indicated the dangers of his early days ; and when at length his probation is over, as cleaner, relief-man, and fireman, the express driver is a man of cool courage and splendid endurance. Think of some sixteen hours on duty, sometimes more than that (though not "running" all the time), with all one's senses to keep alive in all conditions of weather and danger ; to read every lamp, to recognize every point and crossing, to know when to expect other trains, and if you do not meet them to argue—wherefore ? To think out the reasons why, to drive your engine so that she will keep up her speed, and come in "handsomely"—to keep time, no matter what weather, if it be humanly possible. To decide in a second whether a half-shown light is meant for "on" or "off," and to act as you decide—in fact, to be almost superhuman, to hold your life in your hand, to be a skilled mechanic, a well-informed man, a pleasant, cheery companion, and a brave, self-respecting fellow in your work, walk, and conversation, is to be something of an engine-driver at his best. Let us respect the men to whom we owe so much—more than most of us ever imagine ; and let us remember the danger which they so bravely and intelligently meet on the path of duty—facing death.—*Mr. Henry Frith, in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

THE SARGASSO SEA.—A writer in *Chambers's Journal* has something to say concerning that wonderful "marine rubbish heap," the Sargasso Sea, of which Humboldt spoke as "that great bank of weeds which so vividly occupied the imagination of Columbus, and which Oviedo calls the seaweed meadows." The surface of it seems (says the writer) like a perfect meadow of seaweed. It is supposed that this enormous mass of gulf weed may have been partly grown at the bottom of the shallower parts of the sea, and partly torn from the shores of Florida and the Bahama Islands by the force of the Gulf Stream. It is then swept round by the same agency into the Sargasso Sea, where it lives and propagates, floating freely in mid-ocean. And the store is ever increasing, both by addition and propagation, so that the meadow grows more and more compact, and no doubt, at the inner parts, extends to a considerable depth below the surface. Nor is this all ; for at least two thirds of all the infinite flotsam and jetsam which the Gulf Stream carries along with it in its course sooner or later finds a resting-

place in the Sargasso Sea. Here may be seen huge trunks of trees torn from the forests of Brazil by the waters of the Amazon and floated down far out to sea until they were caught and swept along by the current ; logwood from Honduras ; orange-trees from Florida ; canoes and boats from the islands, staved in, broken, and bottom upward ; wrecks and remains of all sorts, gathered from the rich harvest of the Atlantic ; whole keels or skeletons of ruined ships, so covered with barnacles, shells, and weed that the original outline is entirely lost to view ; and here and there a derelict ship, transformed from a floating terror of the deep into a mystery put out of reach of man in a museum of unexplained enigmas.

It is only natural that ships should carefully avoid this marine rubbish heap, where the Atlantic shoots its refuse. It seems doubtful whether a sailing vessel would be able to cut her way into the thick network of weed even with a strong wind behind her. Besides, if the effort were rewarded with a first delusive success, there would be the almost certain danger that in the calm regions of the Sargasso Sea the wind would suddenly fail her altogether, leaving her locked hopelessly amid the weed and the drift and wreckage, without hope of succor or escape. With regard to a steamer, no prudent skipper is ever likely to make the attempt, for it would certainly not be long before the tangling weed would altogether choke up his screw and render it useless. The most energetic explorer of land or sea will find himself baffled with regard to the Sargasso Sea by the fact that it is neither one nor the other. It is neither solid enough to walk upon nor liquid enough to afford a passage to a boat. At the same time any one who fell into it would certainly be drowned without being able to swim for his life. Of course it is quite conceivable that a very determined party of pioneers might cut a passage for a small boat even to the centre. The work would take an immense time, however, and the channel would certainly close up behind them as they proceeded. They would have to take with them provisions for the whole voyage, and a journey over a space equalling the Continent of Europe would probably require larger supplies than could be conveniently stowed away in a small boat. Besides, there is no reason to suppose that the expedition would be worth the making, or that the inner recesses of the Sargasso Sea would exhibit any marked differences from the outer margin. The accumulation of weed would be

thicker and more entangled, and the drift and wreckage would lie more closely pressed together, but that would be all. There is no possibility of the existence of any but marine life in this strange morass, unless the sea birds have built their nests in the masts or hull of some derelict vessel.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN.—It was a very good saying of Miss Willard's at Lady Henry Somerset's meeting a short time ago, that if they could bring over "the average woman" to their side of the women's suffrage question, the average woman would be sure to bring "the average man" with her. We quite agree, but we hold the maxim to embody the same kind of wisdom as that prediction of our early childhood, "if the sky falls, we shall catch larks." No doubt we should; but the significance of the saying lies in this, that the sky does not know how to fall, is not, indeed, in any sense a roof at all, and being nothing but space apparently arched by the equal incapacity of the eye for penetrating further in any one direction than in any other, there is nothing really capable of falling. We suspect Miss Willard's proverb to be wisdom of much the same kind. If the average woman be converted, she will bring the average man with her. Doubtless. But can the average woman be converted? Does not the "average woman's" opinion on this subject depend on that of the average man? Might you not just as well say, "So soon as you can coax a smile out of the face which looks at you out of the mirror into which you gaze, you will smile yourself"? Of course you will, because the face in the mirror will not smile till you have already smiled. The average woman will bring the average man with her, because in matters of this kind the average woman's opinion is modelled on that of the average man. Just so on matters which primarily concern woman, the average man's opinion is a reflection of that of the average woman, and waits upon it. In Miss Mary E. Wilkins's lively tale of "Pembroke," she makes a man of very peculiar views—not an average man by any means—insist on baking a sorrel pie, and baking it without any butter or lard, or anything that is of animal origin in any respect. The result may be imagined. After violent exertion he succeeds in eating one or two tough bits of sorrel pie, but not in persuading any one else to eat any. The crust of the sorrel pie is used to light the fires with, and no one, not even the man who originated and

embodied this singular conception in a deed, inquires after the fate of the remainder. The average woman's opinion, willing as she is to follow the average man in things which chiefly concern man, is set immovably against this freak of imagination in a feminine matter on the part of a man who is very far from an average. It is *her* opinion which rules that of the average man in matters in which she and she alone is chiefly concerned. Cooking is her department, and she can no more yield to a caprice of his against her own judgment, than he could yield to a caprice of hers against his clear judgment. In some things man's judgment rules woman's. In other things woman's judgment rules man's. And you could no more determine arbitrarily to reverse this rule than you could determine arbitrarily that men should nurse the children, and women fight their battles.

Some one, however, will be sure to say, "But why should not women's opinion be just as closely concerned with politics as men's opinion?" Politics rule the State, and woman is just as essential to the State as man. We quite agree. Indeed, we maintain that woman's opinion in all that concerns women both does exert, and always will exert, just as much influence over politics as man's. But it will not take shape in matters military or naval or constabulary, except indirectly, *through* its influence over man's opinion, for in these matters it is he who is primarily concerned, and she does not give the law to him, but he to her. And so it is with all the executive part, all the actually fighting part of politics. No opinion is more influential than woman's, but it is influential by moulding man's, not by overruling it, not by directly controlling it. Just as in matters which concern the treatment and control of young children, or the delicacies of cooking, man's opinion often prevails over woman's, but only by first convincing hers, not by overpowering it, so in the sphere in which men necessarily take the leading part, the sphere, as we may call it, of physical force, and the administration of compulsory laws, woman's opinion often prevails over a man's, but never by overpowering and controlling it, only by first convincing it. In all the regions in which compulsory powers are the final sanction, man is necessarily the principal agent, and must be convinced, not merely outvoted, for if he remained of the same opinion still, we may be very sure that the law, if it were opposed to his own opinion, would be practically a

dead letter. So too you might pass a hundred statutes as to the nursing and training of young children ; but unless they expressed and embodied the opinions of the "average woman," none of them could be actually enforced. When you get to the execution of the law, you cannot really enforce it except with the full consent and concurrence of that sex by whose agency alone it can be carried out. Here is the folly of all attempts to reverse the laws of sex. The average man can no more overrule the average woman in matters in which she is necessarily supreme, than the average woman can overrule the average man in matters where he has, and must have, the last word. And though if women once obtained the suffrage they might pass laws of which men heartily disapprove, these laws would be ignored and become dead-letters. Even if women had, as of course they might have, the better opinion, they would find that better opinion far more influential, far more certain to obtain an easy victory, if it were left to its indirect influence, and were not clothed with the nominally compulsory power of a positive statute. When physical force is needed in the last resort, it is a mistake, and a very mischievous mistake, to flourish the authority of the law over the unconvinced minds of those who can either execute it or leave it in abeyance. The ostentation of authority, without the will to make authority felt, is at the bottom of a great deal of bad government.

Therefore, while we heartily agree with Miss Willard and the ladies who cheered her, that the average woman, whenever she is converted to approve of women's suffrage, will bring the average man with her, we are confident that the average woman will not easily be converted. And even if, in a few unimportant States, she is apparently converted, she will soon relapse into the old opinion that her true political influence on the State, though large, is, and should be, indirect, and exerted in all ultimate matters *through* the average man, not over him. After all, the average woman will always feel that she is a woman.

It is only very exceptional women, and not average women at all, who feel as if they were men, and ought to be able to compel where they cannot persuade. It is not the average man, but a very exceptional man, who can forget that he is a man, and fancy that he can only persuade, and cannot, in the last resort, compel. And neither the excep-

tional woman who wants to compel, nor the exceptional man who never thinks of anything beyond persuasion, is really likely to be exceptional in the degree of his general capacity. The really able woman has almost always the average woman in her, and much *more* of it than the masculine woman has of the average man. Look at the women who have been most famous in history. Joan of Arc was no masculine-minded woman, though she did the work of fifty able men. Even our own Queen Elizabeth—one of the least amiable of her sex—who was certainly a masculine woman in spite of her enormous vanity, and no doubt, under the exceptional circumstances of her reign, all the better queen for her masculine character, is the exception that proves the rule. She was a queen where a king was wanted, and she was a king with the advantage of having all her strength doubled in its effectiveness by the disguise of a sex to which at heart she never really belonged. But the same could hardly be said of any other of the greatest women of the world. Cleopatra, Zenobia, Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa, and almost any other great woman, bad or good, who can be named, has been great rather by the help of a superfluity of the average woman in her than by the deficiency of those qualities which belong to the average woman. The fact is that sex is as distinctive of the greater qualities of character in the woman as in the man. Great men, good or bad, are usually great through abundance of manliness, and great women, good or bad, are great through an abundance of womanliness. Then look at the women who have been greatest in literature. They have been great in womanish and womanly qualities, as well as in the exceptional qualities which made them notable. Who would think of any of the great women authors—Madame de Staël, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning—as if they were great by their force of will, and not rather by the force of their feminine perceptions and feminine affections or passions. Depend upon it that it is not a mark of capacity to ignore one of the most characteristic of all qualities, the quality of sex. The average woman will certainly carry the average man with her, but it will be by first reflecting all that it is most natural for the average woman to reflect in the feelings and aims of the average man. No mistake can be greater than the mistake of supposing that it is a mark of special capacity to ignore the qualities of the sex

in which you are born, and to confound the instincts of the two different sexes. Women will always exert their highest influence through that in them which is feminine, and men through that in them which is masculine.—*The Spectator*.

“PHOTOGRAPHY UP TO DATE.”—The photographic art has been brought so completely within reach of the public, that any one who can spare a few pence may nowadays possess a specimen of it. This familiarity with its wonderful results, however, co-exists with much ignorance of its methods, and of what may be called its more curious or recondite capabilities. As an illustration of the popular ignorance about photography, an instance may be cited that actually occurred not so very long ago. A thief went ostensibly to have his photograph taken, but really to see what he could steal. He seized his opportunity when the photographer had retired to develop the plate, and made off with a valuable lens, quite unconscious of the fact that the few seconds he had sat facing the camera had placed his portrait in the hands of the operator. Of course, the means of identifying him speedily found its way into the hands of the police. An ignorant misconception of exactly the opposite character was displayed some years ago in a then popular drama. The culprit is detected in consequence of his having accidentally committed his crime in front of a camera and lens which a photographer had by chance left in the place. The author evidently entertained the strange notion that, in all places and under all circumstances, a camera and lens would take a picture of what passed before them without the intervention of any sort of human agency.

In various other ways, however, photography has of late years been applied with remarkable success to the detection of crime. A paper just published by a scientist on the application of the art in this direction proves, among other interesting facts, that by means of the camera, not only erasures in a document which cannot be detected by the eye, but the minutest differences in the inks employed, can at once be demonstrated in an enlarged copy of the writing, by the use of suitably colored light and color-sensitive plates. Captain Abney, R.E., the chairman of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, states that he once examined an engraving which was reputed to be of considerable value, and by means of photography he was able to

bring out the original signature under a spurious one which had been added. The picture, in fact, turned out to be utterly worthless.

The expectation of seeing objects depicted in their natural colors by photography has acted like fascination on many minds, and it would seem that the case is not altogether hopeless, since it is reported that the art of reproducing colors true to nature with the camera has just been discovered by a clever Berlin chemist. If true, the discovery is one of the most important that have been made in photography. M. Claudet records that Becquerel and Sir John Herschel both succeeded in impressing the image of the solar spectrum, and even of colored maps, upon a silver plate prepared with chlorine. The image, however, was not permanent. The great point to be attained has always been the fixing of the tints, but whether or not the Berlin experimentalist referred to has successfully overcome this difficulty remains to be seen.

Another wonder of photography is the success that has been achieved in taking photographs of objects in motion. In fact, so great has been the advance in recent years in the making of gelatine dry plates, that an instantaneous photograph was a short time ago taken of an express train when running at sixty miles an hour, the print showing distinctly, and without blur, the locomotive and five carriages. Successful negatives are now frequently taken where exposure only lasts the one thousandth part of a second; and a shot or shell has even been depicted at the instant of its leaving the cannon's mouth. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance, the rate at which the shot travels can be ascertained at the same time.

Photographing domestic animals is difficult enough under the most advantageous circumstances when only the ordinary camera is employed, but what the obstacles must be like when ferocious wild beasts are the objects to be photographed, under similar conditions, only those who have successfully and repeatedly performed the operation can give us any clear idea. Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., whose achievements in this particular direction are so well known, recently inaugurated in London a series of illustrated lectures, with the intention of popularizing this interesting branch of the photographic art. His photos of wild beasts are as natural and characteristic in pose as they are instinct with life and admirable in technique.

Photographing under water, although per-



haps not so exciting a feature of the art, seems, from all accounts, to be equally interesting and instructive in its way as the photographing of wild animals. A lens for seeing under water is described as producing an effect both astonishing and delightful. Experiments were made in 1889 in the Mediterranean to ascertain how far daylight actually penetrated under the surface; and in very clear water near Corsica, and eighteen miles from land, the limit of daylight was found by means of photographic plates to be fifteen hundred and eighty feet.

A short time ago a Frenchman brought himself to the notice of scientific naturalists by undertaking an exploring tour of the Red Sea, from which he brought back a strange and curious collection of fish and shells, embracing several specimens entirely unknown. Continuing his researches on the coast of France, he assumed a diver's costume to observe at the bottom of the sea the metamorphoses of certain mollusca impossible to cultivate in aquaria. He was struck with the wonderful beauty of submarine landscapes, and resolved to photograph what he could, since a simple description would savor too much of an over-vivid imagination. At first he worked in shallow water with a water-tight apparatus, and the clearness of the water allowed him sufficient light to sensitize the plates. But proportionally as the depth increased, clearness diminished, and the motion of the waves clouded his proofs. Then the young scientist conceived the idea of utilizing magnetism in an apparatus of his own invention. This apparatus consists essentially of a barrel filled with oxygen, and surmounted by a glass bell containing an alcohol lamp. On the flame of the lamp, by means of a mechanical contrivance, powdered magnesium is thrown, flaring as often as a view is taken. The barrel is pierced with holes on the lower side in such a manner that as the oxygen diminishes the sea-water enters, so preserving the equilibrium between external and internal pressure. Beautiful submarine photographs taken on the very bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls sur-Mer, near the Spanish border, have been produced in this way.

In curious interest perhaps, what is called microscopic photography, or the reduction of large objects into such small dimensions as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, deserves a prominent position in the more experimen-

tal branches of the art. Mr. Shadbolt, in 1854, was the first who executed these small photographs by making an achromatic object-glass one or one inch and a half focus the lens of a camera, and using a peculiar kind of collodion. His portraits varied from one-twentieth to one-fortieth of an inch in diameter, and would bear to be magnified a hundred times.

Hardly a day passes now but new and important photographs are produced by cameras of ever-increasing power. New stars have been revealed that were heretofore obscured from man. It is difficult to realize how far these worlds are from us. One of the most popular and eminent lecturers on astronomy is Sir Robert Ball, who uses simple and graphic illustrations to give his hearers ideas of magnitude and distance. For instance, he says that going at the rate of the electric telegraph—that is, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—it would take seventy eight years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A.D. 1—that is to say, 1894 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them, and would be still on the way to others, going at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second.

The enlargement of photographs, though less wonderful to the common apprehension than their reduction to the infinitely small, is, practically, not less interesting and curious. These enlarged pictures were first exhibited by M. Claudet at a soirée of the British Association some years ago. By means of the solar camera, photographic cartes were magnified to the size of life. The effect when first seen was pronounced very striking and beautiful. M. Claudet at the same time also exhibited some photographs taken by the Count de Montizon of all the most curious animals of the Zoological Gardens; and instantaneous views of Paris by Ferrier, showing the Boulevards full of carriages and people, as they are in the middle of the day.

But the most striking photographs of this topographical character are those which have been taken in balloons floating some four thousand feet above the earth. The first experiments of this kind were made by Mr. Negretti in Coxwell's "Mammoth" balloon in the summer of 1863. They were regarded with much interest at the time, as several

problems were involved in success or failure—such, for example, as the difficulty of operating at all in a moving vehicle; and the question whether the actinic power of the solar rays would be as effective up aloft as on the surface of the earth. It was not only the onward motion of the balloon that created a difficulty, but its rotating motion, to obviate which, a good deal of ingenuity in constructing and manipulating the apparatus was needful.

A photographer who recently made several photographs from a balloon has made the following instructive remarks on the possibilities of balloon photography: "At the height of a mile I was amazed at the clearness of the atmosphere, and the sharp definition of the landscape immediately beneath. I took with me a large camera, and had no trouble in operating it. About twenty good negatives were the result of the trip."

An exceedingly ingenious invention consisting of a camera combined with a parachute, especially designed for obtaining photographs of fortifications and of the camps of the enemy, although pictures may also be made for surveying purposes, would seem to mark an important step in the science of modern warfare. The parachute is snugly folded in a thin case at the end of a rocket, which is fired to the required height, and bursts open by means of a time-fuse. The explosion sets free the parachute, which is protected from injury by means of a casing of asbestos. The parachute has a number of thin umbrella ribs, and these are forced outward, and kept in that position by means of a strong spiral spring. From the parachute a camera is suspended; and a string held by the operator is attached by a universal joint to the bottom of the device, for the purpose of pulling the parachute back. The camera is fitted with an instantaneous shutter, operated by clockwork, so as to give several exposures at intervals. At the back of the box is an arrangement by which the plates can be manipulated as though by mechanical agency. A swinging motion can be given the camera by the operator, and this will enable him to obtain successive pictures over a wide area. The whole arrangement is exceedingly clever; and if it can be utilized for practical purposes, there is no doubt that "sky-rocket" photographs will play an important part in the military manoeuvres of the future.

From time to time during the last few years

there have been various systems advanced and given a practical trial for "telegraphing" portraits, diagrams, outline drawings, and specimens of handwriting; and an American electrical engineer claims to have discovered a remarkably simple method by which pictures, etc., can be transmitted long distances through the medium of only a single wire. N. S. Amstutz is the reputed inventor; and it is stated that certain continental authorities have taken up the matter for the purpose of telegraphing pictures of military evolutions and portraits of fugitives from justice; while in Germany it is understood the Kaiser uses the system for transmitting his imperial signature to the seat of government whenever occasion calls for it. In theory the idea is excellent. "A crime is committed in Paris, and the assassin flees to America; a photograph of the culprit is found in France; you throw a bright light upon it, place it in front of the transmitter, which you connect with the Atlantic cable, set up a receiver in New York, and in a few minutes the chief of the New York police is in possession of a photographic representation, which is far better than any description." In other words, if the predictions of a certain learned French professor, who recently expressed his views on the possibilities of the project, prove correct, we must not be surprised if we are some day enabled to see what is passing in another part of the world without leaving our chairs.

One more of the surprising effects of the art remains to be mentioned here—namely, its application to illustrate geometrical figures and problems. This followed rapidly upon the discovery of the principle of the stereoscope. Every one who has gone through the eleventh Book of Euclid is aware of the great difficulty which is superadded to that of the problem itself by the number of lines crossing each other on a flat surface. By producing these lines on stereoscopic slides they are made to appear as if the figure was made of wires stretching from point to point in space. Planes are seen to intersect each other with as much distinctness as if they were sheets of cardboard inclined at various angles; and solid angles and pyramids have their edges and angular points in such tangible relief that a model could not afford a better illustration of the text. The letters, too, are so contrived as to appear to belong to the points to which they refer, and to stand out at the proper distances from the spectator. — *Chambers's Journal*.